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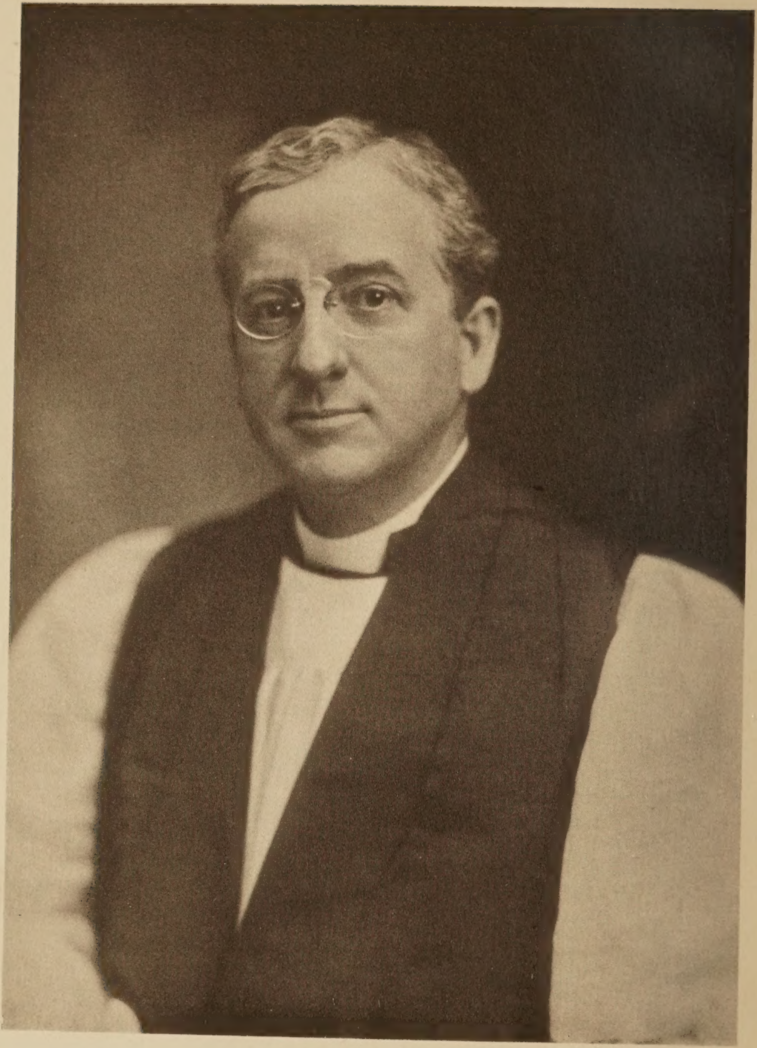

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

Charles Lewis Slattery

by

HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

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Charles Lewis Slattery

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To My Mother

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PREFACE

Charles Lewis Slattery lived in his friendships more fully than is possible for most people, giving himself to his friends with entire devotion, accepting eagerly their affection, and finding his happiness in a life fully shared with those for whom he cared. This book is in the main a record of his friendships. There were many of them: at times one wondered that there could be so many; yet each was so distinct, so individual and so sincere that it formed an inseparable part of his life.

To the great company of relatives, friends, parishioners, and colleagues in Bishop Slattery's manifold activities who have helped in the making of this book my thanks are not less grateful for being expressed collectively. To two they must be expressed individually. The Reverend Harry Pierce Nichols, who presented him for confirmation in 1883, corresponded with him regularly for the ensuing forty-seven years and kept the letters from one upon whom he looked first as his son in the faith, then as his comrade and brother in the ministry. For access to this correspondence and permission to use it I thank him. And most of all I am thankful to her who, entering later into this loving life, crowned it with its greatest happiness. Mrs. Slattery has helped me as no other could help in gathering and arranging the materials for the life story of her husband.

On the title page is reproduced a drawing made by Bishop Slattery on the margin of a letter to which he was replying. Nearly all of his extant manuscripts carry similar decorative designs.

Howard Chandler Robbins.

General Theological Seminary
New York City
Feast of the Transfiguration, 1931.

Charles Lewis Slattery ✠ ✠ ✠

I

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE

Charles Lewis Slattery was born December 9, 1867, the son of the Reverend George Sidney Leffingwell and Emma McClellan Slattery. His birthplace was his father's rectory in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but his parents were not Pennsylvanians. Both came from New England, and traced their descent in every line from New England of the colonial period.

On the father's side the lineage goes back to a land rich in memories of sorrow and of haunting beauty, the isle of ruins which, as one of the cradles of Christian civilization, deserves its happier name, isle of the saints. Thomas Slattery was born May 10, 1755, near New Market, county of Clare, Ireland. With meticulous care notation was made that the hour of birth was two o'clock in the afternoon, possibly to aid in the casting of the horoscope for an infant of importance: there are unverified references to him as "Sir Thomas." But the horoscope is missing, along with all other records of the next five and twenty years. A neighbor, probably a relative, emigrated because of his unwillingness to give information of the ringleaders in a local rebellion: although not in sympathy with the rebels, he did not wish to become a public informer or "to have the blood of any person laid to his charge." He brought with him to America the silver plate, spoons, ladles and cups, engraved with the crest of the Slattery family, a forearm, hand and dagger. This branch of the family settled first in New York City, then moved to Jamestown, New York, where one of the cups brought from Ireland was used in the church for sacramental purposes.

Thomas Slattery came to Westerly, Rhode Island, some time before 1780, and in that year married Abigail Champlin. He followed the profession of teaching and was described as "gentle, scholarly and of good repute." His son, Thomas Champlin Slattery, followed his father's profession. He married Susan Brand, daughter of Thomas and Mary Brand of Westerly, a woman noted for her kindness and firmness of character. They had eight children, of whom George Sidney Leffingwell Slattery, the father of the future Bishop, was the fifth.

It was a godly and affectionate household. The children, all born in Westerly, loved their home and were devoted to each other and to their parents. George Slattery was "brought to the feet of Christ" under the ministry of the Reverend James Pray. The atmosphere of evangelical piety in which they were reared is evident in a long letter of George to his sister Phoebe Ann (Mrs. Stephen G. Dickinson) when he was a student in Washington College and she was experiencing "conviction of sin" at home. As an expression of the New England Puritanism which Charles Slattery inherited with his vital breath and subsequently modified beyond recognition, this letter of his father, written in 1843, deserves to be recorded.

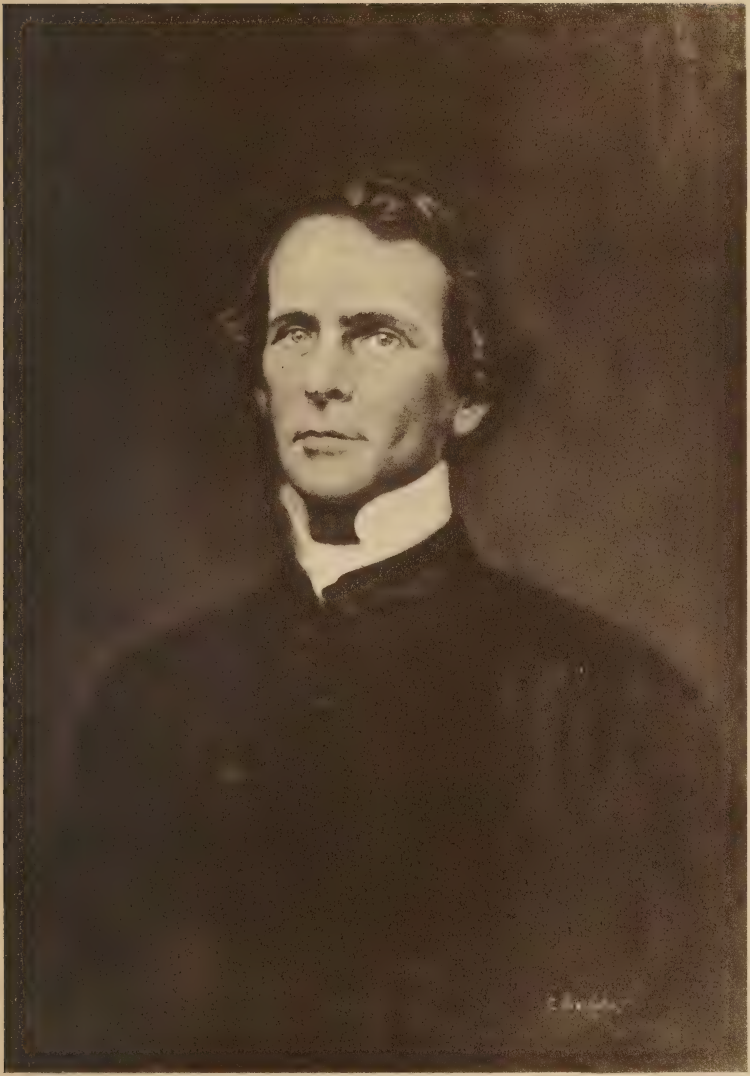
"I write you the more cheerfully at this time," he begins, "because I feel I am addressing one who is not far from (if not in) the Kingdom of Christ. This, I say, makes my present employment peculiarly delightful. To be sure I have heard nothing decisive from yourself on this point, nevertheless I have received information from another source which gives me inexpressible joy."

The writer goes on to say that hitherto he has felt some delicacy in addressing his sister on the subject of religion; this, however, is "happily removed," and he now writes "with all plainness and affection on this subject," not doubting but that she will receive it with kindness, although it comes from her younger brother, who "would prefer to be instructed rather than become the instructor of others." "The steps you have taken are wise," he continues. "Indeed to seek repentance from God through Christ's atonement and as this, our earthly house decays, to lay up treasure in heaven is the only true wisdom. And that you are resolved to do this, calls from me continual gratitude to God. . . . What a blessing, that time and place is given us for repentance! This free gift of God should be a sufficient inducement for all to secure it without delay; and yet, how many there are who make it a matter of small importance, forgetting that without it, the best must perish." Then follow godly admonitions. George reminds Phoebe Ann that "for this unmerited gift of God an exertion is required on our part"; that "God has demanded of us certain prerequisites to become the inheritors of his promises"; and that "Heaven is not to be attained without much self sacrifice and constant exertion." "But enough on this point. I trust you have that repentance which needs not to be repented of, and if so, when having availed yourself of those two ordinances of God which he has made binding upon all, i.e., Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, Scripture authorizes me to say you have obtained remission of your sins, are made a Child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. These two sacraments I am persuaded you are ready to receive, when a proper time shall arrive, and in their reception may you realize the blessings of the Christian's covenant; may your domestic happiness be increased; may you progress in piety in deed and in truth."

Next come observations on the mode of baptism: George will not dictate, but if his sister were to ask his opinion, he would say "sprinkling by all means," though he will not deny the validity of immersion. In this connection he is minded to speak to her of her duty toward the little ones God has given her, but as his letter has already approximated the length of a New Testament epistle, he judiciously refrains. The letter closes with individual messages of affection to various members of the family, and the request that it be showed to Charles and Abby, whom he has not time to write, with the hope that "before this they are members of Christ's church, and in the enjoyment of a pure religion." "And now I will turn me to my Book again, with the fervent prayer that you may be directed and blessed of God in all your ways, and that this poor letter may do you some good."

The piety and other worldliness of the young collegian were prophetic of his career. After graduating from Washington (now Trinity) College in 1846, he prepared for the ministry at the General Theological Seminary in New York City, from which he graduated in 1849. One of his classmates was John Adams Paddock, first Bishop of Olympia. Mr. Slattery was ordained by Bishop George Burgess to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He entered upon his duties in the diocese of Maine, under Bishop Burgess, who had succeeded to the Maine episcopate two years previously.

It was a rural diocese with no large or wealthy parishes, and Mr. Slattery's work there was typical of that of hard-



THE REVEREND GEORGE SIDNEY LEFFINGWELL SLATTERY

working, underpaid, devoted ministers who do their work uncomplainingly in difficult rural fields. His first parish was in Saco, where he began his work immediately after his ordination. He wrote to his brother from Saco that he found plenty to do in writing sermons, looking after his people, and "strengthening the things that remain" of a suffering and decaying parish. "But there is room enough for labor and with God's blessing I hope to see much fruit." He kept in touch with his home parish at Westerly and received some assistance from its members, a notable item being "a very nice surplice presented by the Babcock family; a very noble gift." There were few parishioners at Saco, but Mr. Slattery won their trust and confidence, and John B. Southgate spoke for them all when he besought him not to leave the little church. "You are doing a most self-denying work in it." But Bishop Burgess needed him elsewhere, and acting upon his advice Mr. Slattery left Saco in 1852 to found St. Peter's Church in Rockland and at the same time administer another parish located a few miles north in Camden.

More than church building awaited the young minister, and because he was young, and mating time had come, there may have been premonitions of it as he jogged over the rough roads between Saco and Rockland to take charge of his new parish. Rockland was the home of a prosperous lime merchant, Lewis Hall, and the merchant had three unmarried daughters, Sarah, Celia, and Emma McClellan. The oldest daughter was in her eighteenth year, tall, dark-haired, capable, sedate beyond her years. The pastor called upon the Halls in the course of his pastoral duties; soon he called again for reasons personal and unofficial; he pressed his suit with dignity and ardor, and what well brought up New England maid could be insensitive to the wooing of one who combined the dignity of the minister with the fervor of the lover? Certainly not the oldest daughter of the Halls, whom an interested and sympathetic congregation were acclaiming as "just the right person for a minister's wife." His salary was small, and not too secure, but neither was afraid of poverty; so they were married, with assets of youth, piety and love, and all the town attended the wedding.

In passing from the genealogical records of the Slatterys to those of the Halls, the biographer is conscious of a change of atmosphere. It is like crossing from Ireland to England, from mysticism and other worldliness to realism and practical efficiency. One finds oneself no longer in the company of saints in the making, but of robust pioneers, tillers of the soil and makers of the state. Emma McClellan Hall was the great-great-granddaughter of one Isaac Hall who came from Lincolnshire in England about 1722 and settled first in Boston, then in Merriconeag Neck, afterwards Harpswell, Maine. When Harpswell was made a district by itself, he was made a member of its first board of selectmen. He afterwards moved to Great Island, called Sebascodigan, next the east shore of the neck, an island containing 5,000 to 6,000 acres. In 1752 his house appears to have been the only one on the island, the other settlers having been driven away by the ferocity of the Indians. After 1752 the island was repeopled, and it is supposed that Isaac Hall, Jr. was ferryman between the island and the main.

This Isaac Hall, Jr. was prominent in the military annals of Maine. At the age of twenty-one he was a soldier in the army of Colonel Pepperell, and he was present at the capture of Louisburg in 1745. He was among the first to enter service as a minute-man, soon after the news of

Bunker Hill battle was received. He enlisted in a company of which Captain Nathaniel Larrabee was in command on July 9, 1775, and served on the seacoast of Cumberland County, which was constantly receiving marauding visits from English war vessels. In 1776 the all-engrossing interest was in the supplying of soldiers for Washington's army investing Boston. Harpswell again did its part, and Isaac Hall served under Washington at Dorchester Heights in Captain Richard Mayberry's company, Colonel Ebenezer Francis' regiment. His next enlistment was in 1778 in Captain Abraham Tyler's company, Colonel Thomas Poor's regiment, at North River, New York. This was his third term of service, but when it was decided to send an army to the Penobscot for the capture of the fort at Castine, Hall, although now well over fifty years of age, promptly enlisted for the fourth time, in Colonel Jonathan Mitchell's regiment, and was commissioned as First Lieutenant of Captain Nehemiah Curtis' company. The commander of the expedition was General Lovell of Massachusetts, and the famous Paul Revere commanded the artillery train.

Like most New England pioneers, Lieutenant Hall was blessed with a large family; of this the line of descent comes through the fifth son, Lewis Hall, grandfather of Bishop Slattery's mother. Her cousin Oliver Gray Hall described their grandfather as "a good example of the sturdy, industrious and upright Maine farmer of two or three generations ago." Lewis Hall was a Baptist of the old school, as were his brothers Isaac and Ephraim, who were preachers, and Peter, who was a deacon. He died in his eighty-first year, having been in vigorous health until a few days before his death. Threshing grain with a flail in his barn he became overheated and took the cold which ended his days.

Of farmer Hall's nine children, the fifth, a younger Lewis, married Hannah Dyer McLellan, daughter of Captain George McLellan and granddaughter of Captain Thomas McLellan, both of whom were sea captains in Maine. This second Lewis Hall was the lime merchant of Rockland to whose home the Reverend George Slattery came as a suitor and whose daughter, Emma McLellan, had inherited Scotch virtues of prudence, thrift, frugality along with her Scotch name.

She had need of them in her new rôle of wife of a poor parson. At the outset of their married life, when they were scarcely settled, St. Peter's Church caught fire and was burned to the ground. It was a heavy trial, particularly because of the difficulty of raising funds in a community where there was little wealth and little readiness to part with it, and where even at best the Episcopal Church was not strong. Bishop Burgess was affectionate in his sympathy, but somewhat irritating in his optimism, taking miracles for granted with a cheerfulness which the harassed rector of St. Peter's found it easier to admire than to share. "As to the church, all, I do not doubt, will be overruled for good; let us hope, for greater good than had it been otherwise ordered." Yes, let that be hoped; but meanwhile the church must be rebuilt and reëquipped, and who was to pay the bills? The minor losses in Prayer Books and Sunday School books were readily made up by gifts from neighboring parishes, but money was hard to get. It was a day of small things; gifts of five dollars were noted with gratitude; the task of raising and husbanding funds was difficult and the work of rebuilding was slow.

Little by little, however, small sums were accumulated until the aggregate made possible the restoration of the church, all of its members making the necessary sacrifices, in which they were led by the rector and his wife. Camden also was a charge upon his time and effort, involving expenses of travel, but here too difficulties were overcome by patience, and in 1856 Mr. Slattery had the satisfaction of witnessing the consecration of the church. It was a happy year in more ways than one, for it also witnessed the birth of their first son, whom the parents named George Burgess for their bishop. With the increase in the size of the family, expenses increased, and the pressure of the inadequate salary grew heavy. Bishop Burgess was solicitous. "I have been waiting with some interest," he wrote, "for the result of the experiment with the collections at Rockland. So far, it seems to me far from discouraging. In four Sundays it yielded eight dollars. At two dollars a Sunday, you would have a hundred dollars in the year; and this I take to be more than you could expect from a subscription, or from pew rents. Mr. Moody has just written to me that the vestry at Camden thought themselves able to raise for you $125, and would gladly do more if they could. . . . This, with the allowance of the board, would give you a salary of $600; and I think that, when you come to keep house by yourself, with your small family, you will find it cheaper than you perhaps anticipate. Should the pecuniary question take such a form that you must, in duty to yourself and your family, accept a station in some other diocese, I must not claim you, after so many years of faithful labor with us. But I hope that it will not be so."

There are, however, limits to the purchasing power of money, even when enhanced by Scotch frugality, and when early in 1860 a call came to Mr. Slattery to the rectorship of St. James' Church, Pittsburgh, he felt bound to accept it in duty to his family, although he was reluctant to leave the diocese of Maine. The call was to a promising parish, with large opportunities, and even Bishop Burgess realized that it should be accepted, sorry as he was to lose his "dear Brother and Friend." "I shall always feel," he wrote, "that this is your diocese, and with all my heart welcome you back, should Providence open the way." Mr. Slattery went to Pittsburgh in March to look over the ground, and found the church "in all respects a large, noble and attractive edifice." He was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Felix Brunot, who took a hearty interest in the church and were both teachers in its Sunday School. Mr. Brunot is described with enthusiasm as a prince among men, engaged in every good work in the city. "Pittsburgh looks to me more inviting now that I am here than it did from home, and it now looks very much as though we should come here. What do you think of that? Be prepared with our answer on my return."

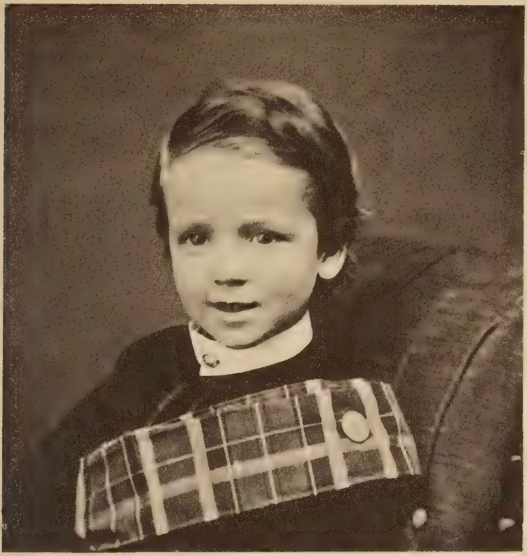
Mrs. Slattery was prepared with their answer. If the easier circumstances as well as the wider opportunities were a factor in it, who will blame her? So the little family bade farewell to its New England home and friends and moved to Pittsburgh for a decade of diligent and devoted service, and there, on December 9, 1867, in his father's rectory, the future Bishop of Massachusetts was born.

The years which followed were the most influential of Mr. Slattery's ministry. The new parish grew and prospered under his ministrations. But if the Slatterys thought that they were leaving financial cares behind, they were speedily disillusioned: poverty followed them from New England like a too faithful dog that has been left at home and escapes to track his master and overtake him. The decade at Pittsburgh included the years of the Civil War; St. James' Church, a young parish with no endowment and no strong support except what was furnished by Mr. Brunot, suffered the hardships of the times; the rector, unwilling that his salary should be a burden, voluntarily sacrificed a considerable part of it, insisting that during these hard years it be reduced to $600. Years afterward, when Charles Slattery was rector of Grace Church in New York City, the son of the treasurer of his father's parish in Pittsburgh brought him the following receipt:

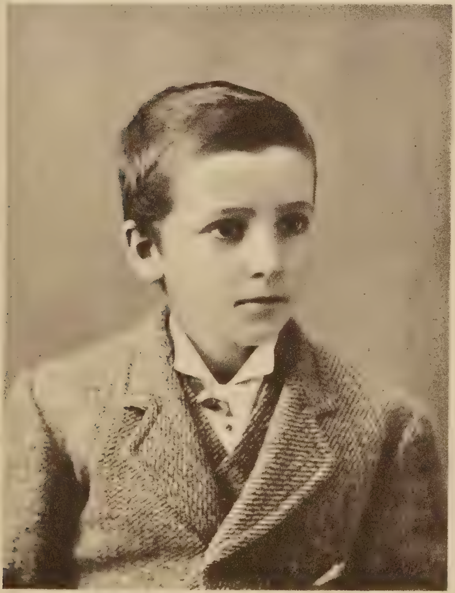
"150. Received Pittsburgh April 1, 1865 from Mr. McConway Treasurer St. James' Church One hundred & fifty Dollars in full for Salary of Quarter ending March 31, 1865 G W Slattery"

Mr. McConway explained that his father had always kept it; when he gave it to the son of the generous minister whom he remembered and loved, his voice broke as he said, "This is not a receipt for a month but for three months: you understand, three months." The paper was treasured by the recipient, who placed it beside another record of his father's generosity which in the light of subsequent events had for him peculiar interest, a letter from H. B. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, addressing the Reverend George Slattery as "My beloved brother," and thanking him for a gift of iron and nails for his pioneer work in the West. "I am sure I can never repay you for your great kindness," wrote the Missionary Bishop. "It is a thankless task to beg for your own work and few would feel like doing it for others. I can only hope and pray that these gifts may be as useful as you could wish." Charles could not remember the time when he did not know Bishop Whipple's name. Through his boyhood he thought of him as the great friend of the Indians, working for them in Minnesota, pleading for them in Washington, "a patriot of the sort Washington would have liked."

The Brunots were the closest friends of the Reverend George Slattery in Pittsburgh. They gave him loyal support in his work in St. James', and in 1871, when after eleven years of service he decided that the time had come to leave, they were instrumental in having him called to Christ Church, Greensburg, near their home in Verona, where they were once more his devoted parishioners. Christ Church was a small but attractive parish; the Reverend Henry Codman Potter, rector of Grace Church in New York City and later Bishop of New York, had been a former rector, and always retained "very pleasant memories" of his ministry there. To George Slattery, tired and physically depleted by the long strain of a city ministry, it promised "rest after toil, port after stormy seas." But the rest that remained for him was of a different and deeper sort, and the ministry in Greensburg was destined to be pathetically short-lived. In September, 1872, Mr. Slattery was suddenly stricken, his fatal illness being attributed to overexertion in carrying Charles in his arms from the Groton end of the steamboat landing to Westerly. He walked that distance, eight or ten miles, early in the morning, without waiting for the train as other less energetic passengers did. "Filled with the nervous energy characteristic of all the Slatterys, he simply could not wait." A surviving relative adds that Charles' walk, at times almost a run, was exactly like that



AT THE AGE OF FIVE



AT THE AGE OF TEN

of his father. And it may be that his untimely death was due, like that of his father, to overexertion, though of a different sort, the restless energy of a spirit impatient of physical limitations and driving a tired body beyond its strength.

So the rector of Christ Church, Greensburg, entered into rest, dead in his fifty-fifth year, and mourned not only by his parishioners in Greensburg and in Pittsburgh, but by all the clergymen in the diocese in which he had ministered. "It was the saddest news I had heard for many a day," wrote the Reverend John F. Spaulding of Erie, later Bishop of Colorado. "I esteemed him and loved him as one of my dearest friends, as one from whom I had received invaluable assistance in many ways when I was preparing for the Sacred Ministry. I remember that it was he who baptized me and presented me for Confirmation, and guided my steps under good Bishop Burgess, when I was making my way into the Church. He was a father to me spiritually, and I know he loved me as a father." The Reverend John Scarborough of Pittsburgh, subsequently Bishop of New Jersey, was another friend who received the news of Mr. Slattery's death with grief-stricken sympathy. "I am glad that you are following in the footsteps of your father," he wrote to Charles twenty years later. "May you be as good and faithful as he was."

One can only guess the grief of the desolate young widow. It was hidden by New England reticence even from friendliest eyes. But she strongly resolved that her younger son, then only five years old, should follow his father's vocation and "be as good and faithful as he was."

II

A PENNSYLVANIA BOYHOOD
1872-1883

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, LIES ON THE WESTERN slopes of the Alleghenies. The county seat it kept the dignity of a professional leadership of lawyers, physicians and clergy, with only a grudging recognition of the necessity of trade. It boasted a representative in the United States Senate, but its real distinction was in the quiet assurance of its people, some of whom had come, several generations before, from Virginia or directly from England; some were descendants of Germans, known as Pennsylvania Dutch; a very few were from New England, and one family was of French descent.

Set upon its three hills, Greensburg was an attractive place in which to live. Its substantial houses, built flush with the street, gave little evidence of the beauty of the gardens behind them. As the houses became scattered outside the center of the town, they were joined by high fences or a brick wall, over which the curious could not look. The householder of Greensburg counted his home his castle, and did not mean to make a display of his grass, his trees, and his flowers; but he welcomed his friends and neighbors to share with him their fragrance and their peace.

In one of these houses the widow of the Reverend George Slattery and her little son made their home after her husband's death, the elder son, George, having gone out to a ranch in Colorado upon the advice of his godfather, Bishop Burgess. The house was of plain red brick with a high wall; the ground sloped rapidly behind the house and the wall; and from the windows in the back one looked down over the garden to a broad meadow through which flowed a narrow stream; and beyond, miles away, the hills of the Blue Ridge touched the sky. The boy never tired of his garden and of the hills; they were part of his life. His earliest memories were of this house.

One recollection stood out in particular, and was vividly recalled in after years as the first recollection of his boyhood. It was an afternoon in the spring of 1873, about eight months after his father's death; Mrs. Slattery and Charles were together in one of the upper rooms of the house. The mother was sewing; the boy, in his sixth year, was playing with his toys on the floor, now going to the window to look down on the blooming peach trees and imitating in his treble voice the notes of some bird. Tiring of all these diversions, he climbed on a chair back of his mother, and, taking a bunch of dried wheat from a vase on the mantelshelf, he began to arrange it in her luxuriant black hair. He prattled on, and she answered his questions, grateful to feel the loving touch of his small fingers, and quite unconscious of what he might be doing. She was dressed in deep mourning, and the gay flare of wheat at the back of her head stood out in strange contrast to the crêpe at her throat.

Suddenly the doorbell rang sharply in the lower hall, and presently old Betsey, the negro servant, announced a caller, Mrs. Brunot. Mrs. Slattery dropped her sewing and went down to the parlor, Charles running before her. Mrs. Brunot was tall, stately, severe. She had greatly admired and respected the late rector: and as Mrs. Slattery entered, she stood with a look of amazement on her fine, strong features. Then she noticed the boy; the strange decoration was explained, and her face relaxed. Though Mrs. Brunot had no children of her own, she had a whole army of nieces and nephews; she knew and loved children.

"I have an ark, a Noah's ark," exclaimed Charles; "I'll show it to you." And with a bound, he was out of the room. He rushed back holding his Noah's ark proudly in his arms. He put it down before Mrs. Brunot, and began to lead out the animals in pairs in orthodox fashion, leaving Noah and his angular family for the end of the procession. "There," he said, in a gap of the conversation, "aren't they nice: would you like to hold Noah?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brunot, "and that sheep too, please."

"Well," hesitated Charles, amazed and charmed by this formidable playmate, and entering into her sympathetic mood, "Noah told me this morning that the sheep and the cats were sick, and mustn't be moved much; but here's Noah; he'll tell you all about it himself." With this Noah was tenderly presented, and as tenderly received.

The acquaintance begun under the auspices of Noah increased and deepened into friendship as the years went by, and in time Charles came to look upon the house of the Brunots in the light of a second home, coming more and more often, till he was quite like one of the nephews. Felix Reville Brunot was the foremost citizen of Greensburg. His grandfather was a French gentleman who came to America during the American Revolution with Lafayette; and who afterwards threw in his lot with the new nation, settling in Pittsburgh. Felix Brunot prospered even more than his prosperous forbears, and at length, though now only a little more than fifty years old, he had withdrawn from any effort to increase his capital, and was living on a hilltop just outside the town of Greensburg. He went to Pittsburgh, thirty miles away, about once a week, to attend certain meetings of corporations and boards, but always gratefully returned to his quiet house in the country, a lovely Georgian house with spacious gardens. He had long been that rare person in America, a man of so-called leisure. His features bore the marks of his French descent. His face was singularly beautiful, crowned as it was with thick white hair, which he wore long. He looked not unlike Franz Liszt; and his tall form and obvious strength bore out the dignity of his face.

Fatherless, Charles found in Mr. Brunot one who took a father's interest and responsibility. At a word from Mr. Brunot, he would run into the house to get the familiar microscope, and look at the wing of a fly, or things in the garden, gray hair and black hair close together while the man and the boy examined the wonders of the world. When they sat down to the noonday dinner, he listened to the conversation of his elders. Some of it he understood; the rest he stored away in that part of his memory where he kept the answers to the questions in the Catechism and certain Bible verses which he had learned. He expected to know the meaning when he had reached old age; that is, when he was twenty-five or so.

Since all the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Slattery lived in New England, Mrs. Slattery seemed quite alone after her husband's death. She had many friends, but none could quite take the place of kinsmen. Every other summer she and Charles went to her mother's house on the Maine coast. As they journeyed eastward Charles sat with his face close to the window watching every incident and scene by the way. He exulted in the "Horseshoe Curve" as they crossed the Alleghenies. If the journey over the mountains was at night, he would pile the pillows high by the window, so that he could look out to see the river flowing through the moonlight. Philadelphia and New York were exciting. Most exciting of all was the ride up Fifth Avenue in the old Fifth Avenue stage, with a view of the single panes of glass in the huge windows in Mr. A. T. Stewart's mansion. Going through Connecticut, he particularly liked the ferry at New London.

After the train had left Boston, he noted the difference in the landscape. The zigzag rail fences of Pennsylvania were exchanged for picturesque stone walls, and the pine trees gave their deep greens against the sky. Every glimpse of the ocean made his heart leap up, showing to him unconsciously his inheritance from the shipowners and captains among his ancestors. At length he settled down in a beautiful, broad street, lined with great elms; and the children, coming to visit him, stood wondering to hear him roll his r's in true Pennsylvania fashion. Before the summer was over, with childlike speed he had dropped the r's, so that when he returned in September to Greensburg his playmates made themselves merry over what they thought their friend's affectation. "O come," they shouted, "hear the actaw talk!" He was the most traveled person in either group and enjoyed telling his experiences at either end of his arc. On the alternate summers his grandmother or an aunt would come to Greensburg. Accordingly the New England spirit brooded over the house and garden of the Slatterys, and the neighbors who had a different tradition valued the indefinable something which they found there.

After her husband's death, the people of his parish rallied about Mrs. Slattery with a sympathy and kindness which seemed to her unique. Among these new friends was a family of sisters, all married, who were still known as the Turney girls. Their great-grandfather had come from Virginia long ago, but they brought into their homes the flavor and charm of the Old Dominion. Warm-hearted, well endowed with mother wit, they became as sisters to the desolate woman. As their families grew, and there came to be an increasing tribe of them, Mrs. Slattery and Charles were merged into the clan. No family festivity at Christmas, no family picnic in the summer, was ever complete without them. Charles never forgot the summer drives over the Pike, the luncheons in the woods, the splashing of the mountain brook, the singing of the birds, and the games of the flock of friendly, quarreling children. These children made up for the lack of brothers and sisters, keeping Charles from the inordinate selfishness of an only child.

Charles did not go to school till he was eight. He had previously learned to read and write at home. His first school was a dame's school kept by a "Miss Lizzie," a lady who from former prosperity had become poor, so that her friends felt that they could most tactfully help her by sending their younger children to be taught. But it was dreary, and at last Mrs. Slattery and one of the Turneys, comparing notes, decided that they would think of their boys rather than of Miss Lizzie, and sent them to the Academy on the hill, where with a man to teach them things went better.

In an article written fifty years later, to which the editor of a Boston daily gave the somewhat obvious title, "Once a boy now a Bishop of Boston," Bishop Slattery recorded other recollections of his Pennsylvania boyhood. At the end of the garden was a stable from which the horses had vanished, but there was a wide loft where Charles and his friends from time to time gave "shows." Here were stored all sorts of odds and ends, among them a very good door and a window with all the panes whole. These Charles and his particular crony dragged out into the garden as the nucleus of a house, which they proceeded to build. In this rude house there was carpentering and the diligent boxing of mullein cigars. Years later when the attic of the old house was cleared out many boxes of mullein cigars, then crumbling to dust, were discovered.

Charles began his habit of begging money for benevolent causes when he was about nine years old. He and his particular chum had two small friends who had the misfortune of being under the stern rule of a stepmother. These motherless boys had no games and they wore unnecessarily poor clothes, so Charles and his friend determined to supply some of the luxuries of life.

Those were the days of velocipedes. Almost every boy in town had a velocipede. Charles and his friend went quietly about among their prosperous elders and collected the money to buy a gay velocipede as a birthday surprise for these boys. No one knew how the velocipede was produced.

Charles was interested in making things, and received from an old uncle the gift of a scroll-saw and lathe, which being about the size of a sewing machine was operated by the feet. On this machine he made no end of boxes, brackets and easels, which he stored away against his mother's Christmas or birthday. In later years he often wondered what his mother really thought about them, but the boy felt that she would rather have them than the richest treasures of India or Peru. Great companions were this small boy and his widowed mother. She read to him on winter evenings, and taught him religion and life all through the weeks.

The outstanding event of Charles' boyhood was a visit to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. This was the first of the gigantic world's fairs, and was the talk of the whole nation. The boy was diligently paraded through hall after hall, in the hope that he would remember the art and the science. But all faded from his memory except a tiny brass pump out of which when the handle was raised real water flowed: and a diminutive freight train with a perfect engine and exact models of genuine cars. The engine worked and the train moved.

Through the long summer vacation when, without school, time hung heavy on the hands of the youth of the neighborhood, there were plays given in the loft of Mrs. Slattery's stable. Sometimes simple plays were learned; sometimes a series of separate feats performed by the individual actors; and once, when the whole cast felt the stress of life, it was decided to have a full play in five acts, but with no parts to be learned. A general scheme was determined, then each actor was to converse naturally according to his rôle without any definite lines. A ticket of admission, in which Mons. Charlie Slattery is a member of the cast, was found among Bishop Slattery's papers, the earliest memento of his boyhood.

Mrs. Slattery was both father and mother to her boy. When he learned in mature life on what slender income his mother managed the little household, he marveled. No one in Greensburg, he thought, had so beautiful a home as he. The pictures, the books, the pretty carpets, the gay chintz of the furniture and the curtains, the pretty china, the spotless linen, seemed to him better than any he saw elsewhere. There was an atmosphere about the house due to the good taste of strict economy and entire simplicity.

One day an invitation came to Mrs. Slattery and Charles to spend the winter with an aged great-aunt in Maine, who was unwell and lonely and wanted cheering up. So the house in Greensburg was closed; Betsey, the colored servant, having wept in public and in private, withdrew to her own small house, and on a November evening the two members of the Slattery family said goodbye to many friends at the Greensburg station and journeyed eastward till they reached the wide streets at Thomaston, and were driven through the flurry of snow to the large white house among the bare but friendly elms, to be greeted by the welcome of "Great-Aunt Nancy."

Great-Aunt Nancy was really ill, and Mrs. Slattery devoted most of her time to her, leaving Charles to his own devices. Never did a boy enjoy more keenly the exploration of an old New England homestead. The house seemed to him a mile long, with its main part, its additions, its sheds, and finally its stable with the loft for hay, all connected under one roof, after the New England fashion of a former time. The chief joy of the house was its succession of attics; here Charles was given full sway. Hats and coats from the time of the Revolution were tried on, and, looking like a candle about to be snuffed out, he gazed at himself in a broken mirror. He went through hair trunks, filled sometimes with ribbons and other finery, sometimes with ancient letters written long before the days of postage stamps; he rearranged them all as best he could. He was beginning to learn the history of his country; it all seemed symbolized in this fragrant attic in which the remains of many decades were stored, together with the dried herbs hanging from the rafters. It had proved so hard to fit himself into a new school for one winter, that his mother was teaching him herself, carrying on the courses he had begun in the Greensburg Academy. He liked history and grammar and his compositions, but arithmetic and geography were pain and grief to him. He was learning other things as important as schools might have taught him, and this winter was by no means lost time.

Entering the house one day after a walk through the snow under the bare branches of the tall elms, he found a strange stillness everywhere. At length in his great-aunt's room he found the whole household gathered about her bed. Instinctively he knew that she was dying. He had not been expected to be present, but he had come at the very moment. His mother had wished to spare him this experience. For the first time in his short life he had come face to face with death, since his memory did not reach back to the death of his father. He lay awake that night wondering where the sky stopped, if indeed it did stop. He shivered with the thoughts that come to old and young alike in the presence of the primal mystery. Soon he was asleep, but in after years he remembered that day as the day when the door was fast closed upon his childhood, and the future of hope and perplexity and the great unknown stretched before him. He did not know, and yet he did know. He was glad he was alive.

Soon after this Charles and his mother came to Brunswick to live, the schools being better than in Rockland, and there he attended Miss Thompson's private school with his young cousins, Maude and Lewis Kaler. Later he attended the Brunswick grammar school, where he always led his class. He began painting at this time, with water colors and also with oil. In later years he returned to this avocation, and painted his mother's portrait, and from memory a portrait of Phillips Brooks.

In the following summer, being then in his fifteenth year, Charles was presented for confirmation in St. Paul's Church, Brunswick, by the rector, the Reverend Harry Pierce Nichols, and confirmed by Bishop Neely. With his characteristic fondness for souvenirs, he had his confirmation certificate neatly framed, and kept it all his life. What was more important, he adopted and kept as a friend the minister who had prepared him for confirmation. His friendship with Mr. Nichols continued through life, exerting an influence which cannot easily be measured.

In the nature of the case, the relation was filial before it became fraternal. When Charles wrote to his friend from his brother's ranch in Colorado, Mr. Nichols, who had accepted a call to New Haven, gave him good advice about his schooling. "I am sorry you plan to have a private tutor. You are just the boy that needs the rubbing and roughing of a school. It cannot contaminate, it will strengthen you. Think well of the matter." He also took him to task about his spelling. "You are not a good speller, Charlie. Do not go on to higher branches till you have laid the foundation. You would regret all your life such carelessness as 'rehersal,' 'discription,' 'exceptable.' The way to correct is to look up religiously any word on which you have doubts. Excuse your old friend and pastor. I still look for you at Yale."

III

ON THE RANCH AT KIT CARSON

1883-1887

As the old house in Thomaston was breaking up, Mrs. Slattery was forced to make new plans. The house in Greensburg was rented; and she could not think of returning to Greensburg to live in any other house. Moreover, her income had been curtailed by loans to her elder son. George, who had become established in farming, wrote urging her to bring Charles for a year on the plains. He had recently taken a carpenter into his service, and so had been able to build a comfortable house on his ranch, where he was sure that they would be happy. Charles would have a horse, and the novel experience would be altogether good for him.

Accordingly in June Charles started upon a journey which made the journey from Greensburg to Maine seem short and tame in comparison. It was a new life and a new world to which this long journey seemed to be carrying him. He had once known a lad who had lived in Leadville in its wildest days, and the embroidered tales of it, heightened by his own imagination, raised his expectations to fever pitch. He dreamed of Indians and cowboys, of feathers and bowie knives. The seemingly endless prairie made him feel the vastness of the whole world, as his train rushed over it. At last they reached Kit Carson on the Union Pacific Railroad, a station house and nothing more. Charles, peering about for Indians, saw only his brother George, with the station master and his wife, waiting to receive them. The ranch, known in those days as the FX—the brand of the ranch for their cattle, was in present Cheyenne county and was twelve miles south of Kit Carson and forty miles north of Los Animas. In all the twelve miles there was no sign of life except now and then a glimpse of a prairie dog sitting timidly on the edge of his burrow, into which he scurried as the wagon drew near; or, less often, a tiny owl living in some prairie dog's home would vanish with equal haste. Night came on, and if the earth was monotonous, the sky was glorious. The high, dry air gave him a sense of exhilaration; he felt as if he had been living all his life in a cupboard, and had at last come out of doors, on the top of the world.

At the end of the twelve miles, a great barn loomed up, surrounded by corrals for the sheep, a dugout made of adobe for the men, and the new cottage. Peter the carpenter had lighted the cottage, so that every window sent out its welcome. The herders and the cowboys stood about in bashful silence to greet the lady and the boy. An hour later, Charles was in his bed, wondering what the coming days would hold for him.

The days which followed were as strange to him as the first night. He was given a bronco, mounted him, and was promptly thrown. Doggedly he mounted again and managed to keep his seat, till the fiery little beast gave in and acknowledged Charles as his master. It was at first great fun to ride over the plains; but there was no end to the ride, no hill to climb, no forest to enter, no town to visit, and the sport palled. Soon, therefore, he returned to his brother's diminutive library, the poems, essays, history, and tales which seemed far beyond his years. George Slattery was sorry to see the boy curled up in a corner of a window-seat reading, when he thought he should have been out of doors. So he soon put Charles to work. He made him clean up the ground around the house, rake it, plant and water it.

One morning before breakfast Charles entered the barnyard carrying two empty pails for the man who was to milk the cows. Two large hogs, scarcely tamer than wild boars, caught sight of the pails and evidently thought that they brought food for them. When they discovered their mistake they vented their rage on Charles, and knocked him down. The angry beasts bit him in four places, two of the wounds being great gashes in the calves of his legs. There were no telephones in those days; the railway and the telegraph were twelve miles away, and there was no doctor within one hundred fifty miles. The only remedy known on the ranch to remove possible poison was to put salt on the gaping wound. Charles bore this severe remedy without a whimper, and George's estimate of his brother went up by leaps and bounds. He might be sensitive and delicate, but he had fortitude; he had the making of a man after all. The first agony over, Charles really enjoyed his convalescence, for he could read all day long with no one to forbid or criticize. For the first time George admitted Charles to genuine friendship, and began to talk about his ranch as he might have talked to a person of his own age. From time to time Charles would relieve one of the shepherds and tend, with the help of his collie, a large flock of sheep. He would lie on the ground looking into the glorious Colorado sky; then he would read without any fear of interruption. Here he began to read Shakespeare, Charles Lamb and Macaulay.

One of the signs of growing intimacy was George's gift of his stamp collection to his brother. For the first time Charles had a passion for collecting stamps. He had seen his friends exchanging the bits of paper, little suspecting the pleasure of it. Now he was isolated from all the brethren in his enthusiasm; and how should he acquire more stamps? His ingenious mind found a way out of the difficulty. The prairie was strewn with bits of petrified wood, beautiful in its coloring. He announced in one of the papers for boys that he was ready to send packages of petrified wood to anyone who would send him in exchange foreign postage stamps. In a surprisingly brief time letters with duplicate stamps from their collections came from unknown boys asking for the wood. Then came letters of gratitude for the petrified wood. Quickly Charles found himself blessed with a large and interesting correspondence. He might be more than a hundred miles from another boy, but he had many friends whose words came to him each time the post-bag came home from Kit Carson. Some one has said that convalescence is like the springtime, full of joy and hope.[1] Charles found the autumn days on the Colorado plain a springtime, as kindness flowed in upon him, and his spirit awoke to new happiness.

Meanwhile, as in Thomaston, Mrs. Slattery did what she could to forward her younger son's education. She heard him decline Latin nouns, and conjugate Latin verbs. George did his part by telling Charles what play of Shakespeare to read next, and what passages to commit to memory. Peter the carpenter talked with him about

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[1] Archbishop Nathan Soderblom enlarged upon this comparison in a memorable sermon preached in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

Sweden. It was an unconventional education, but he was learning many things that he could not have learned in a formal school.

As winter drew on, Charles, now quite well and nimble as a cat, found the isolation of the ranch more and more irksome. This chafing was intensified by a week's visit to Denver. After life for months on the broad, uninhabited wastes, it was exciting to be among throngs of people, to look into shop windows, to go on Sunday to a great church and to sing old hymns, to talk with people about schools and his own career, and, in general, to feel the thrill of humanity once more. At the end of the week he returned to the ranch with his mother, trying to conceal the sinking of his heart over the prospect of a long winter on the plains. George came to the rescue with the information that a new section boss, named Reilly, had come to Aroya, the station of the railway twenty miles west of Kit Carson; this important person had eight children and had applied to the county for a teacher for these children. The county was inclined to grant his request, but there was no qualified teacher available. Why should not Charles undertake it? They were rough people, but a little roughness would not hurt him; the main difficulty was, could he pass the examinations?

Charles took the county examinations, and satisfied the school board as to his qualifications. He could give a fairly good account of himself in American and English history, in arithmetic, in grammar, and in English literature; but physics he had never studied, and he was asked to describe the action of a pump. Here his native curiosity and ingenuity stood him in good stead; for he had once taken a pump apart and put it together again. He knew no technical terms, but he did know how the thing worked, and he described the action so accurately, if unconventionally, that, to his own amazement, he passed his examination in physics. He was only sixteen, but he had evident ability; accordingly the superintendent appointed Charles as teacher of Public School No. 1 in Aroya for the three months of the school year.

The young schoolmaster was eager to begin his work; he kissed his mother good-bye with natural sinking of heart at his first parting, and was soon being greeted by Mrs. Reilly and her eight offspring. The section was a square house with no effort towards beauty without or within. The schoolroom was cheerless but clean. The dining room was filled three times a day with the section hands who sat on long benches like monks in a refectory. The fare was salt meat, generally ill-cooked bacon, and canned vegetables with hot bread and strong tea. Mrs. Reilly, assisted by the older children, did all the cooking and serving. She nearly always held a leather strap under her arm, in case one of the younger children ran in and, to her thinking, needed instant chastisement. This parental discipline saved Charles from any hint of discipline in the schoolroom. The young Reillys were thoroughly trained in obedience.

The table companions of Charles were a strange group. One was a jovial Dutchman who spoke broken English; three were swarthy creatures speaking a patois of English and Spanish, being Mexicans, generally known as "greasers," one was a kind-hearted Irishman; and only one or two had been in America long enough to lose the trace of their inheritance from another nationality. All removed their coats before sitting down; behind his back they called Charles a "tenderfoot" and a "dood," because he always wore his coat; they asked him pointedly one day if he slept in it. The school hours were a heavy burden. Charles tried spelling matches, and all sorts of games, so hoping to awaken some slumbering enthusiasm, but all in vain. Each pupil had to be taught separately, and the unity of the school consisted in its uniformity of blissful ignorance. Three months of such uninspiring teaching seemed to the alert young schoolmaster like a hundred years, but he had begun, he would carry his promise through.

He was woefully homesick in the evenings, when, shut in his room, he tried to study his own lessons, algebra, Latin, physiology and Roman history. The ugly kerosene lamp smoked or smelt, or else when turned down gave too little light. He knew that he must have regular exercise, so each day he took long walks on the railroad track, varying the exercise by walking first on every tie, then on every other one, and finally on one in three. The wind whistled dolefully through the telegraph wires, and that sound became ever after the symbol of desolation to a homesick boy.

Of the loneliness and the forlornness of this school-teaching Charles wrote not a word to his mother. He told her how much money he was earning as a nest egg for college; he told how fast he was getting on with his preparation, though he confessed that he was not making much of a fist at algebra; he told her about new stamps which the genial Dutchman had given him. He knew that if he confessed just what his surroundings were his mother would send for him to come home, and he did not intend to succumb to that humiliation.

All things have an end, and at the end of the seemingly interminable school term Charles returned to the ranch with joy; but the difficulties of adjusting himself to ranch life continued, and one evening during a camping expedition in the mountains he felt miserable in the knowledge. He lay down on his fragrant pine bed, but its fragrance could not soothe him. He listened to the brook, but its music could not cheer him. He counted the sheep as they went in imagination down the chute to be "dipped," but even that could not put him to sleep. He tossed back and forth, tormented by his thoughts; convinced at last that it was useless to try to sleep, he opened the flap of his tent, dressed in the light of the moon, and went out upon the mountain path. Coming to an abrupt turn of the path, his attention was caught by the great beauty of the night and the scene before him. He could look down over a wide view, which included apparently nothing which man had made. He looked up to the steep crags above him; that scene, too, was as God had made it, untouched by man. In every direction, up, down, and all around, there was no light except the light of moon and stars; there was no sound except the sound of the wind in the trees and of the water falling upon the rocks. He felt strangely alone. His heart cried out for companionship; for help in his unhappiness.

Then, suddenly, he was not alone. He could see no one, he could hear no voice, his hand felt nothing. But he was conscious of a great Presence. The cry of his heart was answered. He was known, forgiven, loved. He stood still for a time. It might have been a minute; it might have been a hundred years. There was no time in that experience. All he knew after that was that he was leaping down the mountain path, freed of the burden he had toilingly carried up. The world was right again. In the end he lay down in his tent and slept, as he had slept in his bed at

Greensburg. He was again a little child; he had found peace.

It was his first religious experience. In a deeper way than in physical nature he had discovered Colorado a land of swift changes,—from sunshine to storm, and from the blackness of the storm to light.

The time had now come when, if Charles was to go to College, more systematic preparation must be made. Denver was only one hundred fifty miles away, no great distance when measured by western standards, and the boy was accordingly sent to East Denver High School. For the first winter Mrs. Slattery continued to live at the ranch, believing that George needed her more than Charles. George had found a business partner; there had been financial difficulty, but the ranch entered a more prosperous period. Twice a week letters went from Kit Carson, and twice a week Mrs. Slattery had letters from Charles. The latter had no lack of news to impart; he found inexhaustible information in the masters and boys. One of the masters, interested in botany and geology, made him a companion on his rambles, and they were much out of doors in search of rare specimens.

The following year Mrs. Slattery joined her younger son in Denver, and began housekeeping at 3130 Lawrence Street. She had a horse and phaeton, and he took all the care of the horse. She took him to school every morning, and often went for him in the afternoon, as it was a long walk. After school he came home and was most of the time busy with his books; he and his mother spent nearly every evening reading or studying. One teacher in the High School to whom he was especially attached, Miss Sengleterry, was invited every Sunday to have dinner with them.

Another friend who was often at the house was the Reverend Charles H. Marshall, Rector of St. Barnabas' Church which they attended. Forty years afterward Mr. Marshall retained vivid recollections of the boy on his way to school, "going like the wind, with his coat-tails straight behind him." Mrs. Caroline R. Keith, a friend of Mrs. Slattery in the Denver days, who loved him and "helped to raise him," remembers him as a very slim, delicate looking boy at this time. She gave him a new saddle and while in the High School he was in the habit of getting up early and going out for horseback rides before breakfast. He missed the out-of-door life of the ranch and the riding did him good.

In November, 1886, George Slattery was married in Denver by Doctor Marshall to Elizabeth Patterson Greer of Greensburg. She and her mother had spent some time together on the ranch with the Slatterys, and Mrs. Greer and Charles became great friends, always teasing each other.

Three years passed rapidly with their routine of study, friendships, and holidays spent at Kit Carson, and Charles came to the last term before college. There was no longer any question of his being able to enter college, as he had made the most of the opportunity for regular instruction and was soon to graduate from East Denver High School with an average for three years of 97.6, the highest average on record at the school. He had been planning to enter Yale, largely because of the advice of Mr. Nichols, and the prospect of being with him in New Haven, but as the time drew near Harvard presented counter attractions. He wrote to Mr. Nichols asking him whether he believed in Harvard and "would want a boy to go to Harvard" and received an open-minded letter which gave arguments pro and con but did not greatly help toward a decision. What proved decisive was a letter from a new correspondent, hitherto personally unknown. Charles wrote directly to Phillips Brooks, asking his advice, and received the following reply:[1]

233 Clarendon Street, Boston
March 28, 1887.

My dear Friend:

I am glad that you are thinking of coming to Harvard College, and hope that you will do so. I think that it was never so good a place for the life and study of a young man as it is today. I have known it for the last thirty-six years, and watched it closely all that time. It has improved and ripened steadily, until it may be said today, with no disparagement to other colleges, that nowhere can a better education be obtained than at Harvard.

There are young men there of every form of religious faith, and many who have no faith. There are scoffers, perhaps there are blasphemers. There are also earnest, noble, consecrated Christian men, and many souls seeking a light and truth which they have not yet found. You will meet in the college what you will meet in the world. You will have to choose what you will be, as you will have to choose all your life. You will find all the help which Christian friends and Christian services can give to a young man whose real reliance must be on God and his own soul. I hope that you will come and be the better and not the worse Christian for your four years' course. If you do come, and I can serve you, I shall be very glad. Pray come and see me as soon as you are settled here, and let me know how the questions which are now very rightly on your mind find their solution.

I hope you will write to me again if there are any personal questions which you wish to ask me, and I am, with all best wishes,

Yours most sincerely,
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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[1] This letter, in Phillips Brooks' own handwriting, is now framed in glass and hung in the Phillips Brooks House at Harvard, with an inscription saying that it was written to his successor in the position of Bishop of Massachusetts.

Because of the lateness of his decision, Charles was obliged to take all his examinations for entrance in one year, part in July and part in September. The financial problems connected with four years at Harvard might well have given him cause for anxious thought, but he did not let them. He had the money he had earned in teaching, and his mother had laid aside a little for this specific purpose; for the rest, there were scholarships that might be earned by diligent work. The boy did not hesitate, and in the latter days of June he made his way from the ranch to Chicago, where the examinations were to be held—the nearest spot to Colorado where Harvard examinations that year were given.

So on a hot morning early in July he found himself sitting anxiously with thirty or forty other anxious boys, in a large room on the top floor of a high school in the north side of Chicago. Hour after hour for the days of the examination he sat at his small desk and wrote. He felt fairly sure of everything except geometry, and knew that he would therefore enter Harvard, if he entered at all, with at least one condition. He was subdued, but he hoped that his other papers would pull him through.

As soon as this was over he went to Greensburg to visit Mr. and Mrs. Brunot. Mr. Brunot was seriously ill, but glad to welcome his young friend, and Mrs. Brunot wrote to Mrs. Slattery to express their satisfaction in the visit. "He was ready and able to enter into all our plans, pleasures and readings, and this can be said of very few young men." The Brunots had not changed, but other impressions were of difference. Charles took long walks by himself trying to recall the haunts of his boyhood. Everything seemed changed. The old brick church had been replaced with an elaborate stone building which did not interest him at all. He longed for the old chancel window, and he longed still more for the long lancet windows which opened wide on hinges and which let the sun come into the church. His old home had been sold, and that, too, its new owners had, according to their notions, improved. He looked into the garden and then turned away. It was no longer the garden that he had loved. Greensburg seemed to have gone into the place of dreams, along with his vanished childhood, and he was grateful to go back to the old brick house of his friends, the Brunots. That had not changed at all, either within or without. The spring under the hill was still cool: the fountain still played over its rocks and its ferns; and every piece of furniture within the house stood where it had always stood.

While staying with the Brunots, word reached him that his preliminary examinations had been passed successfully. He wrote happily to his mother, and was somewhat chagrined not to receive her congratulations. A second and characteristic letter explained the omission. "You seemed to think I ought to be surprised that you passed the examinations. I was not a bit; I never expected anything else, and that is why I did not mention it." But Charles did not share her confidence. The remaining examinations loomed up as an ordeal; he was certain that he could not pass the test in physics, and pinned his hope upon entering college with not more than this one condition.

The remainder of the summer was spent with relatives in Maine. In September he was sitting in a Harvard hall writing furiously the answers to questions put to him in his final examination papers. He finished the last examination and returned to his room to await the verdict. On a certain day the lists were to be posted. He went into

University Hall in fear and trembling, and looked in the list of those who had been admitted with conditions. He read it through again and again, thinking that his name might have escaped the alphabetical order. With a feeling of faintness he convinced himself that his name was not there. Slowly he went down the steps, and stood dazed in the college yard. Which way could he turn? How would he tell his mother? He had burned his bridges, and everything was black before him. There was no one to whom he could turn for counsel. In despair he returned to read the list again. He was calmer now, and he bethought him, in curiosity, to see how many had been admitted without conditions, and especially to see how a western friend of his had fared. He was not looking for his own name now, for he was sure that it could not be there. But it was there! It seemed to him a miracle. How could the reader of the examination paper in physics have passed him? But he had passed him. The revulsion of feeling was almost more than he could bear, and there was no one to whom he could tell his relief and exultation. He went again down the steps and stood silent under the elms in the Yard. It was such a moment as he had experienced on the strange night in the wilderness of the Rockies. He knew no human being with whom he could share his happiness, but in some way he knew that the happiness was shared. And in that mystic Presence he lifted his heart and gave thanks. Now, suddenly, everything seemed possible.

Charles Slattery was too truly a New Englander to speak with ease of his personal religious experiences. Like his predecessor, Phillips Brooks, he was most reticent in this respect, with a reticence due not to timidity, or to unwillingness to bear witness to the grace of God that he had experienced, but rather to his consciousness that these things were sacred. "Lighthouses blow no trumpets before them, they only shine." In the case of Slattery, as in the case of Brooks, the type of religious experience was what William James termed that of the "Once born," who do not experience sudden and dramatic conversion, but who mature quietly and gradually in spiritual strength, like children in a Father's house.

In the last year of his life Bishop Slattery described the process in words in which may be recognized unconscious self-revelation:

> When a man becomes aware of his need of Christ, and when he finds Christ coming in to refresh him, to bless him, to recreate him, to give him new life, then he must disown his past, and make ready for a new future. He is converted as truly as Saint Paul was converted in the light of the Damascus road; as truly as Saint Augustine was converted from a life of vileness. But there are other lives which come so gradually towards the best, that it is impossible to announce the moment of conversion. A child brought up in a Christian home, taught to love the right and the true from the beginning, has had conversion daily to the best, but there has been, let us say, no one convulsive moment when life is turned upside down, and all behind seems darkness, and all before seems light. Such a life is a life of gradual unfolding in the grace of our Saviour. It is such a life as tradition ascribes to St. John.

IV

A STUDENT AT HARVARD
1887-1891

THE TRANSITION FROM THE QUIET AND SECLUSION OF THE Denver High School into the crowding opportunities of Harvard was at first somewhat bewildering. Slattery quickly settled down to the routine of his courses, but he found it difficult to decide which of the great men outside his regular work he ought to see and hear, for men from all parts of the world were coming and going, glad to give of their best to the students. He had letters to some of the local celebrities, but he was too shy and too busy to present more than one or two of them. Because he could go to them if he needed friendship, he felt, as he saw them, a sense of ownership. They did not know him, but he knew them.

Of these renowned people, the man to whom he came to look with especial respect was Phillips Brooks, whose towering form and radiant face were inspiration to a multitude who listened to his preaching. Though he did not teach at Harvard, he preached often in the chapel, and made opportunities to meet the men. Slattery sat before him spellbound as his words poured forth like a torrent. Everything seemed possible as he listened. As he read the *Odyssey*, Brooks seemed like one of the Greek gods, a being of light and beauty beyond mortal achievement. Then as he read Plato, his hero seemed like Plato, a being endowed and fortunate above even the great ones of the earth.

Several months passed before he gathered courage to avail himself of the invitation extended in the friendly letter of the previous March, and to call on Doctor Brooks in his office hours at Wadsworth House. He sat on the stiff bench in the hallway awaiting his turn. When his turn came, he thought that he had never touched anyone so huge. His awe passed as he caught the infection of the great man's laughter. They talked of all sorts of things except religion. When Slattery went out he was treading on air; he felt as if he had been on Olympus and had found it surprisingly genial and human. After that, Phillips Brooks became more than ever his hero. He stood still and watched him whenever his tall form loomed above the crowd. He did not need to speak to him. He unconsciously measured all his words and deeds by the thought that Doctor Brooks would approve or disapprove.

Only less inspiring were the teachers who taught him this first year. In English, Greek, Latin and German he made long strides. The man who had committed the crime of writing a difficult Latin grammar, which as a boy he had studied with grief, now made Terence and Livy exciting, and when a student could not make out a Latin sentence, the grammarian would twirl his watch-chain and say, "Is it the c, or the a, or the t, that you can't understand?" Slattery was amused and alarmed when the ingenious and witty teacher of German started his class by reading Grimm at sight, commanding them to learn for each lesson many pages of grammar and twenty irregular verbs. In those days Le Baron Russell Briggs was reading to freshmen his lectures in rhetoric, filled with illustrations which by their humor fastened his principles in the minds of his young pupils. They came to laugh, and went away to remember.

Slattery began to make friends among his classmates. He came without a single acquaintance in the college. He looked with envy on boys from schools which each year sent large groups to the university. Their friendships were already formed. Slattery made his friends shyly but surely, by venturing to speak to the next man in his class, by speaking to the men who sat at his table in the dining hall. Men would call on him, he never knew why; he would return the call, and a friendship would start. When he was not studying, he was taking long walks with these new friends, or playing tennis with them. His letters to his mother revealed his enlarging horizons.

> Dr. Peabody had the whole Freshman Class at his house last night for a party. We had a great time talking, and then the historian, John C. Ropes, lectured to us very entertainingly on Napoleon. He made the old thing out a greater statesman than he was general. I haven't any modern history this year, and it was good to hear something about times later than Cæsar and Cicero. The best of the party was Mrs. Peabody. She is beautiful to look at, and no end kind.

He goes on to speak of new friends, among them Fred Robinson and Charles H. C. Wright, with whom he later became intimate. Wright and he constantly "took their exercise in walks and talks together." He also frequented the gymnasium, and was grimly conscientious in the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs and pulleys.

The year wore on. During the short Christmas recess Slattery stayed in Cambridge, and felt once more the pangs of homesickness. All his friends had gone to their homes, and the few men who remained in college halls seemed forlorn. On Christmas Eve he was invited, with all others who were staying in Cambridge, to Professor

Charles Eliot Norton's interesting old house for a Christmas party. There were books in every room, up the stairs, everywhere. The pictures were hung on hinges, so that Mr. Norton might swing them out, and consult the volumes behind them. Slattery instinctively felt that the house fitted its owner as the shell fits the nut. He was absorbed in the casual and modest descriptions of this engraving, of that bit of bronze, as the host held it up and told of some connection it had with Ruskin or Carlyle. So his homesickness was banished by hospitality.

After the mid-year examinations he was happily surprised to find that he had an assured place in the college. He had been wondering whether he could keep up with boys from the great schools of the eastern part of the country. His gratitude went out to the masters at Denver when he found himself in the front rank of students, and he felt that he must tell some one at Denver about it. So in his happiness he sat down to write to one of them:

> To tell the truth, I was afraid I shouldn't get through, and when the A's began to come in, I felt as if my blue books must have got mixed up with some other fellow's blue books.

But as the A's kept coming in with monotonous regularity, varied by an occasional A+, it became evident that more than luck was a factor. Deficiency and irregularity in preparation had been made up for by hard work, and hard work had begun to tell.

The summer vacation was spent, as were most of the long vacations of his college course, in Brunswick, Maine, at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Hall, with whom his mother and her sisters had now made their home. On his return to Cambridge, Slattery secured a room in Lawrence Hall, a building on Brattle Street owned by the Episcopal Theological School, but only partly filled with "theologs," so that there were a number of rooms available for Harvard students. He also dined with these fellow undergraduates and with the seminarians in Burnham Hall, the school refectory. The surroundings were especially congenial because of his decision, in which from earliest boyhood he had not wavered, to follow in his father's footsteps and become a minister. He had, too, an interest in ecclesiastical affairs quite unusual in an undergraduate, and attributable to early surroundings and impressions. He wrote a poem entitled "Coming home from Church," which began with the question, "Why dost thou beat so joyously, my lonely heart?" and answered it by an exposition of the joys of church attendance; these sentiments being unusual in a Harvard sophomore, the poem was accepted and published by a sympathetic editor in the Home Department of his journal. He wrote twice a week, sometimes oftener, to his mother in Brunswick, and the Monday letters were largely taken up with accounts of the services of the preceding Sundays which he had attended; apparently never missing a Sunday. The letters are interesting in their revelation of the relations between mother and son. They are completely objective; for all the churchgoing, he never makes even a passing allusion to his religious experiences or to any of the personal problems which young men go through in their adjustment to life, and there is in them not one term of endearment, except the formal ones. They begin invariably "My dear Mother," and conclude, "Yours affectionately, Charles." But when his mother was ill, although expressing no anxiety, he wrote to her daily instead of twice a week, and when he himself was laid low with the mumps, he said nothing about it, for fear of causing her concern.

Humility is not the predominant characteristic of Harvard sophomores, and by this time Slattery was sufficiently acclimated to the Yard to have considerable confidence in his own judgments, and to be condescendingly critical of his elders, especially when they happened to be ministers who fell short of his exacting standards of what is required of a preacher. One of his unconscious victims was his future father-in-law, the Reverend William Lawrence, who was a member of the faculty of the Theological School, and who served as vice-dean during the illness of Dean Gray. "Mr. Lawrence preached a fairly good sermon," he writes, "but rather lengthy for what he had to say. I shall hear Phillips Brooks soon, so that will make up for it."

Others fared no better. Bishop Huntington was "getting rather old to preach very powerful sermons." "Old Dr. Peabody is to preach tonight, and I think I shall try to hear him. He will be rather tiresome, I presume, but he once was great, and a faded flower is interesting, if it ever had any merit." Doctor Lyman Abbott, University Preacher at Harvard, is described as "a good maker of addresses." "I hope," added the critic, "that he will omit the personal remarks he sometimes makes, in his sermon tomorrow. You know he described himself and his wife in bed, when he preached here a year or so ago." Later, he wrote more favorably. "Lyman Abbott preached a very good sermon last Sunday evening. Some of us thought a little of it in rather bad taste; his sensationalism which makes him so popular in Brooklyn makes him a little questionable for these quarters. For all that, however, his sermon was strong, though he might easily have made it stronger. I am rather an admirer of him, so that I am glad to know that we are to have him for a season. I am going to call on him." Which he promptly did, and the two became friends. The Reverend Henry Van Dyke fared little better at the hands of the young iconoclast. "Dr. Van Dyke is a regular 'dude,'" he wrote, "hair parted in middle, nobby stove-pipe, fancy cane, kid gloves, and all. He is a great contrast to the simplicity of the other preachers. However, I think we shall all like him very much."

Many of the letters to his mother at this time are cheerful records of little economies, throwing light upon the necessity for them. Slattery secured scholarships yielding $300 annually, and supplemented this by teaching Sunday School in St. James' Church, North Cambridge, of which the Reverend Edward Abbott, a brother of Lyman Abbott who had entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, was rector. The ordinary compensation for this work was two dollars a Sunday, and many undergraduates availed themselves of this and similar opportunities for compensated Sunday-school work. In addition, there was a tiny but regular income from a western farm mortgage, and from property in Denver; this, however, his mother needed, and he drew upon it as little as possible. "Mrs. Brunot sent me five dollars," he told his mother. "I have not paid Jenkins (his roommate), and if you need $5.00 I can send it to you now. Let me know at once. I think I shall get a book-case cover. The sun shines on my books in the morning, and soon their color will be gone. I put up my newspapers, but they are a nuisance." His grandmother gave him a gold watch, which was greatly appreciated. "It seems more beautiful each time I take it out of my pocket; it has been much admired by all the friends who have chanced to see it." He went to Boston and bought, for thirty cents, a chain of black cord, preferring this to cheap jewelry. "It is neat and good, and very much better, I think, than a more showy one." But the acme of thrift was reached in a transaction somewhat later, which he describes to his mother with glee: "I sold my old black coat and waistcoat to a Jew the other day, for $1.00. I thought that was doing pretty well, since it was shiny, and very, very shabby. The suit cost $10. I wore it three winters (only a part of this winter, to be sure). Lewy had the trousers, and now after all is over, I sell the remainder for $1.00. Rather a good bargain, don't you think?"

During freshman year, Slattery had the usual freshman aversion to making calls. The Lawrences with their customary hospitality had promptly invited this young son of an Episcopal clergyman to dinner. He had enjoyed the occasion fully, but he dreaded making a dinner call in the afternoon, when strangers might be there and the conversation range through social topics with which he was unfamiliar. He procrastinated, putting it off till days had accumulated into weeks and his conscience could stand the strain no longer. Jenkins took him to see the Reverend and Mrs. John W. Suter, and they at once became interested in him and made him feel at home in their house. Having made the social plunge, he found it not only interesting but rather enjoyable. During Easter vacation, which he spent in Portland, he called of his own accord on Neal Dow, the great prohibitionist; on Longfellow's brother and sister; on the Minister to Sweden's family; on the Minister of Spain's wife and daughters; on Commodore Preble's daughter and other grandees. His hosts in Portland were the Reverend Doctor Dalton, rector of St. Stephen's Church, and his wife and daughters, to all of whom he was much attracted. Returning to Cambridge, on Easter Sunday he went to Trinity Church, and heard Doctor Brooks preach an inspiring sermon which "fully made up for the poor music." Early in June of this year he had an offer from *Scribner's Magazine* to draw initial letters. He was interested in decorative arts, but it does not appear that he acted upon this suggestion to experiment in them.

In junior year he and his roommate, James Rockwood Jenkins, moved into 55 Matthews Hall, but leaving Lawrence Hall did not indicate any lessening of his interest in the Theological School. He attended services from time to time in St. John's Chapel, and on one occasion heard Mr. Lawrence read the Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops, as required by canon. "Did Mr. Burbank (the rector of the church in Brunswick) read it to you?" he asks his mother. "What did you think of it? I liked the tone of the whole thing, didn't you? I wonder whether individual Bishops won't now be a little firmer in their resistance of such practices as are going on at St. Ignatius' in New York."

At this time he and his roommate began to take an interest in the stage, showing much discrimination in their selection of plays. They saw *Othello* played by Salvini, who spoke in Italian while the rest of the cast used English; Slattery pronounced it the best acting he had ever seen. Booth in *The Merchant of Venice* also comes in for high commendation. Jenkins went to hear Patti, but Slattery "staid at home for three reasons—Lent, pocket-book, business." The young men invariably went up in the "Nigger Heaven," where seats were only twenty-five cents.

It was the custom in those days for Phi Beta Kappa, the learned society, to take in the first eight men of the

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class in junior year, after the mid-year examinations, and the remaining seventeen in senior year. Slattery had the satisfaction of being elected on the first eight, and of learning that he stood third in the class. Professor Briggs read his theme on *Thales*, the first Greek Philosopher, to the class as an example of an A theme, and announced that very few people could make a philosophical theme so interesting. A few weeks later, the second theme on *Pythagoras* received similar recognition, and in March, after receiving his eleventh theme in English XII, with another full A, he wrote about it happily to his mother. "Professor Briggs says I write as well as anybody now. I feel very much encouraged, for that is valuable praise from such a careful critic." In May he was elected into the Delta Upsilon, commonly called D. U. The society was half literary and half social, and had pleasant rooms on Brattle Street.

Two of his friends, Stebbins and Chase, left college for financial reasons, but decided to keep on studying. They rented a four-room house in Somerville for a nominal amount, and started housekeeping. Slattery looked upon their amateur efforts with commiseration. "Stebbins made bread the other day," he writes, "it took all day. He bought ten tickets to the German Opera, and so between cooking and listening to music he hasn't had much time to study." He suggests that his mother send him a little box of Mayflowers. "He is having a hard time, and these would cheer him up. Send them to him instead of to me, if they are scarce." His own financial situation had been improved by a legacy of four or five thousand dollars from his Uncle Charles. "I shall be independent," he writes to his mother, "and may be able to buy you a new bonnet now and then. I shall be as careful and as economical as I know how to be; however, I do not mean to hoard this little I have, and if you want to go to England, or to Colorado, or to California next summer, we can go!"

They decided upon Colorado, and June found them in Colorado Springs, from which they drove through the Garden of the Gods, Manitou, up the Pass, to Cascade Canon, where they camped in tents. Slattery was glad to be on horseback again; riding was a favorite recreation which he had missed in Cambridge.

Senior year began auspiciously with courses and teachers of his own selection. He specialized in philosophy, and was soon writing a thesis on "What is Goodness?" for his favorite teacher, Professor Palmer, and studying the History of German Thought from 1770-1830 with Professor Royce. Another course was with Professor Peabody. "My work is very pleasant this year," he writes. "It takes a good deal of time, but it is not grinding work. My spirit laughs and dances, amid the rich fields of German philosophy and of ethical research and meditation! I am reading some very interesting books, but I rely chiefly on my own observation and reflection. The best results come from stimulating your thought by reading, and then letting yourself think out the questions on your own lines with these incentives." He feels that he belongs to Harvard, and Harvard to him, and a suggestion from his cousin, Maude Kaler, that he might better have gone to Bowdoin, nearer home, evokes the following lively rejoinder:

> If Bowdoin is so tremendously famous, it is strange it has only two hundred men in it. I should think the youth of the nation would flock to its halls. As for graduates, Hawthorne is the only great man Bowdoin ever had. Franklin Pierce was only a flimsy

President, and he amounts to nothing in the history of the country. Longfellow was undoubtedly a sweet singer, but he is by no means a poet. Besides, what is truly good in him he got here in Harvard after he left Bowdoin.

As for Harvard, it has given America the greatest literary genius—James Russell Lowell; its most distinguished preachers—Phillips Brooks and Andrew Peabody (and Alexander McKenzie, perhaps); its greatest historians—George Bancroft, H. C. Lodge, Francis Parkman, and Prescott; its greatest, perhaps its only philosophers—R. W. Emerson, George Palmer, Alexander Agassiz, and Asa Gray; its purest political leaders—such as Edward Everett, John Q. Adams, and Charles Sumner, beside a lot of others like T. W. Higginson, W. W. Goodwin, J. W. White, Francis Child, Charles E. Norton, William James, Henry James, and hundreds of others. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of course, graduated from Harvard.

To most people in the country one has to explain where Bowdoin is; but everybody knows that *Harvard College is the largest, the richest, the oldest, and the best College in America.* Where R—— got the idea that I thought Bowdoin better than Harvard *in any respect,* I don't know.[1]

The congenial business of sermon testing went on as usual during this last year, but the judgments became more favorable. He began to have hope of the Reverend William Lawrence. "Mr. Lawrence is conducting prayers now. He is improving as a preacher, I think. He may make a distinguished preacher yet. I think he is a very good man, and his friendship is well worth cultivating." Doctor Abbott also shows signs of improvement. "Lyman Abbott preached a very good sermon last evening, on the simplicity of the Gospel. A very powerful sermon. I am going to call on him tomorrow." He is impressed by the thoughts of Doctor Newman Smyth, but depressed by the delivery, which he characterizes as "abominable." "I felt after I left the Chapel as if I could not breathe; I suppose from sympathy. I had been working all the time for him, trying not to puff and pull words out. I went to hear Bishop Keane last Sunday largely to oblige Gledhill and Wright. Besides, too, I wanted to see just what a Roman service was; what reverence, intelligence, etc., there is in the congregation."

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[1] Our young sermon taster is for once somewhat remiss. Jonathan Edwards of Yale might "perhaps" be preferred to McKenzie as a preacher of distinction, and Horace Bushnell, also of Yale, should have been remembered by one who owed much to his noble and liberal theology.

The spring recess was again spent in Portland with the Daltons, and Mr. Dalton sounded out Slattery as to the possibility of his coming to St. Stephen's as his assistant a few years later, but the young man was cautious and noncommittal; he had not yet decided in what diocese he wished to begin his ministry. The last term flew by on wings, as he had several long themes to write. One of them was a thesis on the philosophy of Fichte. Another an essay for Mr. Peabody's course, and was called "The Family in the Organic State." The young writer "decided" that it would be better to keep up family life, and not resort to public nurseries, public dining halls and so on, where men shall have "all things common." He has to deliver an oration on "Human Freedom," but is embarrassed by the fact that he has not yet made up his mind whether he is a free-will-ist or a determinist. It is, as he sagely observes, "a deep and difficult subject." He and Jenkins read together Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and find it "rather tough." He is tremendously excited by the Episcopal election, and when, to his surprise and delight, Phillips Brooks is elected Bishop of Massachusetts, his enthusiasm is unbounded and his choice of a diocese determined. "The influence of Phillips Brooks upon Slattery and the rest of us at Harvard went far beyond mere admiration of his eloquence," said one of the classmates of the latter. "We were continually trying to apply his sermons to our lives and asking, How can I do what he guides me into?"

In recalling Slattery's career at Harvard his roommate, James Rockwood Jenkins, recalls with especial clearness Slattery's admiration for Professor Palmer and Dean Briggs, and his interest in and love for his courses in philosophy. Of the many books which he wrote subsequently there is not one of which Archdeacon Jenkins cannot say, "he got that in Philosophy I, or in Philosophy IV." The ideas meant so much to him that he lived in them and made them his own in the spirit in which Ebbinghaus dedicated his great psychology to Fechner: "Master, if I consider the strokes of my pen, or the diligence with which this book has been written, I may call it my own. But when I remember from whom it all comes and whither it tends, I must own that it is thine."[1]

Slattery took himself very seriously in those days, but his intense seriousness was "beautifully offset by a cheering sense of humor. He was critical, and could see the ridiculous side of the most solemn situation." Logan Roots also found him critical, but loved and admired him in spite of the occasional sharpness of his tongue, and welcomed with enthusiasm a letter from Slattery which "lacked all trace of sarcasm." "Not being a genius myself," he wrote in response, "I usually feel after reading one of your letters that you are an awfully fine chap, but that you know too much and are too brilliant in every way for so ignorant and commonplace a duffer as I am. But there isn't any of that feeling after reading this letter, and I'll run the risk of getting a good scolding the next time you write by just thanking you from the bottom of my heart for this welcome account of yourself and some of our mutual friends."

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[1] *The Living Word*, by Elwood Worcester. Page ix.

Slattery's thesis in Philosophy XII on "Fichte's place in Modern Philosophy" won a prized commendation from Professor Royce. "The remarkably fine literary finish of your work is in part a drawback in so highly technical a theme," he wrote. "There are rather too many digressions and illustrative observations. Still, in spite of all, the technical interest triumphs at the important points, and I find this every way an admirable thesis in its wholeness, whatever slight objection might occur in places."

On May 25 Slattery took his Honors examination at the house of Professor Palmer. The first requirement was a thesis written in a single day upon a subject given in the morning. He chose of three permitted subjects "A Doctrine of Conscience," and after writing rapidly all day, carried the finished thesis back. It was read by the professors in the Philosophical Department, a galaxy of names the splendor of which is still remembered with pride by all Harvard alumni, and was returned to the writer in due time with a note saying that it was satisfactory and that he could present himself for the oral examination. It was pleasant to find written across the cover of the thesis, "I say Yes to this!—W. J." Not only William James, but also Professor Josiah Royce, registered his approval.

On Class Day Slattery delivered his oration, taking as his subject "A Remedy for American Philistinism." The American philistine was handled without gloves. "His character is a union of vulgarity and deceit, and is, therefore, a blot on our national name." For the "rich, satisfied philistine" the orator saw no hope. "His ideals are a big house and a big bank account, and you cannot change these ideals. Your work must be prevention." The field for this preventive work was seen in the public schools, where ideals must be changed by the mingling of rich and poor. "Your son must be made as refined and as cultivated as a regulated home influence can make him; and then he must be sent to the public school, to rub against the coarseness of the boy of the town. If your boy cannot endure the rough contact, he is not worth an education. If he can, he will be a stronger man and a keener scholar because of it. Above all, he will give his less fortunate companion a glimpse of cultivation and refinement at the time when it has power to lift him. In this way, cultivation may link itself with rugged manhood; and from this union must come in time that true American who shall make the lonely philistine unfashionable."

The oration met with a flattering reception; there was even a demand for its publication, and it was accepted and published by the *New England Magazine*. But the pleasantest recognition of all came in the form of a brief note from Meredith Nicholson commending it and asking permission to borrow the manuscript. This led to a correspondence which was renewed when Slattery was in Minnesota, and there led to an exchange of visits and the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

On Commencement Day Slattery graduated from Harvard College *summa cum laude* and with honors in philosophy at a time when the department of philosophy at Harvard was world-renowned. Coming to college obscure, immature, and insufficiently prepared, in four years he had become a marked man, honored by his Alma Mater and recognized by her most distinguished professors, to whose future his friends might look forward with hope and confidence.

V

PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY

1891-1894

LONG BEFORE HE GRADUATED FROM HARVARD, SLATTERY had decided to prepare for the ministry in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. He had roomed during sophomore year in one of the school dormitories; he had frequently attended services in St. John's Chapel; in many ways he had so largely shared in the life of the seminary that while still in college he felt that he was already part of it. Teachers and students had become his friends; when he left Lawrence Hall to room in Matthews, Mr. Lawrence, whose "friendship was well worth cultivating," had expressed the hope that it was only a temporary parting. Dr. Lawrence was now Dean of the school, having succeeded Dean Gray after the death of the latter in 1889.

To clinch the matter, the school was closely associated with his hero, Phillips Brooks. Doctor Brooks had been the first choice for Dean of its founder, Benjamin Tyler Reed, and in 1867 had received his invitation to become the head of it, and to be responsible for its organization and the selection of its teachers. He declined the offer, being then already conscious of his preëminent vocation as a preacher, but he maintained a lively interest in the school, and for seven years preached regularly in St. John's, the seminary chapel, on the third Sunday in each month. Slattery, who had been guided to Harvard by

Phillips Brooks, now consulted him again, and was told by him that he thought this school was "beyond all doubt the best. It stood for broad, open-hearted search for truth, and that was what the time demanded of ministers."

The school was unpopular in conservative circles. In those days the necessity of subjecting the Bible to scientific criticism had not yet been fully vindicated, and the "Cambridge School" encountered many adversaries in its fight for scholarly freedom. There were timid churchmen who were willing that the results of Biblical criticism should be ignored rather than that the faith of fundamentalists should be disturbed; there were also ignorant churchmen who unjustly suspected the school of Unitarianism because of its proximity to Harvard. Slattery was aware of this, and the very unpopularity of the school constituted an attraction to one whom Harvard had assimilated to its own ardent liberalism. As early as the end of sophomore year he had written to his mother in lively remonstrance:

"You remember Kramer, Mr. Marshall's assistant, of course. He graduates at Trinity this year, and as all his friends are going to this School, he wants to come too. But Bishop Spalding[1] says *no*. Kramer has written politely, but the Bp. refuses to discuss the matter; he simply must not come. This story has a moral. I don't know whether Bp. Spalding has me on his lists or not. But I suspect he has. You know, when you become a candidate, you must put yourself under some Bp. I don't know, but I think I could do what I want with Bp. Spalding. . . . I'll kick up my heels & come here any way, . . . if he wants me to go to that run-down, school-boy institution known as the General Seminary. . . . I vow I won't go to the General Seminary, if he send the House of Bishops entire against me. . . . Mr. Kellner advised me yesterday to tell Bp. Spalding that I preferred to belong to an Eastern Diocese. I shall probably do this finally, but I have not decided which to take; Massachusetts or Maine."

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[1] The Right Reverend John Franklin Spalding, Bishop of Colorado.

The choice of a diocese was made before Slattery entered the school. The determining factor was the election of Phillips Brooks to succeed Bishop Paddock as Bishop of Massachusetts. Slattery's friend, the Reverend Harry P. Nichols, wanted him in Maine, his father's diocese, and his ancestral home. Doctor Dalton of Portland also wanted him, and even hinted that he might wish him to be eventually his successor as rector of St. Stephen's. But the matter was now out of their hands. Slattery with Roots, Jenkins, Johnson, Hoopes and others of the senior class at Harvard had attended the "grand and glorious convention that elected Dr. Brooks." "You can be sure," he tells his mother, "we Harvard men helped out the clapping and general applause when the victory was at last won. Mr. Nichols can talk all he wants to now about the Bp. of Maine. I will have Bp. Brooks if you please." So September after graduation from Harvard found him back again in Lawrence Hall, this time in room 10, and very much at home.

In liberal circles the Episcopal Theological School was at this time at the height of its influence and prestige. No other seminary in the Episcopal Church, or perhaps in the entire Anglican Communion, could boast a faculty of men of greater ability or more entirely devoted to the search for truth. Dean Lawrence was already giving evidence of the administrative ability which later on was to make him in this respect the foremost figure in the American Church. Doctor Alexander V. G. Allen occupied the chair of ecclesiastical history. In his *Continuity of Christian Thought*, a book dedicated to his friend Phillips Brooks, he had explored the Greek tradition in the Christian religion and made the most original and significant contribution to theological thought that had come from the United States since the days of Jonathan Edwards. Doctor Steenstra, affectionately called "Steenie," eccentric, witty and learned, was teaching Biblical exegesis with complete disregard of prejudices and conventional interpretations and complete faith in the methods of modern criticism. Doctor Henry S. Nash was teaching the New Testament and its background in Judaism in the same scholarly fashion, suffused with a profound spirituality which made him the most influential person in the school. The younger members of the faculty, the Reverend Edward S. Drown and the Reverend Max Kellner, were both alumni of the school, and were employing in their respective departments of theology and Hebrew the same methods and exhibiting a similar spirit. Welded into unity by strong conviction and by misunderstanding, criticism and opposition from outside, the school stood four-square, a citadel of liberalism, and a school of the prophets, the counterpart in the Episcopal Church of Union Theological Seminary in the Presbyterian Communion, which it further resembled in the prominent share given to laymen in its direction.[1]

Such an atmosphere is conducive to loyalty, and the members of the school, teachers, alumni and students, exhibited loyalty to the institution to a degree which excited the wonder and not infrequently the envy of similar institutions elsewhere. There were obvious dangers. Loyalty of this sort tends toward provincialism, and the school paid for its cohesiveness at some loss of breadth of interest and sympathy. An Anglo-Catholic entering the school would have met with little understanding, and probably would have been regarded with suspicion. But this was merely reversing conditions elsewhere; for not only in partisan schools such as Nashotah but even in the General Theological Seminary in New York, broad churchmen, dubbed "Prots.," were under a cloud and did not find the atmosphere congenial. Here in Cambridge all was favorable, though one-sided, and they thrived under cloudless Protestant skies.

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[1] The Episcopal Theological School goes farther than Union Seminary in this respect, the Board of Trustees being composed exclusively of laymen. The object of this provision of the charter was to secure freedom from ecclesiastical control.

There were sixteen men in Slattery's class, seven of whom had come with him from Harvard, a record number, attributable to the influence of Phillips Brooks. Slattery speaks of them as "a fine set of men," as indeed they were. One of them, Theodore Thurston, was destined to sit beside him in the House of Bishops; another, Henry Bradford Washburn, to be Dean of the School. Edward L. Parsons, now Bishop of California, joined the class in senior year. Jenkins was taking a year for postgraduate study abroad and would enter the school in the following year. Two other close friends, Logan H. Roots and Edward H. Newbegin, were also coming later. Roots, still in Harvard, was rooming in Lawrence Hall, and Slattery's first letter from the seminary exhibits the future Bishop of Hankow, recovered from a stomach-ache by a timely application of Jamaica ginger, helping him to get settled. "Roots stretched the carpet as I tacked, and it is consequently tight and even. It looks very nice in the room, and corresponds well with the tint on the walls. Roots is going to live here in this room for another year; entering the Theological School in 1892, probably."

As at Harvard, Slattery was in close association with the seminary, so now the process was reversed, and he took advantage of the opportunity open to students in the seminary to take supplementary courses at Harvard. Upon the advice of Professor Nash, he took Professor Palmer's course in Greek ethics. "Mr. Nash says that the first thing a man ought to know well is his Bible; the second, Greek life." And upon the advice of Professor Palmer, he took a course by Professor Royce on "cosmology." Mr. Kellner, away on furlough, had not yet returned from Europe, and there was a respite, before the beginning of Hebrew, which was employed in this congenial way. Slattery was also doing some writing unrelated to his studies, and was able to inform his mother, not without pride, that one of his sonnets had come out in the New York *Independent*. "I received five dollars, which I thought very good pay. Don't you think so?"

Early in the term, there was another excitement, as he went to see Phillips Brooks consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts. "Dr. Brooks was handsomer and holier-looking than any bishop there," he writes. "He is simply tremendous when he has his robes on; and looks what he is—a grand Bishop. He came out here yesterday morning to meet us who were Massachusetts candidates. He met us separately for a few minutes. He wants each of us to write him a long letter next week telling him our history. He is evidently going to know us through and through, and means to make us as good ministers as possible. I hope he will succeed. Wasn't it kind and dutiful of him, to come so soon after his consecration?"

A few months later reference to Bishop Brooks occurs again: "I went to hear Dr. Brooks Monday noon at St. Paul's; and this sermon I think quite the best I ever heard. The Bishop talked as if he had not one minute to spare, using language full of power and beauty, and using more gestures than I have ever seen him use. I wanted to hear him at the Advent Tuesday evening but thought I could not spare the time. I wanted to see how he would manage the walking about."

Slattery may have been unfair in his slightly contemptuous reference to the "walking about," and to other ritualistic practices. Solemn processions have their place and value. But his estimate of the value of preaching rings with the authority of more than two millenniums of religious experience. Truth is mediated through personality, as Phillips Brooks himself declared, and the truth of freedom and new life in Christ, which was the taproot of his being, was mediated by his own personality chiefly, though not exclusively by his preaching. "It is not the memory of his letters and personal conversation which I cherish most," Slattery wrote in after life, "the debt I owe him is for those sacred moments when I sat with hundreds of others and heard him preach."

A letter to his mother written during the second term of junior year at the school indicates the character of his activities and concludes with an allusion to a new friendship. "I read a paper last night before the class on *Philo Judæus*, the Alexandrian philosopher. And tomorrow evening I have a paper before the Elizabethan Club on three Italian painters. To add to this Lenten dissipation I am going to hear Madame Patti Saturday afternoon; since my friend, Sargent, has invited me to go with him."

Slattery spent the summer of 1892 traveling in Europe

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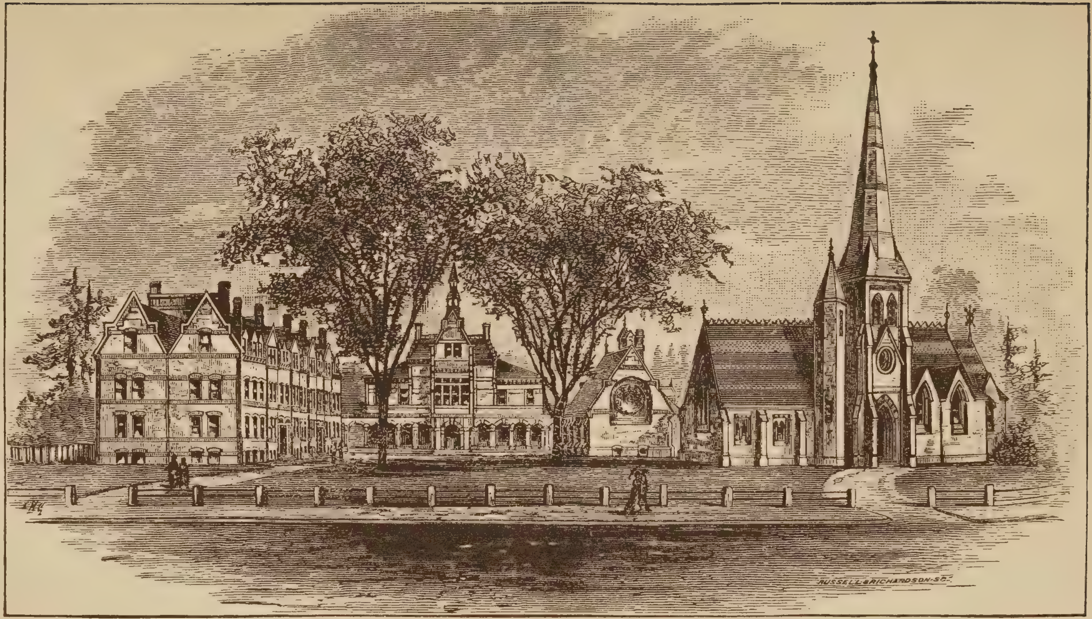
in the form of daily letters to his mother, mailed at suitable intervals. The letters were as detailed as the pages of a guide book, but were enlivened with humorous impressions and embellished with pen and ink sketches of persons encountered on his travels. An exceedingly stout woman whose physiognomy resembled that of the Bishop of Massachusetts is irreverently labeled "Mrs. Phillips Brooks." Bishop Brooks had grown corpulent during his later years, and his young admirer was not blind to the physical expansion of his idol. There were interesting fellow passengers on the *Cephalonia*. The service was read on Sunday by the Reverend John Cotton Brooks of Springfield, Massachusetts, a brother of Phillips Brooks. At the captain's dinner, Doctor Edward Everett Hale told, in a slightly new form, his old story of "My Double," and illustrated it with gestures and grimaces which made it exceedingly funny. He also preached at the Sunday service an "admirable sermon" on the unity of the world. "I cannot see why he should be a Unitarian," was Slattery's comment. "His words were as positive and as orthodox as one could desire."

The first impressions of England were disappointing. Liverpool was described as "a very uninteresting town; neat and clean, orderly and massive—its only fault that it has no merit. One line of houses in the residence part of the city with their big, gloomy fronts gave me a gloomy fit—wondering what I should do if I had to live in such a dead city." The young travelers soon proceeded to Chester, where they saw with delight their first cathedral and spent interesting hours exploring the old city and the Roman walls. Warwick and Stratford were dutifully visited. Oxford made less of an impression than might have been expected. "Oxford is very good for England,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THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

and if I were an Englishman I should like to go there to study; but as an American I am glad I went to Harvard." In London the churches and, of course, the preachers constituted the chief attraction. They went to hear three in one day. Doctor Vaughn was found "delightfully old fashioned." Canon Farrar "preached a very plain, simple sermon on the first six words of the Lord's Prayer. And the simplicity and depth of these few words made us sure of the divine authorship of the prayer; such that 'lambs might wade in it, or elephants swim therein,' so easy and so deep. The Abbey was thronged." In St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the preacher was no other than Phillips Brooks. "The bishop's sermon was admirable, but horribly delivered; since he could not see well, having only a pair of miserable candles and a low pulpit." Slattery showed discrimination in preferring the Abbey to St. Paul's Cathedral, in which, although massive and finely proportioned, he found little that was uplifting.

Leaving picture galleries and other sights of London for a subsequent visit, the travelers proceeded to the Continent, visiting Canterbury en route for Ostend. Belgium did not attract them. The country was overrun with priests who, in their inevitable cassocks, looked "dirty and dejected" to Protestant eyes, and with soldiers in idleness. "Plenty of material here for a war, good or bad." Germany was better, although the cooking was found execrable, "worse even than the English," and the sight of fat burghers drinking beer in the middle of the afternoon irritated young Americans who were not wont to see time so wasted. The Cologne Cathedral held them entranced, and the Rhine above Coblenz elicited pages of description, accompanied by an apology from Slattery to his mother for the length of his letters. "I have written almost nothing but letters to you," he says in excuse, "and I have read nothing but guide books." In Heidelberg he again found enchantment, "beauty and ruins and mystery everywhere." But the Heidelberg students, with their "silly faces" scarred in duels and their "mechanical bows" came in for caustic comment. They "look like dejected pumps out of which the water has suddenly gone; whereupon the pump-handle goes up and down with frantic haste."

A week or so was reserved for scenery and mountain climbing in Switzerland. The Alps did not appeal to Slattery so much as the Rockies, perhaps because he saw the latter first and had seen more of them. "There is the grandeur of the massive snow-peaks here; but not the brilliant effect of massive stone crags of different colors, which you get in our mountains." This observation contrasts pleasantly with Professor Charles Eliot Norton's allusion to the "vulgar sky-line" of American ranges of mountain. Having no lack of mountain scenery at home, the young men hastened on to the city whose unique interest and charm still constitute a magnet for Americans.

In Paris they took their sightseeing comfortably, not crowding too much into one day. Slattery went first to the Madeleine, the beauty of which surpassed his high expectations. Both inside and out, it seemed perfect of its kind. He found Notre Dame as beautiful outside as he had expected, but was disappointed by the interior. "It is too much like a market with booths; its chapels get monotonous and do not harmonize with the nave and choir." But the day of days in Paris was spent in the Louvre, "the most beautiful place, I am sure, in the whole world." Like his teacher, Doctor Nash, he found the Venus of Milo the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen, and next to it in beauty the Victory, embodiment of triumphant womanhood, which looked "as if it could fly to the end of the world." He delighted in the knowledge that these were originals, straight from the hands of the Greek artists who had fashioned them for immortality. As an American he took satisfaction in the reflection that "kings and princes were ousted from these splendid halls, and that they are filled with the beauty of art for the free use of even the humblest citizen." "Paris is delightfully free," he adds. "Everything thus far has been open to us *gratis;* except the Treasury of the Cathedral, where we did not care to go."

Slattery's admiration for the beautiful city did not extend to its citizens. Cheated once or twice by small shopkeepers he ventured upon the dangerous generalization that "No Frenchman looks quite honest," and disgusted by scenes in the Latin quarter which an innate fastidiousness quite as much as a congenial Puritanism rendered repellent, he wrote, "Saw some very characteristic Parisians. I like Paris exceedingly, but the French are abominable. The only marvel is that such a people could have thought out such a delightful city."

What a pity that this devastating criticism was not confided to Mr. Nichols instead of to his mother! One can imagine the kindly but deserved chastisement that would have been administered by return mail. But Slattery was following the greatest of Americans in this particular insularity, for George Washington, when a young man, wrote in his *Journal*, "I dislike the French exceedingly. They are a hellish people." Both changed their minds and made amends, Washington by the lifelong friendships of later life, Slattery by his sonnets, "The Spirit of France."

All too soon the happy ramblings and irresponsible criticisms of things foreign were over. A return to England, a few days of sightseeing in London; Hampton Court Palace is found "unspeakably dreary"; embarkation in Liverpool, and the young tourists are in Boston Harbor on September 13.

At Harvard, Slattery had been distinctly a student, concentrating on his work, taking high rank, having few student friends as his work engrossed him; his chief interests being his work and his church. In the Theological School, he had the same characteristics, but he naturally broadened his friendships to include members of his class. He gained in breadth of social life, and his recognized ability gave him a certain leadership as he passed from junior to senior. His work was always of the best, giving promise of future scholarship. Even before he graduated, Dean Lawrence looked upon him as a probable professor in the school, and at that time and later he talked with Doctor Allen about calling him to the school as an understudy of his. But Doctor Allen really needed no assistance at the time, and the school had no money to continue his education and preparation for a chair or for his salary.

Bishop Lawrence mentions one incident to suggest how Slattery and his friend Atkinson, leaders as scholars, were also leaders in the spiritual life of the school. "The Chapel prayers had an atmosphere of mere routine which is, of course, a continual danger in institutional life; the members of the Faculty felt this from time to time. I consulted with them as to what could be done. One evening Slattery and Edward Atkinson came to my study and expressed their discontent, and that of the students, with the conditions. Of course, I took them into our confidence and asked them to make definite suggestions which the Faculty would welcome. This they did later; namely, a weekly address along definitely spiritual lines from a member of the Faculty, and at Lent and some other seasons a late compline conducted by the students."

Slattery's discontent was the expression of a conscious lack in himself and his fellow students rather than a failure to appreciate his teachers. Of Doctor Allen, he wrote in later years:[1]

"As he guided us through the mazes of Church History, he was revealed a prophet. For history ceased to be a series of accidents, human achievements, and human failures; it became, under his touch, the manifest expression of God's leadership in human affairs. . . . We all averred, though we might formerly have sat under James, or Norton, or Shaler, that we had never known such a teacher. Dean Gray was wont to say, laughing, that it was no use to have chairs of Theology, New Testament, etc. for Allen taught them all. And the jest was the truth; such is the privilege of the man who teaches Ecclesiastical History."

And of Dr. Nash:

"He was accustomed to have men under him who came with thorough University training. He, therefore, assumed capacity and willingness to work hard. When I was his pupil, he spent the first year in a rapid reading of the Greek Testament, with introductions to the various books, and special consideration of the Synoptic problem and the sources of the Life of Christ; the second year, we worked over the Epistle to the Romans in minute detail; the third year was devoted to the Fourth Gospel. I remember how in the first year he threw us up against the most difficult questions of the age. Nash was at his height in his exposition of the Epistle to the Romans. He struggled to give us all that commentators in the past had thought of this passage and that; then, with this historic interpretation fused with his own best thought, he gave us his interpretation; and beyond that, he gave us the profound expression of his own faith."

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[1] *Certain American Faces*, by C. L. Slattery, pp. 60, 70.

On a Monday in January, 1893, the students of the Episcopal Theological School were going about their work as usual when the word came that Phillips Brooks was dead. "We were stunned," Slattery said, narrating the experience long afterwards. "We couldn't believe it. We wandered aimlessly from room to room and to ask each other how it could be. We told each other all we could say about his sermons, his personal conversations, his character. We knew as we never had known before who he was. All the impressions of the past were gathered into one massive whole, and we were aware of a stupendous personality. The machinery of the school stopped for the week. We went to his funeral; all Massachusetts seemed either in Trinity Church or in Copley Square; thousands upon thousands of people seemed to have one heart, and that was bleeding for its noble friend and counsellor. Some of us reached by accident the Harvard Yard just as his body was being borne through the ranks of bare-headed students lined up to do honour to the greatest alumnus of the university. The next morning at Chapel the Dean, usually restrained and reserved, broke down and wept as he tried to read the Beatitudes for the Lesson, and Mr. Nash came to his aid."

The death of Bishop Brooks portended changes in the school, as Dean Lawrence, although he did not desire the post and preferred to remain in the school, was qualified beyond all others to succeed him in the episcopate. But Doctor Parks and others took the matter into their own hands, and he was elected in May by the Diocesan Convention, and consecrated in October, the first "Cambridge man" to enter the House of Bishops. Slattery attended the service with his friend, Doctor Nichols, who had come on for it from Minneapolis. The choice of a new dean devolved exclusively upon the lay trustees of the school, but the faculty were consulted and the student body was interested and excited. At this time the Reverend William Reed Huntington, rector of Grace Church, filled in liberal circles the position of an unofficial archbishop; few indeed were the important vacancies which he was not asked to help to fill. Slattery is the authority for the story that when asked to nominate a man for the post in question, he answered instantly, "The author of a little book entitled *The Episcopal Church*—Dr. Hodges; it is the best argument for the Church I know." Doctor Hodges accepted the election, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the students, who had been warmly attached to Dean Lawrence and believed that the new Dean would bring to them the same pastoral gifts and progressive leadership.

In this they were not disappointed. Dean Hodges was extraordinarily well qualified for the important post. But there were inevitable changes. When the new Dean found that there was no cross on the altar in St. John's Chapel, he sought the gift of one and placed it there; he introduced the observance of Saints' days by the Holy Communion; he also introduced the wearing of colored stoles on appropriate occasions.

The introduction of the cross on the altar and the commemoration of Saints' days were received in silence, not without misgivings; to what might this be tending? The restoration of full Morning Prayer and introduction of colored stoles called forth a protest from the senior class, noted in his journal:

May 6, 1894

The lengthening of morning service (daily) does not please all the students. Slattery came to me the other day, and protested, also against white stoles. Found a card pinned beside my white stole the day after Ascension Day, having a scripture reference written upon it, which being looked up was found to read, "And so we went toward Rome."

May 9, 1894

Was waited upon today by a delegation consisting of Slattery, Hoopes, and Washburn who wanted a return of the former directness and simplicity of the service. Had a pleasant interview with them. They brought a petition signed by 22 students, very good names.[1]

The famous "Stole Petition" read as follows:

To the Dean and Faculty.
Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, knowing that you desire always the sympathy of the students, beg to state as our opinion that a return to the simplicity and freedom in the Chapel Service is desirable.

Among the "very good names" attached to this petition are numbered those of a future presiding bishop, three other bishops, and a coming dean: James DeW. Perry, Jr., Charles Lewis Slattery, Henry B. Washburn, Theodore Payne Thurston, and Logan Herbert Roots. But as the freedom and simplicity for which they longed would have meant returning to a service which, with no opening sentences, no *Venite*, one psalm (chanted) and only one lesson, violated as many rubrics as were being disregarded at the Church of the Advent, the petition was "politely received and quietly tabled." Dean Hodges afterward remarked that he supposed he was entering a radical institution. He had found it, on the contrary, "the most conservative institution on the face of the earth."

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[1] *George Hodges*, by Julia Shelly Hodges, p. 131.

Roots had entered the school in 1893 and roomed opposite Slattery in the last year in the school, and another friend of Harvard days, Edward H. Newbegin, was also in the entering class. His Harvard roommate, James Rockwood Jenkins, was in the Middle Class, and their old friendship was happily resumed. But the closest friend of this period was Edward Lincoln Atkinson of the class of 1890 at Harvard, 1893 at the school. The two young men were inseparable, walking together, window-seating, as they called it, by which they meant sitting at either end of Atkinson's big window-seat and talking with the sun in their faces of life and work; studying, rollicking, exchanging notes on every subject, completely sharing each other's life and thought. It was no boarding-school crush: there was no sentimentality in their relations. They were as frank and wholesome as two pine trees rooted in the same soil; their friendship was a heavenly sort of thing, shot through with laughter.

Another friendship which ripened later on into intimacy was that of Logan Herbert Roots. Slattery kept all the letters which he received from Roots. The earliest of them, written from Denver in the autumn of 1892 when Roots was visiting colleges in the west under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, is of prophetic interest as a disclosure of the mind of the future Bishop of Hankow. "My dear Carolus," he writes, "You have got yourself into a box by speaking of Pott, of China. I don't know who he is, but any man with such an idea as his, about a national church, is just the man I want to know about. You know I am intensely interested in foreign missions, and particularly in China."

Roots goes on to speak of Phillips Brooks' ideas upon the subject. "Our grand old—no, *young* and enthusiastic 'Tremendousest' bishop is the only one, except, possibly, Bishop Hare, whom I have ever heard express that idea of a national Christian Church, for any foreign country. The idea seems to me just the thing, so far as I understand it: but how is it to be done? Are we to treat them as England treated us? How will they get the Episcopate, or is it intended that they shall be consecrated, as our bishops were, and then allowed to meet in convention of their own, when the time comes, and adopt a liturgy and canons just as we did?"

Referring to an observation made by Slattery, Roots replies: "I had not thought of Christian Unity in the light of what China may do for it: but China is the largest and most compact nation in existence, and is certainly destined to have a very important place in future movements, both of thought and government, as well as religion. And it makes me angry, if anything does, to think of the shameful and cowardly and self destructive policy which our government had adopted toward China. Not that the exclusion bill of '92 wasn't needed, but that it was in contravention of all our treaties with China, which provided that the Chinese should be treated just as favorably as any other immigrants."

These young enthusiasts were scarcely out of their teens: if their elders had heard their discussion of a national church for China and the contribution that it might make toward Christian unity, they would have smiled indulgently. But the dreams of the young are sometimes the stuff of which history is made. Logan Herbert Roots attended the Lambeth Conference of 1930 as Metropolitan of the Chunghua Shang-kung-hui, or

Chinese Holy Catholic Church: and Charles Lewis Slattery, if his life had been spared for a few months longer, would have been there to take a foremost part in advocating the South Indian Proposals in which, as he foresaw, Christian unity receives the strongest impulse of modern times from causes arising in the field of foreign missions.

In the final term of the three years' course at the school there were the inevitable distractions of the closing period. There was competition for prizes, and Slattery won the Pierre Jay prize. There was work outside the school, in which nearly all the members of the senior class were engaged, partly because they needed to earn the remuneration attached to it, and partly for preliminary experience in the work of the ministry. During the absence of Mr. Egbert, the rector of St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, Slattery took charge of the parish, conducting Sunday services, preaching, calling, and preparing a confirmation class. This amateur ministry was so acceptable to the people that when he left a large part of the congregation escorted him to the street car to bid him godspeed. All this was interesting, but time-absorbing. Then came the canonical examinations, formidable in Massachusetts because of the exacting standards of the diocese, and quite separate from the school examinations, although covering for the most part the same subjects.

But the main distraction from the routine life of the school in senior year was found in calls to parishes, and in the necessity for decisions which might affect favorably or otherwise the future ministry of those who made them. There were many, for in spite of the disapproval of a number of diocesan bishops, graduates of the Cambridge School were in great demand. The very freedom, fearlessness, and sympathy with modern life and thought which made them suspect in conservative circles attracted favorable attention in quarters where the influence of Phillips Brooks prevailed, and where the kind of minister desired was the man abreast of the times who could win and hold the young for organized religion. Besides this, "Cambridge men" held together, and wherever one had gone, he could be counted upon to show a missionary zeal in bringing others like-minded to his diocese or city. So there was much excited speculation, and comparing notes, and more sober weighing of opportunities and of duties. It was hard to keep one's mind fixed upon perplexing questions of Biblical interpretation when the vital question was whether one was to go to China or to Minnesota, to rural Massachusetts or to metropolitan New York.

Slattery came in for his full share of these attentions. A call to Ypsilanti was considered and declined. Doctor Dalton invited him to come to Portland, and again hinted at the possibility that Slattery might eventually succeed him. Mr. Nichols wanted his help at St. Mark's, Minneapolis. He dutifully consulted his mother, who disapproved of the latter suggestion. "I think you are right," he replied. "Mr. Nichols is too much of a hurrying body to be quite congenial as a Rector." Considering the fact that by their own admission "hurry was the chief family failing of the Slatterys," this comment is not without unconscious humor. Mr. Nichols wrote: "I acquiesce in your note of March 8. But it grieves me. My great hope for a different Church tone in this section is as I can induce some of my Eastern like-minded brethren to cast in their lot with us. . . . My affection and hopes and trust are all with you. The Cause is in the hands of Cambridge men."

The call to work in the Northwest was to come to him again from the same lips in a more persuasive form, but for the present Slattery decided to remain in Massachusetts and to take summer work at Mattapoisett, pending a final decision. On June 20 he was ordered deacon by his friend and bishop, William Lawrence, in the seminary chapel. Doctor Dalton presented him for ordination, and his mother and Mr. Nichols were there to give him their blessing as with high hope and earnest purpose he entered upon his ministry.

VI

GROTON AND AYER
1894-1896

In the middle of the summer, while he was in charge of the summer congregation at Mattapoisett but with the question of the future still undecided, Slattery received a call from the Reverend Endicott Peabody to come to Groton and fill the vacancy made by the election of the Reverend William Greenough Thayer to the headmastership of St. Mark's School, Southborough. Mr. Thayer had been teaching English at Groton School, taking about sixteen hours a week. He had also been in charge of a small church which he built at Ayer Junction, a few miles distant. It was an opportunity for Slattery both to preach and to develop his powers as a teacher. Another consideration was suggested by Doctor Allen, that he might think of teaching some time at a theological school, and that this would be a valuable experience for him.

Slattery consulted Bishop Lawrence, who advised him to take the position not with any idea of permanency, but for a year or two. "I feel," he added, "that as you have been a student all your life the friction of a parish and of responsibility will be a good thing for you. In case you should take Ayer you will get some of this, of course, but it will be a good thing for you sooner or later to tumble into active parish life."

One other matter required consideration. Slattery was determined as soon after his ordination as possible to make a home for his mother: would it be possible under these conditions? Mr. Peabody promptly reassured him: he need not live in the school. There was a delightful little house close by—just right for his mother and himself. Mr. Thayer had lived there, and "the odour of happiness which has inhabited it for three years must cling around it still." This determined the matter, and September found the young minister busy and happy in his first venture of housekeeping and getting ready to receive his mother. "The house looks very well," he wrote. "I think I have all the dishes necessary. The house is supplied with water by a force pump to a tank in the attic. The pump works easily, and I can easily work it. The cellar is beautiful." The church also won his approbation. "I have driven down to Ayer to look over the church and to make plans for tomorrow. Everything looks promising. Ayer is fine. I could not have a more delightful parish. And how they do listen!"

So began a twofold ministry, prophetic of the future, for Slattery was teacher as well as pastor to the end. Teaching was in the blood: it had been the vocation of his great-grandfather and his grandfather at Westerly: his was to be a teaching ministry too. While still at Harvard, he had induced his cousin Lewis Kaler to send him his compositions and corrected them for him: he had advised his cousin Maude about her reading: his interest in those younger than himself was constantly being manifested in the effort to share with them whatever he had learned. Doctor Allen wanted and expected him as his assistant and ultimate successor. Doctor Nichols wrote: "I am firmly convinced (1) That you will sooner or later be a professor in a Theological School. (2) That a good professor, of real service to the students, should have been a full pastor for a term of years."

With this natural aptitude, and with the material to be found at Groton, success was to be expected. The school was small: at that time there were only about one hundred boys; the classes were not so large as to be unwieldy; the boys came from homes of refinement and privilege, too much privilege, if anything, for Groton was then suffering under the imputation of being a school for the sons of millionaires.

"The boys are exceptionally bright and interesting," he wrote to his classmate Charles Wright, who was doing postgraduate work at Oxford. "Peabody I like exceedingly. The place is all Peabody." Slattery also liked the boys, and they returned his liking: his home was open to them: he was friendly, easy of access, interested in their games as well as in their studies: rejoicing in football victories, and taking defeats to a sympathetic heart. He was perhaps too sympathetic to establish a reputation as a disciplinarian. Even after he had gone to Faribault the letters of older boys followed him. They "missed him awfully," especially in the class in Greek. They told him of Gordon Brown's election as senior prefect and captain of the eleven, and prophesied that he would "make a very good captain." Well they might: for this was the boy who in later years, as captain of the Yale eleven, was to humble a proud Harvard team to the dust and leave behind him at New Haven an almost fabulous fame!

Slattery's hobbies at Groton were "his mother and his books." His mother and he were inseparable, and the boys called her his shadow. When school was over, he lost no time in rejoining her at home; if it was after hours and he was seen emerging from his home for a walk, she would invariably soon join him to take his arm for a stroll. On Sundays he drove to his church at Ayer. Seated beside him without fail would be his mother; the boys at the school would smile and wave their hands as they met them on the road. Those were unhurried days, and Slattery would often pull up his horse and stop and chat with them, then give a shake to the reins and let the old horse amble on to church. His mother was a fine person, but she was much older than her son, she had completely brought him up, and she had a dominant character. There was some danger of maternal domination, for as a friend has pointed out, "it is easy to imagine the effect of an old, strait-laced mother upon a young, unsophisticated, unworldly lad, continued up to his fifty-sixth year, when she died."

At Ayer, Slattery found work of a different sort, but equally interesting. He was working in a town which had "nearly died of Unitarianism" and was convinced that what his people needed was grounding in sound though liberal doctrine. He regarded it as a mistake to "think that theology is so mysterious and great that we cannot know anything about it." So he proceeded at once to share with his congregation what he had learned from his teachers in Cambridge, and to instruct them in the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. The plan was successful from the outset, the congregation welcoming his clear and simple instructions with eagerness when pulpit oratory would have left them cold.

Not limiting his teaching to the pulpit, the young minister started an Evening School in Ayer. His contribution was a course on English authors, beginning with Charles Lamb. In the evenings during Advent he delivered a course of sermons on Reasons for Believing in God: (1)

In spite of Sin, (2) In spite of Sorrow, (3) In spite of a fallible Bible (true Cambridge touch!) and (4) In spite of a weak Church. His purpose was to answer Ingersoll's objections which he found had more weight than he imagined among half-educated people. "They either glory in him, or are afraid of him."

His small congregation afforded a variety of hearers. Mr. Higley, one of the older masters at Groton, was a member of it, and Mr. Saunderson, later a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, was another regular attendant at the services in St. Andrew's whose presence was a stimulus to the preacher: at the other end of the intellectual scale were people who could not understand philosophical terms or literary and historical allusions. Slattery followed the example of his ideal for preachers, Phillips Brooks, and used simple words and familiar illustrations to express the most profound spiritual insights of which he was capable, and so had a message for them all. So preaching, he found that he could use the same sermon with few alterations for the boys at Groton and the summer congregation at Mattapoisett as well as for his flock at St. Andrew's.

On June 8, 1895, the young pastor was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Lawrence in the chapel of the Cambridge school where he had been ordered deacon a year previously. Soon afterward he received a call to the rectorship of a parish in Johnstown, New York. He was tempted by the opportunity for independent work, but declined the call in order to remain at Groton and Ayer for another year and if possible to establish St. Andrew's as a self-supporting parish. Mr. Peabody, who felt strongly the importance of the work, was relieved by the decision, and responded by requiring of Slattery no master's duty beyond ten hours of teaching and his help in the preaching at the school chapel.

After another summer with the congregation at Mattapoisett, Slattery returned to his work with new vigor, and in the autumn, having raised the debt upon the church by a well-planned financial campaign, he made arrangements for its consecration by Bishop Lawrence. "Hail and blessing for your great day," wrote Doctor Nichols, and hailed him as his "dear old boy and brother priest and pride and hope and joy, Charles of Groton, Ayer, Church Universal."

The allusion to "Charles of the Church Universal" was not out of place. Even in these opening years of his ministry Slattery was conscious of the larger relations and implications of church membership. As minister of St. Andrew's Church he attended a Church Unity meeting at Ayer: among thirty-five he was the only Episcopalian. At luncheon he had an interesting discussion with a rigid Baptist and two "sunset Unitarians." The crux was the miraculous in the Old Testament. Doctor Steenstra's teaching was still vivid enough to him to direct the loose scholarship of these new acquaintances and once or twice to convict them of it. "The spirit of the meeting was generous," he wrote to Mr. Allen, "and whatever of these gloomy thoughts we had about each other were concealed at the time. It was curious to see how the Baptist and the Unitarian both appealed to me for sympathy and both thought they got it. It shows perhaps the Catholic position of our Church."

But the "Catholic position of our Church" was not always maintained by its highest dignitaries to Slattery's satisfaction and when the House of Bishops set forth a Pastoral Letter in which they declared fixity of interpretation to be of the essence of the creeds, he expressed himself upon the subject to Doctor Nichols with force and fluency and without respect of persons except for his own diocesan. "William of Massachusetts is the only Episcopal comfort of the day: he is growing better and better." Back came Doctor Nichols' prompt rejoinder:

> My dear Neophyte.
>
> Not for the world would I show your letters when alive. Their posthumous publication, critically edited with reference to Massachusetts ecclesiastical slang of a local and temporary, may I say provincial character, will be one of the most epochal literary events of the 20th Century. Why have I ever destroyed one? Solely for fear that the most states-prison supervision could not prevent some of their utterances bringing you to the block. And, a month later, "I am in danger of being the last surviving Broad Churchman. You are not a Broad Churchman. The essence of a Broad Churchman is that he does not argue, champion, criticize, combat con amore, with intent to condemn or convert the other side. For him there is no other side."

Another correspondent with whom letters were exchanged with regularity was the Reverend A. V. G. Allen, and it is in his letters to Doctor Allen that Slattery's intellectual life and interests are most fully portrayed. In the letters written to him from Groton there are frequent references to Frederick Denison Maurice, Coleridge, and Robert Browning, indicating that he was much influenced by the theology of the former and the poetry of the latter. Of Maurice he says: "I first became acquainted with Maurice in college when I was studying Christian Socialism. This introduction was sufficiently enticing to make me anxious to read him through. In the School I spent a month doing little else except read his life and think him over. I found his letters luminous. They gave me his 'system,'—for in spite of himself he had one. I felt that I knew him. My imagination was so vivid and conceited that I believed I could have sat down and written a Maurician answer to any question under the sun. Aside from the ideas I was impressed by the man's personality. I was helped by his modest piety: I thought him a little priggish to refuse allegiance to the new party which his wise temper might have made strong: above all, I wondered why he was so afraid to die."

The last observation is significant. Slattery's belief that human personality survives bodily death was more than a conjecture or a hope: it was a conviction so profound that nothing ever disturbed it. He did not guess or hope: he knew: and his "thundering certainty" not only gave power to his preaching of the doctrine of immortality but enabled him as a pastor to impart his confident faith to his people and so comfort them in bereavement.

Slattery's prejudices as well as enthusiasm are disclosed in the closing paragraph of this letter. "I came to Maurice after a sojourn with the Oxford movement. It was like coming out of a church filled with Pre-Raphaelite windows and standing on a mountain top."

Of Coleridge he wrote: "I think there is reason why the coming generation will continue to value Coleridge chiefly for his poetry. As a philosopher he was, as I feel, an inspiration for his age, rather than a great link in the history of philosophy. And so it comes that I value him, as a philosopher, not for what he gives directly, but for what he has roused others to tell. I can see how he stimulated Wordsworth, how he gave the Oxford Movement whatever good it had, how he made Arnold and Maurice, how he inspired the great Bishop (Phillips Brooks) and you. I can almost imagine, also, that if Coleridge had not talked and written philosophy, the healthy theology and philosophy we love in England and America today would be only emerging from materialism. So I believe that we younger men will always value Coleridge for what he started, but we shall read a more rounded and finished statement than his of the doctrine he began to see."

For Slattery's own experience, Robert Browning was the "union of poet and theologian which seems the climax of human effort." He quotes in illustration the familiar lines from *Balaustion's Adventure*:

> I think this is the authentic sign and seal
> Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
> And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
> Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
> And recommence at sorrow.

He cannot think of any new thought which Browning has given him, but the skillful summary of a course of ascending experience, as in *Saul*, is comforting because it is a witness of a sympathy unusual in the poetic temperament. "You are glad that the great naturalist, or the great statesman, or the great metaphysician, confirms your own best thought. I love Browning because he is the poet who helps me most in this particular way."

Slattery confessed that he was bothered by Browning's "extremely rounded conclusions." "He would always have you think he sees the end. He never gets to the top of a mountain to find a cloud shutting off his view: the sun is always shining and there is not even a mist. You long for an excursion which will lead you on some dim and untravelled road, with a suggestion of what may sometime be known but is now an absolute mystery."

So the two years at Groton slipped by, busily and pleasantly, with time for reading and reflection, and for the cultivation of friendships old and new. Atkinson had gone to Christ Church, Springfield, as curate of the Reverend

John Cotton Brooks. He came on during the summer to visit Slattery at Mattapoisett, and they had a royal time together. When apart, they were constantly exchanging letters effervescing with youth and fun and high spirits, letters which contrast amusingly with Slattery's staid epistle to his elders: the friendship was upon a different plane. But there was always the serious undertone of men whose enjoyment of life went deep, for they loved their ministry, and they loved each other like twin brothers. When a Church vacancy occurred in the diocese of Massachusetts, each would think of the other first, and write to Bishop Lawrence about it, till their Damon and Pythias devotion became a proverb throughout the diocese. Slattery's letters to Atkinson have not survived, but the replies of the latter are a lively exhibition of their relations:

July 24, 1893, E. L. A. to C. L. S.: "What a marvellous fellow you are! Two sermons a week, Bible class, calls, picnics, Cellini. *You* should have Fall River." (Atkinson had been called there, but although strongly tempted, declined the call because he had already promised to go to Springfield.)

Sept. 15, 1893. "Sure enough, every shield has another side and every cloud a more or less valuable lining. You and I no longer live together, window-seat together, jaunt up Brattle St. together: but delightful letters come from you to me in my loneliness, and I find you communicative, responsive, sympathetic, as in the dear, old Cambridge days."

March 1, 1894. "St. Mark's? I am far from certain. I fear disappointments way out there. Ask Mr. Nichols to advise you. Put it all in his hands—the other calls, etc. Do you suppose he has been contented there? Has he been able to accomplish? Then, the other side. The *West*, the thick of the fight, the place to Spiritualize American materialism, the ground of the Shakespeare and of the Napoleon to be. Concord? No. Middletown? No. Portland? Perhaps. But above all wait. If Dr. Dalton would sort of agree to be *emeritus* in a year, his is the place. Minn. will mean Chicago, bye and bye. Portland will mean New York.

"I am every day more in love with the marvellous work to which God has called me. I never seemed less equal to it—but

I never was more anxious to do it. It is all so blessed—the privilege of having a profession which means nothing more nor less than 'going about doing good.' All so ready to respond—to give you of their best and sorrowfulest. To laugh and cry with everyone, to share joy and grief with them—its the happiest life I can imagine. God make me worthy of it. Let's pray more and more. I for you—you for me—to keep strong and pure and holy. It is so easy to fall. Honestly, my dear Charles, I need strength and purity and holiness as I never did before. You do too, I know. It is so easy to fail. God keep us.

Your affectionate, happy but fearing—

NED."

VII

THE CATHEDRAL IN MINNESOTA
1896-1907

The efforts of Doctor Nichols to bring Slattery to Minnesota, aided and abetted by Theodore Thurston who had become rector of St. Paul's Church in Owatonna, were now to prove successful. In the early spring of 1896 he was called to the rectorship of the Parish of the Good Shepherd, Faribault, which had been made vacant by the resignation of Dean Gardam. This was the Cathedral parish of the Diocese of Minnesota, and as such enjoyed a second name, The Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour. Because of the parochial organization the right to elect the rector remained with the vestry, whose choice when confirmed by the Bishop, automatically carried with it the deanship of the Cathedral. The position was of considerable importance: there were four hundred communicants of the parish church, besides the students of the three church schools located in Faribault and under the sheltering oversight of Bishop Whipple: the Shattuck School for boys, with an enrollment of one hundred seventy-five students who came from every western state; St. Mary's Hall, a school for girls; and the Seabury Divinity School.

The salary was small, only twelve hundred dollars; but Slattery was a bachelor, still in his twenties and accustomed to rigid economy, and living expenses were not as high in Minnesota as in the East. The main question with which he had to deal was whether it would be right to go so far away and to relinquish teaching for a pastoral ministry. He could not yet see clearly what sort of work he ought to do ultimately, or in what region he could do it best, but he wished to move as wisely as he could and to "make his life as a whole do its proper business."

As was usual with him in such emergencies, he at once consulted his friends. Bishop Lawrence advised him to go by all means. He himself would have "jumped at such an opportunity" in his early ministry. He also advised him to write to Bishop Whipple and get his position as Dean defined in black and white. Bishop Whipple promptly reassured him. "The rector of the parish is an ex-officio Dean. He has absolute authority as rector of the parish, except when I am present I order the services, and preach whenever I desire. It is understood that any changes in ritual are to be after consultation with the Bishop. If there were no such understanding, you could be sure that I would never interfere with your rights. I do hope you may come." Doctor Allen was somewhat guarded in his reply. He was in doubt whether fundamentalist doctrines then prevalent in the Middle West would be congenial. Doctor Leighton Parks advised taking risks. "A man of strong convictions and good moral courage, who could not be turned aside from what he believes to be the larger truth by petty criticism but will go his way, not pugnaciously but tactfully, cannot fail to do a fine work in that community, which I believe is all ready to hear the truth as we understand it."

Slattery's younger friends were not troubled by misgivings. "Glory Alleluia!" wrote Atkinson. "Accept by all odds. It is just the right kind of a position. Outside of Mass. and N. Y. I had sooner go to the upper Mississippi than anywhere, and with such a fine work as this now proposed even Mass. and N. Y. are at a discount. Do not waver between two opinions. Accept, accept, accept. Is it Fari*bault*, my dear Charlie beau?—or is't Fari*bault*, like a thunderbolt?" And in more serious vein: "God bless you in every way. To two things be true:—Evangelical Faith and Broad Theology. Be an Evolutionist, be a Higher Critic, or you'll belie the words at the Alumni Dinner. Be honest and pious. I love you as you are true to yourself and true to the ideals which Harvard, Cambridge and New England have given us both." It was all very stimulating and challenging, and when Slattery decided to accept the call, he did it in the mood of one embarking upon a real adventure.

The spring months found him busy with the details of leaving Ayer and Groton. Doctor Peabody consulted him in the selection of his successor, and it was a satisfaction to them both when his old friend of Brunswick days, Edward Henry Newbegin, undertook the work. He kept in touch with it for years, as he did with all work with which he had previously been associated. Parishes were not so much institutions as people, and people meant human relations, and out of loyal and affectionate human relationships cherished and fostered, Slattery made his happiness.

It was a pleasant coincidence that just at this time he should have been invited to preach in St. Peter's Church, Rockland, Maine, the parish which his father had founded in 1852, the occasion being the first use of a memorial pulpit. He was conscious of the continuity of service and took the opportunity with seriousness, feeling that his father was speaking through him, a message to the Rockland of the later day. He wrote to a friend who had been a contemporary of his father, outlining his proposed sermons. "In the morning I think I shall take a phrase from Isaiah: 'Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee': showing that it was good that the Episcopal Church should have been planted in a Puritan community for its holiness, its beauty, and its devotion to all periods of Christian history—the house of the fathers. In other words, I hope to give adequate reasons for being a loyal Episcopalian without boasting of exclusive rights or hissing at the neighbors."

July was again spent with his summer congregation at Mattapoisett. He read Parkman to try to get ready for the Mississippi Valley. At the end of the month he left for Minnesota to become acquainted with his work before the season of high pressure. Bishop Whipple was away, but even when he was absent his spirit dominated the town. The church schools as well as the Cathedral had been built through his energy and persuasion, and he had personal associations with the entire community. The Cathedral was a large building, seating over six hundred, dignified in interior, rather impressive but not very attractive. The service was rather more elaborate than the new Dean was accustomed to, but not extreme, and he had sensibly decided to fall in with the customs, knowing from his own experience how irritating it is to have a parson come in and turn the ways of the parish upside down. The only thing he did not like was the use of wafer bread, as this seemed to him to detract from the symbolism of the Lord's Supper, but here, too, he decided to bide his time and await the return of Bishop Whipple.

He found a strong parish feeling and an evident disposition to work. The most discouraging feature was that the men of the congregation were not churchgoers: this presented a serious problem to which he addressed himself at once. He took to his new parishioners, as they did to him. "The people are delightful," he wrote to Doctor Allen. "They have charming manners, know the world, have fine tastes, and are generally stimulating. The Junior Warden (Mr. H. C. Theopold), who is going to be my chief helper, was educated in Germany, knows Europe like a book, and is a leader in business and society. He is a parish in himself, and a devoted one." Better than everything he found the affection and loyalty of the parish itself. "They evidently believe in me," he remarked ingenuously, "and I certainly believe in them."

But one swallow does not make a summer, and the most devoted of junior wardens could not take the place of the male absentees, so the Dean took vigorous measures to bring the men of his parish to church. He founded the Cathedral Club, with a charter membership of fifty men, all pledged to attend the Sunday evening service. Their first dinner was set early in November, to welcome home Bishop Whipple. Doctor Nichols came on for it from Minneapolis, and Theodore Thurston from Owatonna: among the other speakers were Bishop Gilbert, the warden of Seabury, Mr. Butler, the rector of Shattuck, and the Junior Warden, Mr. Theopold. The dinner was a great success, and the enthusiasm aroused by stirring speeches and appeals for loyalty was at once reflected in increased attendance at the Cathedral services.

From October on, the morning congregations were always large, completely filling the Cathedral. The one hundred seventy-five Shattuck boys were well-behaved, and made an inspiring corner of the congregation. In the evenings the Dean preached on Old Testament leaders. Mindful of the teachings of Doctor Steenstra and Doctor

Allen, he tried to bring them out into the philosophy of history and to make them real. He was no fundamentalist and he dealt honestly with his congregations: what he thought was poetry he called poetry. But he was never negative, always insisting on the largest and highest interpretation of the Word, and trying in the manner of Robertson of Brighton to make these Old Testament biographies the vehicle for imparting present-day truths. Dean Slattery wrote out his morning sermons and preached from manuscript or outline, but in the evening he preached wholly without notes, and with considerable informality. The service was shortened, the lessons read with intelligent appreciation, care was bestowed upon the selection of hymns, and before long the evening congregations had increased nearly tenfold, from an average of thirty to between two and three hundred.

There was, of course, some criticism. In a letter to an old friend, one of the teachers at the Divinity School is characterized as "hopelessly unreal in his interpretation of the Old Testament, and more afraid of the Higher Criticism than of a mad dog. I know that he considers my coming a calamity, but he has really been very kind to me, and no one could be a more faithful parishioner." The attitude of the clergy of the town was occasionally felt to be "a little suspicious," but on the whole they were "wonderfully kind." The warden of Seabury, Mr. Butler, soon became one of his best friends: "the right kind of a broad Churchman. He is with us in spirit." (Note again the Cambridge "us.") The schools were found "more worthy than I dared to hope," and Bishop Whipple, "altogether noble and kind. He wishes simplicity in all things, and the parish has reverted to some of its old simplicity and given up wafers and candles. No one seems to care."

If Dean Slattery had been writing his own biography, he would have tarried at this point to note what was always for him a red-letter day, the beginning of a new friendship. He first met William Austin Smith in the fall of 1896, when he found him a member of his congregation. Smith was four years younger than himself; their ages being thus sufficiently close to ensure mutual sympathy and understanding, especially since they were both graduates of Harvard. Smith was teaching at Shattuck, pursuing at the same time his course at Seabury Divinity School in preparation for the ministry. The Seabury students were often partisan churchmen, and he was "bored by their innuendoes and their sorting of the mint, anise and cummin." Smith had come from a larger environment, and missed it. In Harvard, perplexed by religious doubts, but longing to enter the ministry, he had gone to Dean Hodges for counsel and had received immediate encouragement, leading to his confirmation in St. John's Chapel. He told Slattery what that confirmation meant to him; from that moment he was sure of his vocation, and through all the darkness and the light of the years which followed he never wavered.

Through the two years when they both lived in Faribault the two young men saw each other constantly. They met for long walks together, and "the talk was fast" as they compared notes and reviewed their theological experience. Smith read Slattery's old notebooks and spent an evening or two with him every fortnight, talking over the teachings of Allen and Nash and reviewing their books. "He has our Cambridge point of view exactly," Slattery wrote exultingly to Doctor Allen. "I am hoping that the day will come when the work of Shattuck will be altogether in his hands." This, however, was not to be, for Smith, like Slattery himself, tempted to adopt teaching as a profession, decided eventually for a pastoral ministry. In later years Slattery was to have the satisfaction of assisting his friend in every step of his ministerial career, failing in the plans for Shattuck or Groton, but nominating him for his successive posts as curate in St. John's Church, Providence; rector of St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee; rector of Christ Church, Springfield; and editor of the *Churchman*. "My dear Earl of Warwick": —wrote Smith, "I am indebted to you for St. Paul's . . . My heart goes out to Milwaukee, which I understand to be only a few hours from Faribault. Together the West may be ours!" High hopes, indeed, but doomed to sore disappointment. Austin Smith's brave ministry was crippled at the outset by ill health; the wonder is that he was able to accomplish what he did, and so long hold at bay the progress of fatal disease.

During these early years at Faribault, Slattery was already giving evidence of the prodigious industry which was to characterize his later ministry. He took his preaching seriously, making careful preparation for every sermon, but he was preëminently a pastor, calling indefatigably on the members of his congregation, and keeping in touch with them by innumerable letters. "The thing I marvel at about you," wrote Doctor Nichols, "is your command of time. Is it system, or health, or the triumph of character, or what? I have none of the things that enable me to write charming semi-weekly letters, command the adoration of every individual in the parish, originate and carry through far-reaching schemes, call on out-of-town friends, miss no occasion civic, social, diocesan, national. Well! I am content to be your friend."

At the end of the first year the expanding resources of the parish made possible an assistant minister, but the industrious Dean, instead of finding relief in his help, at once planned to develop several old mission stations, and to start a new one in a new community just outside the town growing up about a large mill, where there was no church of any sort, and where, with tact, they might be able to found a neighborhood church. He was also busy with plans for enlarging the Cathedral, with the full approval of Bishop Whipple, but without his active assistance in securing funds, most of the friends to whom the latter could appeal being now, he said, in paradise.

Bishop Whipple, although nearly eighty years of age, had married again, and his wife became at once a warm friend of Slattery and his mother, sharing with enthusiasm their hopes for the parish and Cathedral. Possessed of independent means, she generously undertook to provide funds for building a much-needed deanery, and did so, building a fine colonial house opposite the Cathedral. It meant a great deal to the Slatterys personally and to the parish; giving a sense of freedom and opportunity which comes with a comfortable and beautiful home. Congratulations were again forthcoming from the loyal rector of St. Mark's, Minneapolis. "That such auspicious happening should fall out to you, and through you to our noble Cathedral property, makes me deeply glad. Why? Because you are faithful, modest, devoted to every need of all your people and of the Church at large; because you do not fawn or cringe or covet or idle."

Dean Slattery's interest in the Church at large was indicated in a letter written at this time to Doctor Allen.

He had been to the St. Andrew's Brotherhood Convention in Buffalo, and had come back full of hope. "The spirit of it all is for the simple and great realities, and away from the petty ecclesiasticism that is so disturbing. And it was fine to notice the stamp of younger clergy who took interest in the matter; they were either our men or men in sympathy with them. And Bishop Doane came out very strongly, almost vehemently, for a critical and unflinching investigation of the Bible." At times Slattery felt somewhat isolated for want of clerical companions who "bear the Cambridge stamp," and he appreciated letters from Doctor Allen as though they were his line of communication with the home base. "I cannot tell you what cheer you give me continually by your generous thought of an old pupil so far away," he wrote. "When I see your handwriting on the envelope, I have a thrill of new life; and when I open and read, everything seems worth while; and I go smiling through the town, and people think I'm unusually glad to see them and wonder why." He exulted in Allen's Life of Phillips Brooks. "It has helped make all my ministrations better, and its goodness has made me exult so that I feel I must get up and shout for joy. . . . Do convert Canon Gore. I think he is convertible; for I have just finished his 'Body of Christ,' which is hopeful, isn't it?"

In the winter of 1899 an episcopal election occurred in Maine, and the Dean of Faribault, in spite of his youth, was prominently mentioned and received a considerable measure of support. He told Doctor Nichols that he was not sure that he would have accepted if he had been elected. "When it came to the actual question it is possible that I might have preferred to stay on here, and know a parish through and through, and write sermons regularly as no Bishop is apt to do. For I deem preaching of much greater value than any administrative office in the Church. And I would rather be able to rouse men to righteousness and to make the Gospel clear, than to govern the biggest diocese in the world without such a gift." But he did permit himself the luxury of imagining what could be done: "how men from Cambridge might go into Maine and make the Church there vital, and make the communities love it and not laugh at it as something queer; how, in such a small diocese, there might be time for study, and perhaps books could be put forth bearing the mysterious authority which episcopal consecration is supposed to include. . . . I am not blinded by the paraphernalia."

Early in the spring of the following year the community at Faribault was saddened by the death of the Bishop Coadjutor, Mahlon Norris Gilbert. Slattery had come to regard him as a friend, and had looked forward to long association with him, as Bishop Gilbert was twenty-six years younger than the diocesan. Modest and unassuming, his manliness and simplicity had endeared him to his people, and throughout the Diocese of Minnesota his loss was universally mourned. But Bishop Whipple rose to the occasion, and although nearly eighty years old did more work in his diocese than he had done for many years. He had long left the details or concerns of Minnesota out of his mind, and had so busied himself with the general Church and so figured in it that many of his friends felt that he had lost the possibility at this time of life of giving himself to Minnesota again, and that his diocese must content itself to rejoice in furnishing him to the world. But they were agreeably disappointed, and Minnesota enjoyed an Indian summer of renewed diocesan activity on the part of its beloved and honored leader.

The winter which followed proved to be one of the happiest of Slattery's ministry in Faribault. Things were going swimmingly in parish and Cathedral; he had been long enough with his people to win their entire confidence and outlive all suspicion of his orthodoxy: they now not only believed in him, but felt for him a depth of affectionate regard which in later years was to make his ministry in Grace Church, New York, so notable. He was now indeed "a happy parson," as he described himself upon his book-plate, bubbling over with vivacious fun which, among his intimates, knew no repression. Doctor Nichols was at times nonplussed by it, but comforted himself with the reflection that this had been a characteristic of Phillips Brooks, carefully and somewhat apologetically explained by his biographer. "That strange characteristic of Mr. Brooks by which he could never be made to be serious, joking himself into his pulpit and joking himself out, rollicking through life like a big schoolboy, throwing dignity as well as solemnity to the winds even in his closest correspondence, never unbosoming himself or letting us see who he was or what he thought save in his preaching. I certainly never could have understood or even forborn without Doctor Allen's cunning hand to lead me. My rather prosaic nature resents such apparent trifling, such utter absence of propriety. Yet I have a similar phenomenon to account for in your gambols—themselves needing Doctor Allen's interpretation." Slattery promptly replied by sending Doctor Nichols a little homily on Lightheartedness in Religion, the thought of which anticipated Doctor Jacks' famous essay on the Lost Radiance of the Christian Religion.

Of this light-heartedness the Dean of the Faribault Cathedral was himself an excellent example. The Reverend George H. Thomas, a friend from Faribault days, recollects the days of the "Estey Organ," whose four members were the three Cambridge men and one Berkeley man in Minnesota, namely, Slattery, Sedgwick, Thurston, Thomas, all bachelors but himself. The "organ" was a small minority group, quite suspected by the other clergy of the diocese, the name springing from Slattery's wit because their four surnames began with S. or T. At that stage of culture, Estey organs were a necessary piece of furniture in every rural household. The four young men believed that they were necessary, although their type was rare in the Midwest.

"In his decade in Faribault," Doctor Thomas remarked, "Slattery was a model young priest, always in uniform, always careful to do the proper thing, greatly loved by Bishop Whipple, also by our very beloved coadjutor, Gilbert, a saint, and later by Bishop Edsall. Edsall, my next door neighbor for years, used to hold Charles up to me particularly in the matter of dress. We would rag Charles about his being so perfect, never making a mistake, never expressing publicly a radical view, and when he must speak in Convention, most watchful not to offend, traits the Estey Organ did not stand for."

As Dean at Faribault, young as he was, it became Slattery's duty to assign a part in the services to some six or eight elderly gentlemen, professors in Seabury Divinity School, the headmaster of Shattuck, and the chaplain of St. Mary's. Fortunately for this manifold allotment, those were the days of Morning Prayer, Litany, and Ante-Communion. Slattery was "ingenious to a degree," said Thomas, in fulfilling this duty with painstaking impartiality.

He was an inimitable mimic, though he kept the gift hidden from the public. He could act out everybody's frailty and do it to perfection. In the privacy of the deanery he would throw off all restraint and indulge his gift of mimicry for the benefit of the "Estey Organ" and of Doctor Nichols, who were hugely amused and entertained.

In 1901, however, merriment was for the time being quenched by a difficult decision resulting in an embarrassing and painful situation. Dean Slattery was elected to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Providence, the parish to which his friend, Austin Smith, had gone on his nomination as a curate. It was a parish of dignity and importance in a large city; it was a call back to New England; it was only an hour from Boston and Cambridge; to his New England mother it seemed a heaven-sent invitation to come home. The salary was twice what he was receiving in Faribault; acceptance would mean relief from financial strain. In the multitude of friendly counselors and in his affectionate reliance on their judgment he felt himself in danger of losing decision as an element of character: he must render a decision, but how difficult, when the call that he go and the demand that he stay were so evenly matched. "Sorrow seized my heart, great fears my soul, lest you should accept," wrote Alfred Bill. At last, after long delay, he decided to accept the call, and notified Bishop Whipple of his intention, requesting his counsel in the matter. The distressed letter which he received in reply deserves recording, as an indication of the relations between Bishop and Dean:

Prout's Neck, Maine, July 12, 1901.
Very Rev. Dean Slattery
Faribault, Minnesota.

My dear Dean:

Your letter gave me great sorrow—for it would be a sorrow if you were to leave Faribault. The question is one that you will have to decide for yourself, and if you did not request it, I should hesitate to advise you, because every individual has his own ideals and plans for the future, and his own peculiar talents, which have to be taken into account in all questions like the one you have to decide.

In Faribault you have the hearts not only of the parish but of the whole people. You are beloved throughout the Diocese, and your influence is extending beyond it. When you take into consideration not only your parish, but the large number of students whose lives you may influence, I have no doubt in my own mind as to which field is ripe for the harvest. I may be peculiar in this, but I have never changed my views since my rectorship in the quiet parish in Rome when I was called to three large and wealthy parishes with more than double the salary that I was receiving. I declined them because I believed that the personal contact of heart to heart in a smaller parish with greater needs, would do more for my Master than could be done in the larger parish with a more brilliant outlook for myself. . . .

This may be to you a very unsatisfactory letter. I have tried to put to one side my love and affection for you, and to think only of what is best with much of a father's pride, and I personally think that you will be happier where you are—because more useful. . . .

But it is yours to decide. Praying that God will guide you, for your own best welfare and for the best interests of the Church,

I am, with much love,
Yours faithfully,
H. B. Whipple,
Bishop of Minnesota.

Such a letter did not make his going easier, but the die was cast, and with a divided heart and mixed emotions the Dean prepared for his departure. Then followed an event which entirely altered the situation. One September night, after a brief illness, Bishop Whipple died. Slattery was with him all that night, and has left a moving account of the days which followed:[1] "Indians came from the Dakotas and the Chippewas to speak their last loving farewells in the familiar house where his body lay. Men whom he had known from childhood bore his body to the Cathedral, and throngs of people within and without gave thanks for all that he had been to them and to countless others. When the people with bowed heads were moving towards their homes, one of the bishops who had officiated said, 'You buried your bishop like a prince.' We hoped we had: for he was more than a prince: he was a dear friend and counsellor, a most loving father."

What was to be done in these totally unforeseen circumstances? The vestry pleaded with Slattery to reconsider his decision and to remain with his devoted people, now left without a leader. His junior warden, Mr. Theopold, went on to Providence and secured the consent of St. John's vestry to release him from his promise if he desired to be released. But they were indignant, not unnaturally, for they had waited more than two months for his long delayed acceptance of the call. Austin Smith was silent and chagrined. Doctor Nichols was chagrined and vocal. "I question whether a hard decision once reached, you were justified in permitting it to be opened again. I do not think you were. You think otherwise. St. John's waited two months or more for your answer. They had given up all hope. Unexpectedly, rather surprisingly to Smith and to me you accepted, with no apparently new data. I should say that decision should have been maintained: that neither the pressure of local feeling or argument, nor the death of Bp. Whipple threw light into the scale that warranted any further weighing of what had been very carefully weighed."

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[1] *Certain American Faces*, p. 114.

But Bishop Lawrence dropped him a line which carried no little comfort: "Mr. Theopold has just called. I simply drop this line to say that in view of the death of Bp. Whipple and the changed conditions it seems to me entirely honorable for you to ask St. John's for opportunity to reconsider the question." Reconsider he did, and decided to remain in Faribault. Whereupon Doctor Nichols wrote again: "If there be any belief cardinal with me it is, that a decision made after one's best judgment, at any rate made, then the duty lies before, to make of that course decided the utmost lying within it. The wisdom, energy, devotion I am sure you have in tremendous measure put now into the parish and into the diocese, and so justify beyond all cavil your decision to remain."

Slattery continued to correspond with Logan Roots, and in 1901, when he was talked about as a possible candidate for the post of Missionary Bishop of Kyoto, he asked Roots to advise him. Roots was enthusiastic over the possibility. "While I believe you are interested tremendously in the problems of thinking and general readjustment which fill the air at Cambridge," he wrote, "you seem to me to have a practical turn of mind at the same time which has made you of great service to me personally, in straightening out my plans of action and ideals of work; and I believe that hard tackling of the immediate questions confronting us and demanding action, with which you have helped me, is just the kind of thing which is needed in Japan. You could learn the language—probably get a better grip on it than any of our present staff in Japan, for you would make up your mind to get it and just get it. Then you would sympathize with the Japanese, and not offend them. I doubt whether you would learn to sit on your knees and insteps for two hours without moving, but you would learn to know and love the Japanese, and they would love and respect you. . . . In fact I trust you more than anyone else I know, taking all things together, and if you ever get a chance I hope you will go to Japan."

But Slattery did not get the chance to go to Japan, and three years later the tables were turned and he was ardently supporting Roots for the post left vacant by the death of Bishop Ingle. Roots was elected Bishop of Hankow, and Slattery exulted, but Roots was overwhelmed by the death of his leader and took little interest in his own concerns. "The world is a different world to me now," he wrote to Slattery. "I never loved and honored any man as I did Bishop Ingle. All the charms of heart and soul and physical beauty met in him. And this splendid man was my Bishop as well as my intimate friend, my hero and guide and counselor, and yet closer to me than a brother."

In the election of a coadjutor, which had taken place in June, 1901, Dean Slattery was not himself a candidate, but he took a lively and active interest and did what he could to secure the election of a man with whom the minority in the diocese whose views he represented could be at peace, and under whose leadership the traditions of Bishop Whipple and Bishop Gilbert would be continued. He consulted Bishop Henry Codman Potter of New York as to the availability of Doctor Mackay-Smith but was informed that the latter did not feel prepared to entertain the question of an election to Minnesota. Bishop Potter countered by suggesting two other men, the Reverend Doctor Reese F. Alsop of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, and the Reverend Charles H. Brent of St. Stephen's Church, Boston. "They are both rare men," wrote Bishop Potter. "Dr. Alsop's traditions in the past have been those of an old-fashioned low-Churchman, and Mr. Brent's those of a modern high-Churchman with singularly large and noble conceptions of the relation of the Church to humanity. I know no man in the American Church who is, in some of the highest respects,—character, competency for leadership, enthusiasm, directness, personal attractiveness, and high spiritual qualities,—Mr. Brent's superior."

The choice, however, had fallen upon the Right Reverend Samuel Cook Edsall, Missionary Bishop of North Dakota. Dean Slattery was not well acquainted with him, but he acquiesced cordially in the decision, and was soon upon the best of terms with his new bishop. Certain differences which arose concerning the relations were promptly and amicably settled by the adoption of a written Constitution for the Cathedral Church in which many things which had hitherto rested solely upon tradition were more definitely determined: on the one hand, the prerogatives of the Bishop were safeguarded: on the other hand, it was provided that "if some future bishop should prove unreasonable or tyrannical, the parish by giving three months' notice could withdraw from the Cathedral and go on in an independent way as the Church of the Good Shepherd. These matters having been satisfactorily determined, Bishop Edsall and his Dean were in complete accord. "Of course, my prayer and hope is," wrote the former, "that you will decline all the calls and stay in Minnesota."

Shortly after the death of Bishop Whipple, Slattery organized and carried through to completion the project of building the tower of the Cathedral in memory of its first Bishop. He wrote the memorial inscription, which reads as follows:

> This Tower is the Thanksgiving of
> many People for Henry Benjamin
> Whipple First Bishop of Minnesota
> and is the Symbol before men of the
> supreme Value of a Righteous Man

VIII

LITERARY ACTIVITIES
1901-1907

DEAN SLATTERY HAD NO OCCASION TO REGRET HIS DECIsion to remain at Faribault. The circumstances had been regrettable, but the decision itself was conscientious and had involved sacrifice. Providence never seemed more alluring than the day he put it behind him; he did want to return to New England, and having given five years to the West he felt that he had a right to go. But every day proved to him that he did right to stay, for Bishop Whipple's death was a real crisis for both the parish and the diocese, and Slattery's place in both was so assured that he could not be spared.

Bishop Edsall, who succeeded to the episcopate in Minnesota, became at once a firm friend of the young Dean, who found him "quite as gentle and considerate as Bishop Whipple." The Cathedral remained at Faribault, but the Bishop elected to live in Minneapolis. The arrangement was equally satisfactory to both parties, and reduced the possibilities of friction in a relation which, at its best, is somewhat exacting. The Cathedral was also a parish; the Dean, not the Bishop, had the cure of souls, and the people were solidly behind him. Bishop Edsall, charged with the wider interests of a large dicoese, was mindful of his diocesan obligations and absorbed in them, so all went well. And because it was a relatively small parish in a comparatively small community, Slattery, in spite of his industrious work as a pastor, found time for wide reading, quiet reflection, and the literary activities which were destined to be the outstanding feature of his work during the succeeding six years.

He had already made a beginning in this direction. Felix Reville Brunot, his father's friend and his own, had died in the spring of 1898. Mrs. Brunot asked Slattery to write his biography and he accepted the invitation gladly, for it was the sort of book that he would like to write. The character of Mr. Brunot was admirable, his personality vital, and his life story of more than personal and local interest; at two points, the Civil War and the Indian Question, it had touched the life of the nation and had in consequence a patriotic appeal that the biographer recognized and valued. He underestimated the difficulty of the task, telling his mother that by working two mornings a week he could manage it well within a year. As a matter of fact, the preparation required somewhat more than two years, during which period Mrs. Brunot died, so that the book became a memorial of them both.

Except for a certain immaturity of style, the book was written with charm and ease, the description of the Brunot home at Verona, based upon personal recollections of its hospitalities, being especially felicitous.

The biographer's description of Mr. Brunot's part in the General Convention of 1862 is more sympathetic than will be palatable to southern readers. Whether a resolution devoid of qualifications, denouncing "sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion" in the terms employed by Mr. Brunot, was called for by the emergency or was the "firebrand" which Judge Chambers of Maryland indignantly pronounced it may be regarded as an open question. At this late day, it is a source of happiness to remember that the Episcopal Church survived as it did without lasting schism the fiery ordeal of civil war in the nation; and that there has now appeared so magnanimous an epic as *John Brown's Body*, with its clear conviction of the evils of slavery and of secession, yet with its equal sympathies for the valor and suffering of individuals north and south, is a cause for great satisfaction. But in 1862 wounds were open and bleeding; Mr. Brunot came to the General Convention straight from the battlefield of Antietam; and, whether or not happily worded, Mr. Brunot's resolution was needed on its positive side for the reason given by Dean Slattery. "At a time when the Union needed moral support, particularly in England and Canada, the body of men who could best give it were induced to break through their conservative traditions and to express the patriotism which, as a Church, they really felt; to say, in other words, that they were not only a Church in a nation, but of it."[1]

Of Mr. Brunot's services to the Indians there could be no question. His name stood beside that of Bishop Hare as that of one of their best friends. The nature of these services is summarized by the biographer in a paragraph which concludes the portion of the book devoted to this subject.

"Think what he did accomplish. He first brought the Government to a point where a treaty with the Indians was respected. He first brought the Indians to the point where they began to become individual owners of their lands, and to have homes. He first effectively uncovered the devices by which money assigned to the Indians went to thieves who called themselves agents or statesmen; since his day, money voted for Indians has, generally, been used by them. Moreover, because he gave the Indians confidence in his sincerity and because he gave the Government shame and wisdom, the passing of the Indian wars was assured. . . . Finally, we may trace to his great influence the beginning of the conviction that the Indian's place in the world is established.[1]

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[1] *Felix Reville Brunot,* by C. L. Slattery, p. 91.

The Brunot biography was well received, especially by those who had known Mr. Brunot. Bishop Henry Codman Potter wrote: "My early ministry in Western Pennsylvania was associated with him, and there has been no nobler or more single-minded servant of every good cause in our American Church . . . I congratulate you upon what appears, the more I look through it, to be a most faithful and picturesque history." Bishop John Scarborough wrote: "I want to thank you for the great pleasure I have had in reading the Life of Mr. Brunot. It is one of the very best biographies I have ever read. His dear old Father and Mother were parishioners at Trinity Church, and both died during my rectorship. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Felix Brunot very well. Your late father and I were warm personal friends, when you were but a lad, and I could not resist the temptation of offering you my very hearty congratulations on this fine piece of literary work."

Public interest in this life of Mr. Brunot was limited, and it did not go into a second edition. Wider interest awaited Slattery's second venture, and his biography of his closest and most beloved friend, Edward Lincoln Atkinson, is generally regarded as the best of his biographies, and among his books, second in importance only to his *The Master of the World* which followed three years later. Bishop Lawrence and Doctor Leighton Parks suggested the writing of the book: Atkinson's family approved the selection of the biographer, and many friends of Atkinson supplied the material.

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[1] *Ibid.*, by C. L. Slattery, p. 238.

Atkinson had been one of the outstanding men of the Cambridge School, where his six years' ministry in Boston had greatly endeared him: his work at the Church of the Epiphany in New York City had begun most auspiciously, and his death by drowning in August, 1902, brought to the Cambridge circle shock and sorrow such as were not again experienced until the sudden death of Alfred Priddis, also by drowning, just twenty-eight years later.

Dean Slattery had more than ordinary reasons for writing the story of this short and noble life. Atkinson was his friend, as close to him as a brother. His death was, as Doctor Nichols said, "a loss beyond present measuring to the generation we belong to and to the cause we believe in"—by telling the story of that life he might be rendering assistance to that "cause." He welcomed also the opportunity to make a book that would be "good to give to a fellow who was good material for the ministry." He wrote to Doctor Allen that it seemed to him that there was a chance to "do for our American Cambridge movement what the English High Churchmen did for the Oxford Movement," and asked him to "play the part of Dr. Pusey in the modern drama." This was in April, 1903. On October 26 he wrote to the same friend: "I have written the Atkinson Memoir. It is as short and simple as I could make it: and I have attempted no analysis of any sort. The temptation to wander away into excursions when I came to the School and some other things very much to my liking, was strong: but I left the book to Atkinson, and it is his from start to finish. In one way the book ought to be a curiosity; it is the first account, is it not, of a distinct product of our Cambridge School. For that reason I have left Atkinson's dear old piety flow in full stream; so that they will know we care for the heart just as much as for the head."

Slattery was so anxious to let the book be wholly Atkinson's that he subordinated, perhaps unduly, his own relation to his friend. The description of the summer of 1895 "spent with a friend" deserves a place in his own biography, as he was that unnamed friend: "They had rooms in a fine old house on the edge of a little village, and went to a sea-captain's to eat. Atkinson had hardly arrived before the expressman brought a large box, containing the books for the summer reading. He also planned to re-write a large number of sermons, but this fell through: he needed the immediate prospect of delivering them to make it possible to write sermons. But the two friends read their old sermons to each other, and talked of texts, subjects and methods. Together, too, they read aloud volume after volume, especially of Tennyson and Browning. It was the summer when Miss Wilkins published *The Long Arm* in the Boston *Herald*; they grew so intensely interested in this brisk detective story that they were always at the post-office early to get the paper, and then went to sit on the wharf immediately to read it."

The book was Atkinson's from start to finish, redolent of his personality and communicating even to those who had not known him, his simple piety, his joy in the ministry, his devotion to his work and his effervescing high spirits. Cambridge men, and others too, who had known him, welcomed the book as a portrait to be cherished, and several bishops made it a practice to give a copy of it to each of their candidates for the ministry.

In the breathing spaces of summer vacations, spent in Colorado or the Canadian Rockies, Slattery was constantly mulling over possible themes for another book. He thought of editing the text of Irenæus with full notes, but let the project drop; turned to Jeremy Taylor as biographical material, and dismissed this also. One project, dismissed at the time, was carried out long afterward. "Since coming home I have gone through Westcott's life," he wrote to his old teacher in Church history. "Why isn't he a good man to hold before our rather elaborate brethren? I was glad to see how firmly he stood by the natural and sufficient interpretation of the Lord's Supper. I confess I get rather alarmed by the freedom which is given certain men to teach transubstantiation in our Church, by which the most spiritual of services is made a material charm. I have sometimes thought that a plain statement of the doctrine of the Holy Communion would be as useful a book as one could write; something that would make clear that the highest value of the Sacrament went with the most 'unfleshly' interpretation. I mean a book more popular than Gore's—free from quotations and technicalities—giving no controversies, but dogmatically putting forth a sufficient reason why it should be the great sacrifice of the Church, and how a man gets help from it."

Meanwhile, spurred by the example of Westcott and his friends, Slattery kept on hoping that he would be moved to fall to some definite work which he could put to paper. "Of course, preaching is absorbing and is of first importance, but an avocation is, I am convinced, a help to preaching. I am half inclined to make a little book on Characteristics of Christ's Personality, His thoroughness, His voluntary pain, etc. I have had the thought in mind for a year or so, and have the material all at hand because I have worked it up for sermons. I fancy, however, it would seem to have been done too often before. Only, it is the one subject that never is worn, if it is done simply and sincerely."

Here in embryo was the book that was to be Dean Slattery's most fruitful excursion in theology as well as the most notable revelation of his own religious life. Another year went by before he got a start on it, and when he did, his plans changed. "I don't know whether I shall have courage or time to go on with it," he said to Doctor Allen, "but I am going to hold the task before me. When you begin to write a book, the book seems to turn about and write you: that is, it compels you to write what you never intended to write." Back from Cambridge came a challenging and encouraging response, and the pupil at once rose with affectionate loyalty to justify the faith of his teacher. His letters to Doctor Allen during the next few months are interesting records of a book in the making. "You made me believe my dream worth while and off I went into it, head over heels," he wrote in happy reply. "Even in Lent I am working on it, using two chapters a week for my week-day addresses. I think your query about the 'Lightheartedness' may be right; only I preached the chapter as a sermon sometime ago, and the 'resident clergy,' who are frank, were not disturbed by it, so I should not be afraid of seeming to detract from Christ's dignity."[1] In one letter Slattery gives Doctor Allen a detailed account of the chapter headings and added brief comments. "XVI. His Joy (Suffering as the Complete Demonstration of Love)." Is there an unconscious echo here of Slattery's favorite quotation from Browning? "XX His Love (the demonstration of God's Character). XIX His Vitality (a bit metaphysical); I shall try to show how His Life has come into humanity almost materially, and this new vital force has made Humanity a new creation."

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[1] The title "His Lightheartedness" is omitted from the headings describing characteristics of Christ's personality, but appears in another connection.

"I have no place here," adds the author, "for speaking of His limitation in knowledge. Perhaps I might make a topic: 'His use of the knowledge of His day.' That would put whatever limitation He had in this respect from a positive point of view.

"I make the point that though the Virgin Birth is an historic fact, it is not in the Creed made to carry the doctrine of the Incarnation. The Nicene Creed, which is the Creed of Divinity, makes no more of it than the Apostles' Creed, which is the Creed of the humanity, against Docetism. The reasons for Divinity are enlarged upon apart from this. I then ask whether one reason for present unrest on the fact may not be that people feel that the fact has been made to carry too great a load, and some people, feeling that something is out of place, throw the fact over with its exaggerated emphasis."

On June 19, 1906, the book was finished. The manuscript went, as of course, to Doctor Allen. "You would instantly detect any lack of reverence or taste," the author explained. "I dread most of all in such books a sort of irreverent familiarity, and I wanted my book to breathe reverence first of all, and frank investigation afterward."

The book did possess the characteristics desired. That it was needed is evident from the reception it received upon its publication and the demand for several subsequent reprintings. Fundamentalist church journals such as the *Church Standard* in Philadelphia, reviewed it unfavorably, but their approval was not to have been expected. More enlightened critics welcomed it and bestowed high praise. The London *Guardian* recognized it as likely to be useful, both as a handbook for the theological student and as a suggestive treatise for the preacher, and hailed it as a contribution to Christian evidences. "The argument in favor of our Lord's 'lightheartedness,' as an essential part of his sympathy, is as striking as it is convincing, and the chapter on 'The Loneliness of Christ' is one of much force and beauty." The editor of the *Living Church*, who was far from seeing eye to eye with Dean Slattery in things ecclesiastical, was generously sympathetic with his theological opinions. "We have already commended Dean Slattery's new book editorially as one especially adapted to the present critical period in the Church . . . The book is really one of unusual value, and especially in view of the controversies of the present day. We cannot think of a better or more satisfactory volume to put into the hands of those whose faith has been weakened by attacks from within or without the Church's communion. Mr. Slattery has proven himself to be a constructive force in the Church at a time when there was great need of his services. He takes rank easily among the best thinkers of the Church by this notable production." In a personal letter Mr. Morehouse added, "I suppose that sometime the opportunity comes to each one to elect whether he will help to build or whether he will pull down and that much depends upon the choice that he really makes."

Bishop Lawrence, who had already read the book in proof sheets, was delighted by this favorable notice, and expressed the hope that the *Living Church* would discover that the author was a graduate of the Cambridge School.

"Your statement of a distinction between a belief in the Incarnation and the method of the Birth of our Lord is excellent," he wrote, "and whatever men are feeling as to the method it is well that they should become familiar with this distinction." Doctor William Reed Huntington, leader of liberals in General Convention but conservative in his theology, reviewed the book with unqualified approval. And Professor Palmer was moved by the "wealth, precision and candor" of his thoughts. "Among many others let an old teacher thank you."

Most grateful of all to the author was the praise of Doctor Allen. Slattery would have been glad to dedicate the book to him, but humility restrained him from going further than acknowledging a debt "to a great scholar whose name deserves a richer setting than this book can give." Allen turned the tables by incorporating an appreciative reference to his pupil in a book of his own which appeared in the following year.[1]

That the Cambridge School was delighted went without saying. Here was a practical demonstration that its teaching was not unsettling to faith, but on the contrary was providing a great and needed reconciliation between traditional theology and a world which acknowledged the findings of modern scholarship but did not know quite what to make of them. The school had never awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity to any of its alumni, going upon the theory that to possess significance this degree should be earned. Dean Hodges felt that at last it had been earned: Slattery's *The Master of the World* was submitted in manuscript as a thesis to a Committee on Honorary Degrees, and in June, 1907, the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the school, the Dean of the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour at Faribault became the school's first Doctor.

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[1] *Freedom in the Church*, by A. V. G. Allen, p. 139.

To have won the approval of the *Living Church* at the same time with that of the Cambridge School was no small accomplishment. But the most discriminating criticism of the book came from still another quarter, outside the Episcopal Church and independent of its controversies. Slattery's classmate at Harvard, the Reverend James Everett Frame, was now a member of the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary in New York, and represented liberal Presbyterianism in its scholarly aspect. Under the date of December 26, 1906, he wrote: "It is stimulating . . . to get such a revelation of yourself as your book permits me to discover. It is the style of a man who could take long hand notes in Phil. 4 and have the English clearer and smoother than Palmer's own oral style. It is the reflection of a man who cares more for Greek than Latin, Athanasius than Augustine. But my joy in reading it was not simply the joy of meeting estimates with which I could agree, nor the joy of finding insights which I had never seen expressed just as the book put them, but also the great joy of communing with you in the book. There I saw the Christian man approaching the problem after years of experience with men and their needs, after years of experimenting in the Christian hypothesis, and years of reflection upon the significance of the Master in the large."

From Grace Church rectory Doctor Huntington wrote, "*The Master of the World* strikes me as the best book of its class since *Ecce Homo.* It avoids the ponderosity of such works as *In the Days of His Flesh* and equally avoids the slightness and thinness of some treatises that might be named. It is a book to be put into the hands of college graduates, both men and women."

During these years of literary activity, parochial duties were invariably put first, and many a chapter was left incompleted for the time being as its author turned to Bible class, popular lecture, week-day address or Sunday sermons, was called to a twenty mile drive over rough roads to minister to quondam parishioners, or summoned from his study by strangers who desired a "Cathedral wedding." Early in 1902 he wrote that he was rejoicing over a dignified stone pulpit, by which a former insignificant pulpit had been replaced. "We are also building our Tower, and adding to our Guild House; but more than these material signs, I value the increasing devotion of the people. They never worked as they work this winter, and they never seemed so near to me. I believe it was right to stay and steady the work in this time of transition."

The completion of the Cathedral by the erection of a stone tower in memory of Bishop Whipple was the outstanding material accomplishment of these busy years. The community was small, the diocese poor, most of Bishop Whipple's old friends to whom appeals might have been made had died before he did, and the raising of funds was not easy. But the indefatigable Dean did not allow himself to be discouraged, and when seemingly all had been done that could be done and funds to complete the interior of the tower were still lacking, he adopted the interesting expedient of writing personally to officers in the United States Army, many of whom had known Bishop Whipple, asking for memorial gifts in the amounts of five and ten dollars. The response was immediate and gratifying, General Craighill replying by return mail to make his gift and give endorsement to the project. President Cleveland wrote a gracious letter and sent a personal contribution.

Relations with the Seabury Divinity School were growing more intimate, as the conservative members of the faculty awoke to the realization that the Dean, although liberal, was "sound on the fundamentals." In January, 1904, Mr. Camp died, leaving a vacancy in the chair of New Testament exegesis at Seabury. He had been a loyal friend to Slattery, who greatly missed him. When the trustees met after the funeral and asked him to take this department for the rest of the year, he declined because he could not sacrifice the parish, but a year later, after an appeal from the Bishop and the faculty, he consented to take one class at Seabury in the New Testament, and to give some popular lectures once a fortnight or so, "just to lighten the rather oppressive seriousness of the institution," he confided to a friend. He felt a little burdened by the double duty. "A person can't shake responsibility, and once he touches an institution he feels 'responsible for souls.' I sometimes envy the people who can be content to stop with things."

Other calls from theological institutions were in the offing. In 1902 he was nominated by Mr. George Zabriskie for the professorship of pastoral theology in the General Seminary, New York, and was the second choice of Bishop Potter for the post, but failed of election. Later, he was invited by Doctor Fulton to take up Church journalism with him in Philadelphia, but declined. It was well he did, for in 1907 Doctor Fulton was "after Doctor Allen with a hot poker" for his defense of liberal positions in *Freedom in the Church.* Slattery was enthusiastic over this notable little book and its timely appearance; the occasion was the famous trial of Doctor Crapsey for heresy and the consequent controversies. "I have just finished 'Freedom in the Church,'" he wrote to the author February 26, 1907. "How beautiful the Primitive Church and the Reformation Age are as you describe them! It *must* help the confused people who talk always of Catholicity; and I feel sure that it will help even more people who are really troubled by the doctrine of the Virgin Birth—because it is made a doctrine. When they find that it is not the doctrine of the Incarnation I think they will accept it as readily as they accept the cross in baptism,—because they don't *have* to."

Possibly appreciation of the beauty of the Reformation Age was responsible for the ensuing outburst, evoked by the pre-Reformation vestments of a distinguished English prelate: "The thing I can't understand is how a man with sense of humor could see himself in cope and mitre, as he glanced at the glass, and then go into a nineteenth century Church without smiling."

Summer vacations among the mountains helped to repair strains and the stresses on mind and body during these busy years. Under date of July 26, 1905, Dean Slattery wrote to a friend: "Banff, Alberta. My mother and I are again in these wonderful Canadian Rockies, and next week we go over the divide and settle down among the Selkirks at Glacier. It is all very much like Switzerland, except that one dolefully misses the picturesque Swiss villages and the association of history. It would be comforting to mark the road of some American Hannibal or Napoleon,—but the daring mountain climber is the only hero anyone knows here. Still it is beautiful, and it is good to see the artists, botanists, geologists, and other interesting people that gather in such a spot." At the end of the letter occurs an intimation that the stay in Faribault may not be continued indefinitely, and of his looking out for a possible successor there.

Invited to lecture at the Albany Summer School, he decided upon the Doctrine of Immortality for a subject, with the subheads (1) "Faith in Immortality better than the Knowledge of it," because it is the "hope" for which we must trust God, so making us rely on Him; (2) "The Future Life Indescribable in Terms of This Life," that is, some discussion of the limitations of our "earth consciousness," time, space, etc.; (3) "The Possible Contribution of Psychical Research." He was doubtful of the wisdom of introducing the latter topic, but was inclined to do so on the ground that "when philosophers and scientists are talking about Psychic Research, the Church ought to have something to say." "What the new life is, faith will always be able to tell better than science. . . . The one real boon which a positive outcome to the study of psychical phenomena might have for men is that to those who do not now believe that there is to be a world to come, the objective, scientific assurance might be the spark which should touch into flame the instinctive faith in God which is hid in all human nature."

Slattery's interest in the subject led him to consult Professor William James, and in reply he received from his former teacher the following letter, under date of April 21, 1907:

Dear Mr. Slattery

My state of mind is this: Mrs. Piper has supernormal knowledge in her trances: but whether it comes from "tapping the minds" of living people, or from some common cosmic reservoir of memories, or from surviving "spirits" of the departed, is a question impossible for *me* to answer just now to my own satisfaction. The spirit-theory is undoubtedly not only the most natural, but the simplest, and I have great respect for Hodgson's and Hyslop's arguments when they adopt it. At the same time the electric current called *belief* has not yet closed in my mind.

Whatever the explanation be, trance-mediumship is an exceedingly *complex* phenomenon, in which many concurrent factors are engaged. That is why interpretation is so hard.

Make any use, public or private, that you like of this.

In great haste, your,
Wm. James.

The Immortality lectures were well received. Bishop Hall was "especially kind; listening to every word; speaking about them; and saying he thought they should be printed." They were subsequently published with the title *Life Beyond Life*, and went into a fourth edition.

Like Browning, Slattery believed that the next world will be the scene of moral progress. In a letter consoling a "dear Faribault Parishioner" for the death of a friend, he wrote: "I do say that the Lord has work for him farther on. I believe not only in second chances, but in infinite chances. And the saints will be seeking and finding those who have passed to the other world without accomplishment, and will be helping them to the victory. The missionary spirit is as eternal as God's love."

Another thought had weight with him. Slattery believed that life persists in its relationships. Members of a family may die, but the family does not die. It has become related to other families, and survives as part of one great company in a mystery of continuation which looks back over millenniums of recorded time and forward into an illimitable future. A man is not a solitary individual. He is a bundle of relationships. He is himself, and will survive as such, but he is also son, husband, brother, kinsman, friend, and will also survive in these relationships, bound up in one bundle of life with those who constitute his larger self.

Slattery was so impressed with this consideration that he made impressive use of it in two of his books, *Life Beyond Life* and *The Gift of Immortality.* In the former he laid it down as a safe principle that we ought to make as little distinction as possible between ourselves and those who have vanished. "Life is all one: they live and we live; and we are all joined in one blessed company as friends and followers of Jesus Christ, as children of the same Father." He believed it to be "one of the signs of a wholesome maturity that a man begins to care little where his home is if he may have the companionship of a sufficient number of life-giving friends. To grow into the noble lives about him and to feel their lives growing into his is, more than anything else, true life."

In the latter book the author developed more fully his thought of the immortality of relationships as these, in ever widening circles, enable the individual to emerge from selfishness into large and noble extensions of personality. He could not imagine immortality for the individual without imagining an immortality for the bonds which knit individuals together in the family, the university, the nation, and the Church. "The relationships of the family, sacred on earth, must have a meaning beyond time. The spirit of a university putting its mark upon generation after generation, binding to itself affection and loyalty, means, one suspects, a durable influence in life beyond the grave. . . . The idea of nationality stands for something eternal. . . . Beyond the ideal of the Church it is only a step to the relationship which men bear one to another simply because they are alive. It is the ideal of the Church that it should embrace the world; till it does, we must think of one more relationship which cannot die."

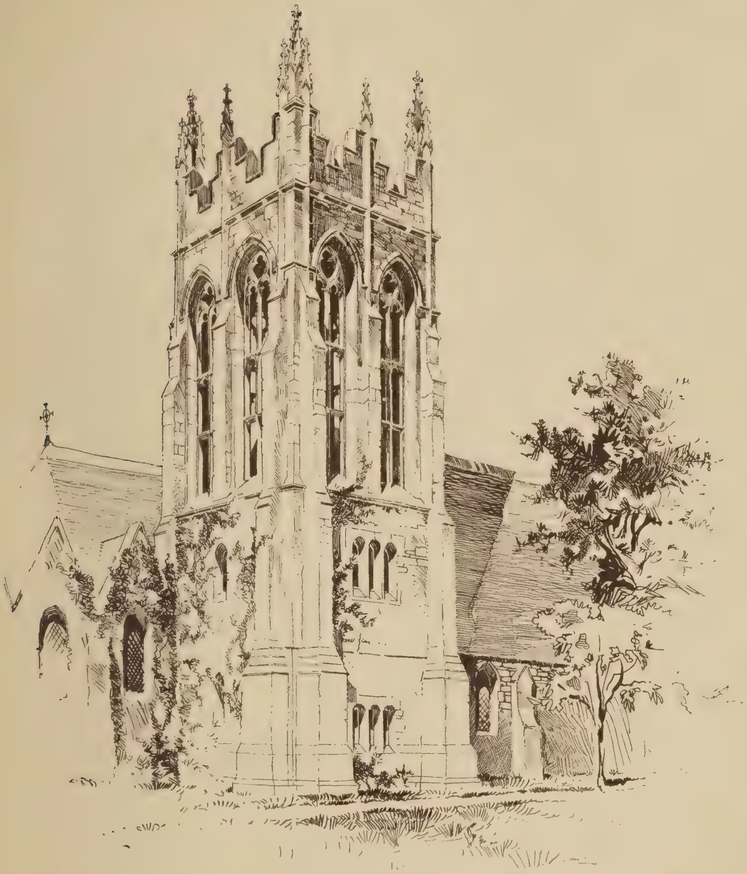
It is suggestive that Slattery should have included the university in these concentric circles. "In our own land," he said, "Jonathan Edwards is part of Yale, and Yale is part of Edwards: and Agassiz and Emerson and Phillips Brooks are inseparable from Harvard." Slattery could not think of Harvard except in terms of beloved persons: Andrew Preston Peabody, LeBaron Russell Briggs, George Herbert Palmer, William James, Josiah Royce, Phillips Brooks; therefore even in heaven he must continue to be a Harvard man.

Slattery's belief in "life beyond life" did not in the least degree lessen his interest in this present world but appears rather to have enhanced it. He never lost his youthful zest for life, and he explored it through a thousand paths with the eager curiosity of one in whom the eternal boy survives and gives vigor and initiative to manhood. It is said that Leonardo da Vinci was the last child of the Renaissance who never grew up, and tried to make all knowledge his province. As a boy Charles had reproduced the insatiable curiosity of a da Vinci. He read omnivorously. He tried his inexperienced hand at every art. He made elaborate easels with his jig-saw; he organized a cast of childish actors; he began painting before he had a single lesson; he was fascinated by Mr. Brunot's microscope; he broke rocks with his little hammer and discovered hidden crystals; he trudged for miles in search of orchids and found one of the rarest orchids in Maine; he caught butterflies and classified them; he catalogued his specimens of minerals; he rigged up a pulpit and preached to his playmates. Games bored him, but only because life itself was for him a prodigious game;

there were so very many things to do and he wanted to do them all.

As he grew older the versatility persisted. He collected Pickering editions instead of stamps, and autographs of eminent persons instead of coins, but his interest in his various hobbies was equally ardent. Perhaps it was the eternal boy in him that led him to literary expression in so many different media: letters, sermons, essays, biographies, theological treatises, poems, book reviews, and romantic and satirical fiction; the latter a substantial volume written apparently as a jeu d'esprit and never published, a veritable *Barchester Towers* of ecclesiastical conditions in Faribault.

Slattery's love of beautiful things amounted to a passion and he was forever bringing his knowledge and love of them into creative action. The Whipple Tower and Gilbert Hall in Faribault and the furnishings of its Cathedral; in later years, the pulpit and stained glass windows in Christ Church, Springfield; the beautiful sacristy of Grace Church, New York, with its seven memorials upon the selection of which he bestowed endless pains and for each of which he wrote an appropriate inscription; the new Diocesan House in Boston and especially its library and chapel, all bear imperishable marks of his skill as well as of his care. A blank sheet of paper had an irresistible attraction for him; he could not let it remain blank, but reached at once for pen or pencil and was soon drawing arabesques, quatrefoils or initial letters, some of them worthy of permanent record for their ingenuity and charm. His mind was incessantly active. He could spend hours upon picture puzzles or cross-word puzzles, and when one was solved, there was always the same question: "There, that's done! Now what



THE WHIPPLE MEMORIAL TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL IN FARIBAULT

shall I do next?" He wrote innumerable letters, but although the occasions for them were often similar, as in the case of letters of condolence, he never repeated himself. The artist in him hated exact repetition. The writer has a dozen books of his, each with a personal inscription, but no two inscriptions are alike. Slattery wrote easily, in a flowing hand; the cursive handwriting is always legible, but markedly individual as well as beautiful; it resembles no other. He talked easily and well, but best when he was with trusted friends and he could "let himself go." Circumspect and careful of speech on all public occasions, at these times he could be amazingly and delightfully indiscreet; he trusted his intimate friends without reserve and they gave him no occasion to regret his confidence in them.

In 1906 Dean Slattery celebrated his tenth anniversary, preaching by the request of the vestry on "The Ten Years." "The parish here has been very gracious over my anniversary," he wrote to Doctor Nichols. "They have managed it all themselves, and for once I have had no hand in the arrangements. Saturday afternoon three vestrymen waited on me quietly in my study and put into my hands $400 in gold. Sunday morning a choir of sixty and the clergy of the town marched through the west door and with the church packed on either side mightily stirred the air with music."

In the congregation pride and affection were beginning to be mingled with anxiety. Their Dean was becoming public property through his books, known and esteemed in constantly widening circles. How much longer would they be able to keep him for themselves?

IX

A NEW ENGLAND PARISH
1907-1910

In 1907 Dean Slattery was for the first time elected a deputy to General Convention, the supreme legislative assembly of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His prominence in the Diocese of Minnesota warranted an earlier election, but he was still a young man and the custom of reëlecting veterans was in vogue there as elsewhere; moreover, he had already received recognition by election to the Standing Committee.

The General Convention of 1907 met in Richmond, Virginia, in recognition of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Church in Jamestown. Slattery delighted in the hospitable southern city and in the opportunities to meet churchmen from all parts of the country. The spirit of the convention seemed to him "singularly free of partisanship and prejudice." "Of course," he wrote, "there were some orators who tried to make us believe that they were elected to preserve the Faith, but no one took them seriously. It was really encouraging to notice the sort of people that made the Convention impatient. Being a new member, of course I said nothing; but I was a diligent voter. Bishop Lawrence made us all proud; his Jamestown speech was extremely fine."

Slattery's unwillingness to take part in general discussions was characteristic. Year after year he sat silent in diocesan conventions in New York, paying diligent attention but seldom, if ever, participating in debates of a general character. It was through no lack of self-confidence; his reports as chairman of various committees were always clear, informed, and presented with telling directness. Perhaps because of his New England consciousness of the sacredness of time, he was unwilling to waste the time of several hundred men by one unnecessary word when a vote would equally well serve his purpose.

Encouraged over the state of the Church in general, the new clerical deputy was burdened with a personal problem. He had decided that the time had at last come for him to leave Faribault, but he was not sure what he ought to do next. Calls from Chicago, Syracuse and Springfield were distracting his attention by their conflicting claims; to make confusion worse confounded, Bishop Gailor and Bishop Guerry fell upon him in Richmond, telling him that it was his duty to be chaplain of the University of the South, a post which they themselves had successively occupied. He quickly decided that this at least was not his duty, being sure of his vocation for the pastoral ministry.

Chicago was the next claimant for consideration. The call came from Christ Church, Winnetka, and as presented by Mr. James L. Houghteling it was "very beguiling." A man living there might have close contacts with all the institutions, movements and problems of a great city, but be far enough away so that he need not be caught up by them and "driven to nervous prostration or heart disease." And he would have ample time for literary work. Doctor Huntington advised him to accept for these reasons. The real trouble was that the call was too beguiling; Slattery felt the need of harder and more exacting work. "I have no right to settle down in a suburb," he said to a friend. So he declined the call.

The choice between Syracuse and Springfield was more difficult. St. Paul's and Christ Church were both large, strong, city parishes; both meant hard work, and both promised the comfort of results. Undecided, he broadcast appeals to his friends to help him make up his mind, in the familiar fashion which gratified while it amused them. "I am very glad that you have been called to Christ Church, Springfield," Bishop Lawrence replied under date of September 12. "Springfield is provincial, but to me very attractive. It has, I think, a larger proportion of American population than any Massachusetts city. Christ Church dominates or can dominate the Church life of Springfield and the Connecticut Valley in a way that no other Massachusetts parish can influence its surroundings. . . . The Rector of Christ Church is the leading Rector of the Diocese. If he is the right man Mount Holyoke and Smith Colleges look to him for help. There is expansion of Church work to be done in Springfield. You would, I am confident, succeed John Brooks in a natural way, sympathizing with his theology but filling out where he was weak in a desire for more dignified ritual; meeting the taste of the younger generation. You would find a sympathetic supporter in Bishop Vinton, for while his lonely life has made him sensitive in some ways, he is devoted to his clergy and ready to back them. He is a high churchman with full sympathy with men not of his way of thinking."

Bishop Edsall viewed the matter differently. "Of course, I know about how these calls, and agitations for calls (I have at least a dozen such concerning you) started. Bishop Lawrence, Doctor Nichols and other Eastern friends have very naturally and properly suggested your name when important vacancies occurred; and as to Winnetka, Mr. Houghteling had been most impressed by your books. Still I cannot bear to think of losing you. Why not stay in Faribault until you become a bishop? I mean it."

Dean Hodges pronounced for Springfield. What Slattery's mother had to say upon the matter is not recorded, but from her devotion to New England it may be inferred. The die was cast, and while still in Richmond, Dean Slattery wrote to his vestry at Faribault presenting his resignation. The formal reply follows under date of November 20, 1907:

> Our regret and sorrow at the thought of your approaching departure are such that utterance becomes not easy. But we cannot let you go without trying to tell you something of the grateful appreciation we feel for the work you have done among us.
>
> Believe us when we say that it will never be forgotten. The Bishop's Tower and Gilbert Hall will ever stand witnesses, as eloquent of your work as of the great men they commemorate. But more enduring still will be the evidence, within the life of the community, of the influence you have had upon ourselves and upon every one whom your life has touched.
>
> We write this above our individual signatures, but we speak for the whole parish in what we write, and for all who know you here. Now let us say a word for ourselves. Many of us have been co-workers with you for the temporal welfare of this Parish the whole eleven years you have been with us. Some of us have served with you only a comparatively short time. But the junior no less than the senior members, and all with a full heart, unite to assure you that your departure means to us the loss of the most far-seeing guide, the truest philosopher, the most sympathetic friend.
>
> In going to your new work you carry with you our best wishes and our heart-felt blessings.

Then followed the signatures of all the vestry.

"These last days in Faribault are doleful," Slattery wrote to Doctor Allen. "Eleven years and more I have spent here, with a singularly even and happy life. People and things have grown into me, and it does not yet seem possible that these people are to be anybody else's. Most of the people understand; but a few think I am fleeing to the East, because it is East. Really I think I should be willing to have gone anywhere, if the right work opened. When I was in the Theological School I announced that I should never teach in a boys' school and I should never go west. The first thing I did was to teach in a boys' school, the second to go west. Since then I have had a feeling that one in the ministry is under orders, and will go where he is *sent*. It is because I have the feeling that I am being *sent* to Springfield, that I have an easy mind about it."

December found Doctor Slattery temporarily in residence at 43 Edwards Street, Springfield, from which he moved later to a pleasant house on Crescent Hill, which he very much liked. "From our windows, the Connecticut and the Berkshires are in full view; and the birds sing all day long in the trees."

The new work began auspiciously. "We have had fine services today," he wrote to his mother on Advent Sunday, when she was visiting the Theopolds in Faribault. "They told me the morning congregation was the largest ever seen in Christ Church, but I am sure this is an exaggeration. In the evening again there was a big congregation. It all looks very encouraging. Only I am remembering that I am a new broom, and this sort of thing is not likely to last."

But the new broom kept on sweeping clean, and swept back many wanderers from the parochial fold; there was a return of the disaffected and nearly all the pews were soon rented. The eleven years of preaching and lecturing at Faribault had given Doctor Slattery a large reserve of useful material, as he had made it a practice to keep not only his written sermons but also notes of lectures and outlines of sermons preached extempore. He could rely upon these for some time without jeopardizing the power of his preaching, and while living on his homiletical tissues he utilized every saved hour for parochical administration and the usual diligent calling.

One of his first tasks was to get hold of the parish register, which contained the names of all persons confirmed in Christ Church or formally transferred to it, and to compare it with the lists of actual attendants. There were glaring discrepancies, as is almost invariably the case in a large and established parish; these represented leakages. Many former parishioners had gone away without taking the trouble to transfer their membership to the new church homes, some maidens had married and not notified the rector of their changed names or status, and some communicants had lapsed. The third class seemed to him to call for immediate attention, and he went out at once in search of the lost.

Many interesting recoveries resulted from this intensive pastoral ministry, and one at least had poignant significance. For weeks, he was unable to identify a name on the register with any person whose address was known, but he kept on searching with the zeal of a pastor and the persistence of a detective until he located his lost lamb in a house of ill fame, rescued her, and made possible for her the beginning of a new life.

Work of this sort was more eloquent than even the best of his sermons, and had larger and more permanent results; by it he won without conscious effort the loyalty of his curate, Donald Alexander, and other parish workers, and established relations of trust and affection with the parish at large. "Every one is very kind and responsive," he wrote to his mother, and again "Everybody is more than kind." His heart was still "busted," he told her, for his lost Faribault, but was "beginning to mend a little."

New England is often described as cold, but warmth was not lacking in the response of the parish to the ministration of the new rector. Cordiality quickly mounted to enthusiasm as his preaching filled the church and his pastoral calling made him known to his people. Instead of dodging opportunities for parish work, or accepting them with perfunctory dutifulness, members of the congregation were soon actually volunteering for service and the rector was kept busy devising proper channels for the expression of this newly aroused interest. New societies were formed, and old ones revamped and made effective. The women were given charge of the parish house, and every room in it was put to parochial or social use. The women's work was already well organized and, as in Faribault, Doctor Slattery gave especial attention to the men's organizations, and a highly successful Men's Club again responded to his interest and leadership.

In these developments the primary interests were kept in view. All the parochial activities were infused with a religious spirit; mere numbers and amounts of money raised being regarded as incidental. Slattery's evangelical spirit guarded him and his people from the mere institutionalism into which broad churchmanship is likely to degenerate when it exalts social service above worship and brings the parish house into prominence at the expense of the pulpit and the altar.

The parish activities organized and running smoothly, the rector next turned his attention to the more immediate material needs of the church and its furnishings. The first thing he did was to dignify the altar. It was enlarged slightly, and proper hangings provided in suitable colors for the Church seasons, something entirely new for Christ Church. The old carpet was replaced by a marble floor. The walls which were stenciled in a variety of colors, were repainted of one color; the chandeliers of a poor design and gaudy in coloring were removed; the clerestory windows of inferior colored glass and crude conceptions of saints and angels were replaced by excellent ones by an English maker of glass who was then inaugurating an æsthetic revolution in England.

These windows were of particular interest to Doctor Slattery. He selected the subjects and tried to impress the vestry with the necessity of having, not only these windows, but any others that might be added from time to time, by one maker if possible, so as to insure a harmonious whole. He disliked the idea of odd lots of costly glass, good in themselves but incongruous alongside of the rest. A mere aggregation of expensive things having no relation to each other was repugnant to his good taste and sense of the fitness of things.

This interest in the beautifying of Christ Church lasted long after Doctor Slattery had left the parish. In later years Mr. Henry M. Morgan, warden of the parish, had considerable correspondence with him about new windows, and remarks that although he was "as busy as anyone could be as Rector of Grace Church, New York, and later as Bishop of Massachusetts, he was as interested in these windows as though he were still rector of Christ Church." In 1916 he wrote, "I am delighted that more windows are coming for dear Christ Church! I am not sure that I remember clearly the scheme, but I think it was this:

> North Transept: Rose, Twelve Apostles.
> Lower windows; Four Latin Fathers; viz. Augustine, Ambrose, Gregory the Great, Jerome.
> South Transept; Rose, Jesse window.
> Lower windows: Four Greek fathers; viz. Clement of Alexandria, John Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Athanasius.
>
> North Aisle: English Churchmen: Bede, Anselm, Wyclif, Cranmer, Hooker and Wesley.
> South Aisle: American Churchmen: Hunt of Jamestown, Bishop Seabury, Bishop White, Dr. Muhlenberg, Boone of China and Bishop Whipple."

The old stone pulpit, always inadequate and not greatly improved by the addition of a huge sounding-board, was superceded by a new one erected in memory of his predecessor, the Reverend John Cotton Brooks, for twenty-eight years rector of the parish. Slattery gave much thought to its design. "I am, besides loafing, writing a book and building a pulpit," he wrote to Mrs. Theopold in the summer of 1909. "It is to have little figures of five representative preachers—St. Paul, St. Chrysostom, Savonarola, Latimer and Brooks. The Savonarola is to be a reproduction of Puzju's statue and is to be quite wonderful. Between the niches are to be shields of the cities or sees of the preachers. You must come and see it."

Of course all these things took time. They were not all done at once and they involved the expenditure of a good deal of money which was, however, raised before the work was begun. Slattery insisted that no debt be incurred, but had no objection to spending money lavishly if need be, provided it was raised first.

Outside the church and parish house, the most pressing need was a permanent home for the minister, as the house on Crescent Hill was not owned but rented, and a new rectory, now used as Diocesan House, was begun during the summer of 1908, with funds from the Easter offering, and finished in November. It was a pleasant and substantial home, enabling hospitality, and the library was large enough to accommodate the steadily increasing possessions of the book-loving rector. He designed a book-plate for them. "Now that you have been to a 'hart school,' you'll sniff at it," he wrote to a friend in Faribault. "It is full of history as you see. The shields are Harvard, Cambridge, the Cathedral, and Christ Church. Out of doors you see the Bishop's Tower, Gilbert Hall, and the Canadian Rockies. Indoors you see Pickering Editions, Gothic tracery, and a little good Gothic carving."

Doctor Slattery's relations with Bishop Vinton were cordial but not intimate; the two men greatly respected one another, but were inhibited by temperament from the warmth of affection which characterized the friendship of the former with Bishop Whipple in Minnesota and with Bishop Greer in New York. Almost the first time that Slattery was pronouncedly assertive against "authority" was his protest to Bishop Vinton against a change which he considered serious in a Communion service of the Diocesan Convention held in Christ Church, which was at that time, of course, still a parish church and not the cathedral that it has since become. Brooks' churchmanship still held Christ Church. Bishop Vinton pressed the matter. Slattery, rector, withdrew from the procession and sat in the choir, taking no part. His rights as rector had been overruled in his own church by what he considered to be an unwarranted act of episcopal authority, but beyond the quiet assertion of presbyterial rights above recorded, he made no further protest. The difference was not allowed to develop into a controversy. "The bishop and I have made it up," Slattery wrote to George Thomas, who was now in Fitchburg. "We are going to be friends, not only on the surface, but deep down inside. . . . Thank you, dear chap, for your affectionate sympathy. I have had a horrible two days. Two days more of it and I should have been off for nervous prostration. The Lord never meant me to be a foe of good Christians on the score of trifles. And, the Lord helping me, I'm not going to talk of 'rights.' I'll try work and love, and jog along according to my convictions.

"You'll think me a little daffy. But I am relieved to have the strain over. I feel as if I had gone through a severe illness and were just recovering."

Not long afterward, in another connection, Bishop Vinton wrote, "My dear Slattery—He would be pachydermatous who was not touched by such a kind letter as I have had from you and I thank you for it in all sincerity. A bishop seldom gets any expression of feeling from his clergy after a visitation (I am speaking of myself after all) and is apt to think that comment general, which is reported to have been said by the parish priest, 'Well, that's over for another year!'

"I had a very happy time with you and only regretted the obvious strain that your multifarious engagements have put upon your physical resources. I shall be glad to arrange for the supplemental confirmation at our convenience, believing with you that when adults have made up their minds to act, they should not be allowed to lose interest in their decision." A year later Bishop Vinton wrote: "What was most significant to a bishop's watchful eye—was the unconscious looks of affection given to you by your parishioners. It is a great thing to have won these so soon in undemonstrative New England—and the knowledge must be very precious."

In addition to his parish duties Slattery was invited by Dean Hart to lecture in the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut. Middletown was only a few miles away, and he accepted the invitation, relying upon material which he had used in Faribault. "Of course, I take out old wares for such occasions," he confessed with engaging frankness in a letter to a Faribault parishioner, "and shall probably do Augustine and Jerome for them. Sam Hart is delightful. He sits in the front row at my lectures, and after every joke he bubbles and chuckles for five full minutes. The lectures are really quite nice, and I should be tempted to print them, except that I want to have something on hand for invitations to seminaries."

Meanwhile, as in Faribault, incessant parochial activity did not exhaust Slattery's abounding energy. Literary work was not being neglected, and during the rectorship in Springfield two more books were added to the rapidly growing collection. The first, *The Historic Ministry and the Present Christ*, was a popular presentation of the threefold ministry from a liberal viewpoint. "You are not 'definite' for which I am glad," wrote Bishop Lawrence. The second, *Present Day Preaching*, was a popular treatise upon homiletics, which is still in use in theological seminaries. In both of these books, and in most of those which followed, Doctor Slattery had in view providing the laymen and younger clergymen of the Episcopal

Church with clear and simple statements of the position of men of liberal spirit, hoping that they might find the kind of help and guidance in them that was so largely supplied during the Tractarian movement, a generation earlier, by men of a different school of thought. He felt that the meager output from American liberals contrasted unhappily with the flood of religious literature in England, and he was anxious to have what he termed his "tiny share" in removing this reproach from his country and his party in the Church. Slattery loved to teach, and all his theological writings bear the mark of his purpose to transmit his teachings in terms understandable by ordinary readers whom scholarly tomes would repel.

Another biography was also in preparation. On December 17, 1907, he had written to Doctor Allen, "I have been to Mecca and back again! . . . In memory of it I shall go in and out the streets of Springfield with a gayer trot—as George Herbert would say." It was his last visit to his spiritual Mecca, for soon afterwards Doctor Allen died. There was no one of all his teachers to whom Slattery owed quite as much as to this prophet of Greek theology, and when the family turned to him as the man evidently best fitted by ability and sympathy to write the life history of Doctor Allen, his former pupil accepted the task as a sacred trust. He spent more time in preparation for it than was customary with him, going through a great amount of material, and although the work was begun in 1908, it was not completed until three years later, by which time he had left Springfield.

The summer of 1908 found him for the first time in Heath, a lovely hamlet in northwestern Massachusetts, founded in colonial times near the site of Fort Shirley, in uplands north of the Deerfield River and midway between Mount Greylock and Mount Monadnock. Miss Ethel Paine, a daughter of Robert Treat Paine of Boston and an intimate friend of Mrs. Allen, had her summer home there, and as Mrs. Allen was visiting her, it was an ideal place to begin the work upon the new biography. "We walk and drive," he wrote to his mother, "in addition to the reading of diaries and letters. We have been reading the letters from Rome in the evening with every one present, and they are most interesting. The diaries of the boyhood and college days are very full, and reveal everything." They made a trip to Boxford, Doctor Allen's summer home, "hot and sleepy, but otherwise delightful," where Professor Palmer joined them. It was just the sort of summer vacation that Slattery enjoyed, for without a book or its equivalent in preparation, he would have been ill at ease and would have felt that he was loafing without warrant.

In March, 1909, Doctor Slattery left his parish for a week of Lenten preaching in New York. He had preached in New York before, at Holy Trinity, Harlem, occupying the pulpit of Doctor Nichols on several occasions in successive summers, but Lenten preaching in "old Trinity" brought him into the heart of things, and was, although he did not know it, the opening wedge in preparation for a New York ministry. He saw much of Dean Wilford L. Robbins of the General Theological Seminary, and of Bishop Greer, who was always keenly on the lookout for promising material for the diocese. "After the noon-day service, I went to Bishop Greer's," he wrote on March 25. "The whole Greer family was there, married daughter and all, and they have been coming to all my sermons both in Trinity and in Calvary. The Bishop afterwards told me that he was planning a great mass meeting in

Carnegie Hall the night before Diocesan Convention—November 9—and he wanted me to make one of three speeches. Wasn't it kind of him?"

Others were equally interested, and had their own plans. Mr. George Zabriskie, undeterred by former lack of success, again nominated him for a professorship in the General Theological Seminary, this time for the chair of ecclesiastical history, and on May 25 he was elected by a large majority. "We want you very much," Mr. Zabriskie wrote. "We have an idea that you can teach the particular subject for which you were chosen, and that you can incidentally teach the young men some of those things which go to make up culture. Still more, we are confident that you can greatly help the men spiritually, giving them right ideals of their calling, and enthusiasm, and religion." Dean Wilford L. Robbins wrote, "Personally, I believe that no greater opportunity for doing good could open before you, and it is my earnest prayer that you will come." And Professor Roper, later a bishop in the Canadian Church, voiced the welcome of the other members of the faculty: "The work here is very far-reaching, and in spite of much that one would wish to be otherwise, there is at the end of every year the happy confidence that some young lives have been awakened and deepened in the grasp of higher ideals of life and service; and further happiness in the thought that lives so helped and guided will tell for much in parishes scattered here and there all over the land in the foreign field." One of the younger instructors wrote to tell him that no one had made a deeper impression in the seminary chapel than he did when he was there, and that the students were very hopeful of his coming. "I suppose that I have been asked fifty times if there was any chance of your coming."

DOCTOR SLATTERY WITH ONE OF HIS GODSONS IN HIS STUDY, SPRINGFIELD

Slattery did not undervalue the opportunities opened by such a call. Even if he went for only a few years, to return later to the pastoral ministry, these few years spent in exact study and in the experience of teaching would tend to put him in possession of a larger field of exact knowledge and so enable him, as Professor Roper told him, to give to the full the contribution his powers qualified him to give to the life of the Church and the solution of its problems. As usual, there was anxious self-questioning, and consultation with friends. Bishop Lawrence thought that he would do well to accept. "It is a position of large opportunity and influence throughout the church in the coming generation." Slattery's classmate, the Reverend Henry Bradford Washburn, who had just accepted the call to the corresponding chair in the Episcopal Theological School, was inclined to think he should go, but doubtful in view of the marked success in Springfield. A clergyman from Baltimore besought him not to make an answer till after the Maryland Diocesan Convention had elected its bishop. (Doctor Slattery had strong and influential support in this convention, coming next to Doctor Murray in both clerical and lay votes for four ballots.) Bishop Kinsman answered somewhat equivocally; the Chair of History "gives a man a splendid chance for a splendid life-work," but under existing circumstances he himself had not been sorry to leave. After a few weeks the call was declined, to the general regret of his friends in the seminary. "The personal consideration weighs greatly upon us," Mr. Zabriskie wrote disconsolately. "When you like anybody very much you long for more of that person's society. That is the way we feel towards you. As you grow older you more rarely encounter those to whom you feel so drawn."

With Doctor Nichols, who took him to task for the declination, Slattery was vigorous in his own defense. "My dear Uncle," he wrote, "you are *not* comforting. I really did weigh the question. It was not a formal decision which I have just registered. It was a very narrow decision. I almost decided to go, because Bishop Lawrence, Bishop Greer, Doctor Huntington, and many others urged it. Sedgwick felt sure that I ought to go. What decided my staying here was work for certain individuals, not plans for a renovated church or any material equipment. Everything I had begun was paid for to the end, and would go through without me. How much my going would mean to certain people whom I had started a little, I could not tell till the actual call came. So don't upbraid me."

But the declination was only a reprieve. Christ Church could scarcely hope to hold its rector now that New York and its bishop had a mind for him. The metropolitan city was too compelling a magnet: if it could not have him as a professor, it would have him as a pastor, with opportunities for service that could not be gainsaid. On March 23, 1910, the vestry of Grace Church called him to succeed Doctor Huntington. Even Bishop Vinton recognized the peremptory nature of the challenge. "On my way home just now," he wrote under date of March 21, 1910, "I have read on the train of your call to Grace Church. Of course, I am not taken by surprise, and have said, as I say now, that of all the clergymen mentioned, I know of none so well equipped constitutionally and by varied accomplishments, to follow Doctor Huntington in this great parish. I realize the great loss to the diocese your abilities will be, and the affliction that must fall upon your devoted parishioners, while you have so established yourself in the city that it, too, will be filled with regret, and I, as bishop, will be the poorer."

The tidings filled the Springfield parish with dismay. Some were "indignant" that Bishop Greer and the vestry of Grace Church had disturbed the happy tenor of their ways, and were minded to apply to them Nathan's parable to an even more exalted David. "Grace Church for so many years has had so much, why does she take from us what we have wanted and needed all these years, when we just get it?" But most of the parishioners of Christ Church accepted the inevitable, resigned though inconsolable. "We have had you for the best part of three years," wrote one parishioner, "and we are supremely grateful. No other parish in the East can boast of that, and we can take a pride in your new and most important work. Dear little ——, so heartbroken that she did not go to the afternoon tea she had been chattering about so happily but slept all the afternoon instead from sheer exhaustion, (a good thing too!) came in to see me last night and said sadly: 'Well, I am glad he's going, for it will be grand to have my dean so great!' We would be selfish indeed if we were not glad for you, glad to think of the wonderful opportunity to use all your gifts in one of the greatest fields of service, proud to think that our beloved American Church has you as one of her foremost leaders." The departing rector was told that grief at his departure had drawn the whole parish together. "We look hard at each other and know that we are going to carry on your work in your spirit. There is no room for petty differences. It seems to be all love and gentleness and courage." And in similar vein, "There are not many, even among the clergy, who, like you, carry around with them that strong and gentle radiance which is reflected from our dear Lord's life. Forgive me if I speak of things almost too sacred to mention, but I have always felt it with you. I know it is that nearness which makes your work so vital. It is that which has transformed this parish."

Letters of this sort made parting difficult. "I am getting numb with this leave-taking," Slattery wrote to Thomas, "and fear I shall have only energy enough to crawl to Westfield or some such place and hide away till I must make the plunge into the New York work."

Outside of the parish, satisfaction in the call was general. The "Cambridge crowd" was jubilant, from its bishops to its youngest seminarian. Sherrard Billings wrote, "You of course will go. And I am glad for you and for the Church. You must settle down for life, and be 'Slattery of New York.' How interesting your life will be. Doctor Huntington said to me once that there always was four times as much work in New York as a man could do. You must imitate his *easy* way of working, and you must be content not to do it all and tie up the ends. As Emerson's old lady said—you must 'leave something for the Lord to do.'" Representing a larger and more disinterested circle, Doctor Kinsolving wrote from Baltimore to offer his congratulations: "There seems to be a general feeling that in your hands the destinies of this fine parish will be safe as far as human foresight can discern." And from the West, recalling friendships in Minnesota, Archdeacon Dray wrote with affectionate jocularity:

Slattery, Slattery, burdened with flattery, drifted away from the West.
Selected, Rejected, but nearly Elected a Bishop, though not by request.
A Teacher, then Preacher, (how few men could beat yer) and then a Cathedral Dean.

Still higher you aspire,—Oh, you're a high flyer—
I'm puzzled to know what you mean.
But I love you. Above you, while others up-shove you, my hands
in a blessing extend.
You're no disgrace to this "Grace," nor is this case a "misplace."
Good luck, you dear soul, to the end.

X

THE RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH
1910

On Easter Day, 1910, Bishop Greer announced to the congregation of Grace Church that Doctor Slattery had been called to succeed Doctor Huntington and that it was expected that the call would be accepted.

The announcement was received with widespread satisfaction. Among those who knew Doctor Slattery personally or by reputation it was felt generally that the vestry had selected the man best qualified to succeed Doctor Huntington and to maintain the traditions of what was considered by many to be the most influential parish in the Episcopal Church. In churchmanship he closely resembled his distinguished predecessor. Both men were impatient of partisan labels, but if they had to be labeled, "central" churchmanship would have been the appropriate adjective. They believed in the importance of a historic ministry and in historic continuity yet declined to harp upon these in an exclusive way, and while greatly valuing beauty and order in the conduct of public worship they relegated the details of ritual to a place of subordinate importance. In scholarship the author of *The Master of the World* had proved his competence: in administrative and pastoral ability, Faribault and Springfield had indicated what might be expected of him in New York. As a preacher Doctor Slattery was already known in New York through his sermons of the preceding winter in

Trinity Church and nearer by in Calvary Church on Fourth Avenue. Doctor Huntington had been preëminent as a debater rather than as a preacher. It was felt that although his successor would find it difficult to maintain an equal literary distinction, for Doctor Huntington's sermons were as perfect artistically as his sonnets, he might surpass him in warmth and in persuasive power. As a citizen exerting influence in public life the rector-elect was still an unknown quantity. His position in Faribault and Springfield gave no certain indication. New York is proverbially the graveyard of local reputations. But his friends believed in his ability and welcomed the unparalleled opportunity for him to prove his worth.

It was indeed a great opportunity. As years go by, certain parishes acquire something approaching personality, and Grace Church, then a century old, had come to possess this indefinable distinction. In private conversation Doctor Huntington used to compare the rectorship of it to the deanship of Westminster in England. In some respects the comparison was justified, though in antiquity and wealth of historic associations it might have been challenged by Trinity, mother parish of the city, and in hopes for the future by the adolescent Cathedral of St. John the Divine. But Trinity Church was now miles away from the homes of its parishioners; St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, though manned by rectors of great ability, had not yet emerged from the unbeautiful chrysalis of Victorian architecture; and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was still holding services in the crypt.

Grace Church, beautiful and commandingly situated, was under none of these disadvantages. The congregation was composed of quiet-mannered people with a background of the best traditions of old New York. The generosity of the congregation was proverbial. Its gifts, exclusive of income from endowments, amounted annually to between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Missionary bishops were elated and cast their cares aside when given the opportunity to present the budget of their needs to the people of Grace Church. In institutional work twenty or more buildings and twice as many parochial organizations showed the diversified activities of the parish. In the beauty and the order of its services Grace Church had become quite as validly the norm in America for Episcopalians as the Abbey was in England for those who preferred a more elaborate ritual. In public affairs, a former rector, Henry Codman Potter, had been the first citizen of New York: his successor, Doctor Huntington, had been an influential if less conspicuous force in the life of the city, and one greater than Bishop Potter in the councils of the Church. The rectorship of these two men had covered a period of more than forty years of harmonious parish life and uninterrupted progress. Grace Church had a tradition of which to be proud.

If the parish had a weakness, it was that of being too contented with its past to be ready for new ventures. Where all has gone well, and every canon of good taste is constantly in evidence, enthusiasm and self-abandonment become difficult. "Why do you preach about sin?" asked a member of another church similarly circumstanced. "There aren't any sinners here; at least, not among the pew-holders." In the witty phrase of William Austin Smith, Grace Church was inclined to spend its energies in "saving the saved," and to leave to the Salvation Army and similar agencies the ruder business of saving the lost.

But when Slattery heard the call of New York he was not thinking of possible limitations of his ministry. Here for him was the perfect parish, more attractive to him than any bishopric in the country and more influential than any but the greatest: a candle of light set on a Gothic candlestick; an ecclesiastical city of high renown which he was called upon to rule. Boyish dreams of what the future might hold for his ministry, recorded in his unpublished religious novel, *Deep Wells of Light*, were eclipsed by the sunlight of reality that shone upon the lovely spire of Grace. No wonder that for once he forgot his accustomed caution, and came runningly in answer to this enticing call. Ordinarily Doctor Slattery was so overcautious in the approach to a new venture that his less careful friends would "rag" him, making his delays and indecisions the subject of ribald merriment. There would be weeks of consideration, deliberation, interchange of long, detailed letters with at least a dozen friends, careful marshaling of their arguments pro and con and comparison of them with his own. In connection with his call to St. John's, Providence, he had taken a leaf out of the diary of Robinson Crusoe and measured benefits and disadvantages in parallel columns, then tried to strike a balance and arrive at a conclusion mathematically justified: his was always an analytical mind. But now there was no delay. When summoned to the telephone in Springfield by a long distance message from New York and "sounded out" by an inquisitive vestryman, he so plainly indicated his willingness that when the call actually came, and he talked it over with his friend George Thomas and asked whether he ought to accept, he received the smiling reply, "You have accepted!" The parish of his dreams had summoned him, and with the ardor of a lover he responded.

Grace Church at the first was by no means equally ardent. The parish wanted to know more about this young outlander than Bishop Greer and the vestry could tell it before giving him the freedom of the parish and admitting him to the confidence and affection that Doctor Potter and Doctor Huntington had so long enjoyed. He came with good credentials; but Faribault was a jumping-off place, even Springfield was provincial, and Grace Church was Grace Church. There was not unnatural anxiety concerning his plans for the parish. Some young ministers enter upon their work by putting up a sign, "This place under new management." Their idea of a proper introduction is to emphasize difference, hint at impending reconstructions, bring "new blood" into the parochial organizations by the appointment of new officers; their motto, "Nous avons changé tout cela." There was a widespread feeling that the new rector would find himself facing the necessity of an entire reconstruction of the parish life; that the old families would go; that the family group which had formed the center of the life of the parish would be dissipated by the abolition of rented pews, and that it would become a great institutional and preaching parish with the old life gone.

Even the vestry was not quite exempt from this anxiety. In the formal call, a quite unusual paragraph had been introduced in the form of a resolution which was carried unanimously:

> Resolved, That it is the wish of the Vestry that the services in Grace Church be carried on in substantially the same manner as under the charge of the late Rector, William Reed Huntington.

The vestry trusted Doctor Slattery or they would not have called him; but they were taking no chances that could be avoided.

Such an injunction might have irritated a man less humble-minded, or intimidated one less full of quiet and justified self-confidence, and either reaction would have been prejudicial to the success of his ministry, making him self-conscious in his approaches to his new parishioners. No greater tribute to his character as well as to his discretion can be paid than is involved in saying that in spite of this resolution of the vestry Doctor Slattery made loyalty to the memory of Doctor Huntington the keynote of his ministry in Grace Church. He made up his mind to answer the resolution in deeds rather than in words. He faced the situation and decided before he set foot in New York that as rector of Grace Church he would carry on the tradition of the parish with as little interruption as possible, and with as little change.

That he did so is well known, but the unselfishness and the tact required for such an undertaking are not so generally recognized. It is easy for a clergyman of ability to come into a badly organized or run-down or disaffected parish and to bring order out of existing confusion. Every step forward counts positively and wins acclaim and support. It is often possible to come into a strong parish and to secure approbation by making changes. There are those to whom the changes appeal, and there are persons hitherto inconspicuous in parish life who can be rallied to a new following. What is not easy, and possible only where character makes it so, is to come into a strong parish and, without change or innovation, to carry the existing order quietly forward from strength to strength.

This was the task that challenged the new rector of what was already the strongest parish in New York. For twenty-five years the whole life of Grace Church had been woven with that of Doctor Huntington. He had made the beautiful church building, with its commanding location on Broadway, a real center of worship for the life of the city. He had established at Grace Church the first choir school in this country. He had developed the music of the services to music of highest distinction. He had designed the popular evening services which became known throughout the country as "Grace Church Services," and had secured first James Johnson and later Karl Reiland as special preachers of power and appeal. He had reorganized and set free the work of Grace Chapel. He had built at New Canaan the Chapel of Peace. Side by side with his friend and bishop, Henry Codman Potter, he had labored without ceasing for the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, so that he might justly be ranked with Bishop Potter as together with him the first and most distinguished of the long line of Cathedral builders. As chairman of the Committee of the Fabric no detail of the growing structure on Morningside Heights escaped his observation, while as for funds, the major part of them was secured by the two friends from their parishioners in Grace Church and from its daughter parish, the Church of the Incarnation; St. George's making the third of the trio of parish churches which stand to the Cathedral *in loco parentis*, since without them it could not have been built. In the Church at large, Doctor Huntington's influence was nearly unbounded. Few important evangelical parishes ventured to call a rector without having first consulted him about available candidates, and it was a common rumor that delegations from no less than a dozen different dioceses had waited upon him to plead for permission to nominate him as bishop, a plea which the great presbyter invariably declined with a *Nolo episcopari* that argument and pleading could not shake. Pastor, preacher, cathedral builder, champion of Christian Unity, leader in the revision of the Prayer Book, and greatest debater that the Episcopal Church has known, Doctor Huntington had been the foremost presbyter of his generation. How was one to succeed such a predecessor as this?

There was a way, and Doctor Slattery chose it, and by choosing it walked straight into the hearts of the people of Grace Church, to win his own place in their trust and their affection, and to become for them not less than either of their former rectors a possession forever. That way was by loving Doctor Huntington as his Grace Church parishioners had loved him, by cherishing his memory as they did, and by keeping his memory green.

He made a good beginning. He had already made his plans to spend the summer in Europe, but he was unwilling to go abroad without "getting the feel" of the new parish, coming into contact with such of its organizations as were still functioning after Easter, and beginning to know personally every member of his staff and as many of his other parishioners as possible. He ran over to Lenox from Springfield and made the acquaintance of a few of them en route for New York, talking with them chiefly about Doctor Huntington and eliciting from them all the information that he could secure concerning the former rector's "works and days."

His actual ministry in Grace Church began early in May, springtide elsewhere, but ebb-tide for metropolitan churches whose parishioners owned country places and preferred to watch the coming of the spring in the Berkshires or on Long Island rather than from the sidewalks of New York. The first day in the parish was May 7, a very full day with many first "contacts" made. A parishioner had just died, and he asked the vicar, Mr. Bottome, to take the chief part in the service because he thought that the family would not like to hear a new voice at such a time. On the following Sunday he preached his first sermon in Grace Church, taking as his theme "Christ the Servant of Men," and striking at once the keynote of his subsequent ministry. Bishop Greer, who read it, wrote to thank him. "It is just the message that New York needs. It is a busy, restless city, and is sometimes thought to be wicked and worldly, but I know that at its heart it is hungry for Christ." "The first Sunday is over," Slattery wrote to George Thomas. "It is like wine, and goes to my head. It seems like a dream,—the beautiful Church, the music, the kindness. Pray that I be kept from being an ass. This is to thank you for your letters. I love you."

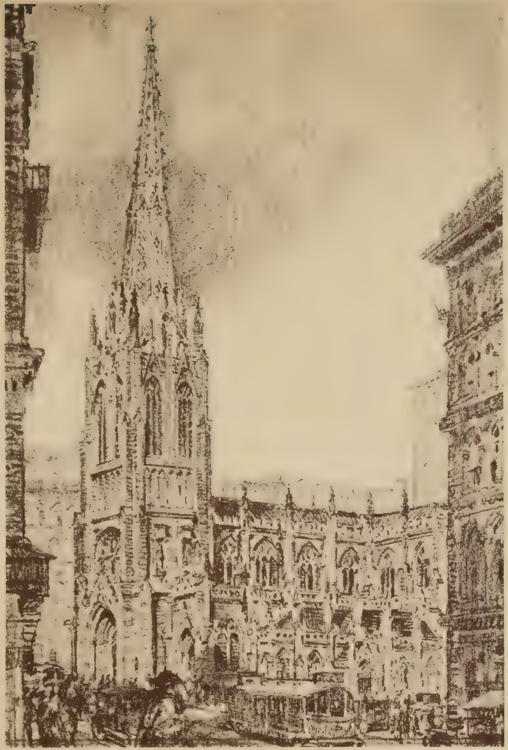
Deaconess Garvin, who had been the secretary of Doctor Huntington and now became his, records her recollections of the first week of parish work. "On Monday morning we began working in the vestry room on parish business. Doctor Slattery asked many questions about Doctor Huntington's ways, and said more than once, 'I won't change anything that has worked so well. Follow Doctor Huntington's custom about this.'" In the course of the conversation Miss Garvin found herself saying, "The Rector thought this," etc. Finally she realized that she was speaking to the rector, and said the next time, "*Doctor Huntington* used to say" this or that. He looked at her with a very kind smile and said, "You needn't correct yourself." That night at the staff meeting in the vicarage he said, "This morning a member of the staff spoke of Doctor Huntington as 'the Rector' and then corrected herself. I want you all to understand that he was my master and friend as much as he was yours, and that to us all he is to be 'the Rector.'" Doctor Slattery went on to develop the thought in his talk to the staff that evening in a way that won their loyalty at once.

He was in the parish about six weeks before sailing for a long-planned trip abroad. During these weeks he accomplished an enormous quantity of work. As was invariably the case with him, the work was mainly personal. His special kind of visiting book was made, based upon Faribault and Springfield models, and armed with this he called methodically, street by street and family by family, seeing nearly all the parishioners who were still in town. One of them remembers a characteristic saying: "When I go to a new parish and I meet some people who cannot bear the sight of me, they are the ones I tie to, for I know they are people with loyalty in their backbones." Another adds, "I shall never forget those first shy calls." The calls were shy at first, but once made, they constituted introductions upon which were to be built later broad foundations of pastoral relations.

For one who always put the personal emphasis first, Doctor Slattery was curiously methodical. He kept a record of every call, noting whether his parishioner was at home or not, and as soon as he returned to the rectory, the record was transferred to a card upon which he inscribed thereafter year by year the date of his calls and any necessary comments. The cards constitute an extraordinary record of the persistence of his parish calling. Almost invariably there is one date in each year with the cryptic mark (+) which, being interpreted, means, "So and so was at home": sometimes there are a half dozen entries in a single year, indicating the need of special attention; and in cases of serious illness there will often be a dozen in a month, showing that the rector was as assiduous in his ministrations as the doctor.

But in May, 1910, this pastoral ministration still lay in the future, for most of the shepherd's flock were out of town. He sailed for England with his mother early in July, and they spent their vacation quietly and restfully, taking lodgings in two or three small towns and doing little in the way of sightseeing. "No tourist business for me," he wrote to an old friend in Faribault. But there was plenty of letter writing, and friends in Faribault and Springfield, hoping that the grandeur of his new position had not "made him too haughty to remember them," were promptly reassured. "Haughtily yours," he signed himself in responding to the charge.

Upon his return in the autumn, Doctor Slattery and his mother were installed in the beautiful rectory, which had been done over for them by the vestry during their absence. He arranged his books in the most spacious library with which they had as yet been accommodated, and took pleasure in the empty shelves that invited new acquisitions. One of the few personal luxuries that he permitted himself from his increased salary was the purchase of new books, long upon his want list, and the replacement of old ones by more satisfactory editions. Welcoming old friends to the new home, his first word was generally, "Come and see my new books," and beautiful editions were taken down from the shelves with innocent pride of possession. He assigned to his mother the best room in the rectory, but reserved for himself the quietest, a private study on the third floor to which he retired methodically after luncheon and where he always remained for two hours unless interrupted, devoting the time to reading and to the preparation of his sermons. This came later, for during the first year he preached the best of his old sermons in order to have more time free



GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK

THE RECTORY

for calling and for becoming acquainted with the details of the great parochial organization. He was amused, but made no comment, when former parishioners, listening to old sermons without recognizing them, told him that he had "grown" since coming to New York.

His days were planned from hour to hour, and the careful planning of them enabled him, like a twentieth century Wesley, to accomplish what without such system would have been an impossible amount of work. He breakfasted at eight, sometimes earlier, and went to his office at nine. After sorting his mail, and rapidly dictating answers to impersonal communications, he went to Grace chantry for the daily service, then back to the office to continue dictation to his secretary, and after that kept an office hour. Often he called in the morning, and almost invariably in the afternoon, from four o'clock until half past six. As was inevitable for the bachelor rector of a parish like Grace Church, he dined out a great deal, but when he could he left early and returned to his office to work late into the night. Lights were supposed to go out at quarter to twelve, but the rule was not always observed. "Isn't it eleven-forty-five?" his patient secretary would inquire. "You say that every few minutes," was the invariable rejoinder. Doctor Slattery wrote his handwritten letters at night, and took them out himself to a mail-box on the corner after every letter had been carefully listed. Even in the case of dictated letters, he asked to have about one half of them written out; with old-fashioned courtesy rare in these busy days but appreciated in a parish of gentle traditions he would never send a typewritten letter to a lady. On Saturday night he was always incommunicado, preparing for Sunday. He did not often take the early service or visit the Sunday School, as his physical strength was limited and multiplicity of services tired him, but he was always in his place at eleven and at eight. Ordinarily he was very gay after the Sunday evening service. The responsibilities of the day were over, and he could relax, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to be surrounded by people coming up to exchange greetings. One of his vestrymen, standing by and watching the procession, remarked, "You say, 'So glad to see you; where have you been?' 'So glad to see you back again!' You say it to everybody, even to queer fish no one can possibly like, and, by George, you really mean it!" Slattery's reply was, "You haven't the pastoral sense; if you like anybody, you've got to like him, faults and all."

There were weekly meetings with the staff, in which every one reported fully to the rector, and by which he kept in touch with every development in his extended parish. It was indeed, as Lord Bryce remarked, "almost as highly organized as a minor English diocese." The upkeep of the physical fabric was in itself a matter of importance. The Grace Church group of buildings included the Church, the Rectory, Grace House, the Chantry, the Memorial House, the Choristers' Tower, the Choir House, the New Choir House, the Choir Vestry, the Clergy House and Grace Neighborhood House; the Grace Chapel group included the Chapel, Grace Hospital with its divisions into the House of Simeon, the House of Anna, and the House of the Holy Child; the Parish House, the Clergy House, the Club House, the Vicarage and Grace Mission House; while at New Canaan there were Grace House-in-the-Fields, the Mother's House, the Cottage, the Chapel of Peace and Sweet Briar Cottage.

As for organizations, their name was legion. They were divided into ten great departments, of which the Religious

Instruction of the Young came first and included the Sunday Schools, their officers, teachers and scholars. Next came Missions at Home and Abroad, subdivided into the Women's Missionary Society, the Junior Auxiliary, Babies' Branch and Grace Mission, East Side. The first of these was still further subdivided into committees on the United Thank Offering, Domestic, Foreign, Indian, Missions to Colored People, Diocesan, City and Archdeaconry. Third of the departments stood Industrial Education, quite simply divided into the Industrial School and Grace Mission Summer School, but the former division was not as simple as might be expected, comprising as it did the Saturday School, Monday Night School, Italian English School, Italian Tailoring School and Italian Evening Lectures. Fourth came Industrial Employment, divided into the Benevolent Society and Grace Parish Laundry. Fifth, the care of the Sick and Needy, comprising St. Luke's Association, Grace Hospital and the Clothing Depository. Sixth, the Care of Little Children, including the Day Nursery, Grace Church Neighborhood House, the Kindergarten at Grace Mission and Grace Chapel and Public School work. Seventh stood the Visitation of Neighborhoods; eighth, Fresh-Air work; ninth, Libraries and Reading-rooms. And the tenth department, Friendly Societies and Brotherhoods capped the climax with seventeen subdivisions; the Men's Social Club, the Mother's Meeting, the Women's Temperance Union, the Girls' Friendly Society, the King's Daughters, the Tuesday Guild, the Penny Provident Fund, the Chancel and Choir Guilds, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Catherine L. Wolfe Art Students Club, Grace Club, Grace Battalion, the Young Married Women's Society, the Golden Hour, the House Beautiful Society of Grace

Church, the Wells Boat Club and Grace Neighborhood Association.

In the nature of the case the rector could not attend many of the meetings of this array of organizations, and it was not expected that he should. A competent staff of workers had the direction of them, but all were ultimately responsible to him, and meetings of the staff were like conferences of captains with their commanding officer at G.H.Q. The analogy cannot be pressed unduly, for the rector of Grace Church gave personal attention to many details which in military circles would have been delegated to subordinates. Every gift received for the Church he recorded with his own hand in the "Book of Remembrances." He wrote from New Hampshire to Deaconess Garvin to make sure that a new alms-basin should be the right size. "If you are not too busy, do you mind cutting out a bit of paper, 22 inches in diameter, and then carrying it across a room, imagining that you are Father Eddy carrying the Easter offering!"

Every one worked hard in Grace Church, but it was admitted that the deaconesses were worked the hardest; their visiting on the East Side was incessant. A rector has done his duty by his parish if he makes the rounds once a year, but a deaconess must be on hand whenever there is sickness, whenever there is an importunate landlord, whenever a baby is born or a boy expelled from public school or a girl in need of a new dress or a grandmother to be taken to the dentist, in short, whenever there is the sort of need which looks to Grace Church as the earthly embodiment of a compassionate Providence. Two of the deaconesses had recently broken down under the strain and departed, but the others stayed on and the vacant places were soon filled by new graduates from the New

York Training School for Deaconesses, of which Doctor Huntington had been the founder and the patron saint.

All these buildings, organizations, diversified activities cost money, and there the responsibility devolved directly upon the rector. He was the link between the generosity of the rich in his parish and the needs of the poor. Somewhat to the surprise of those who regarded him primarily as pastor and preacher, Doctor Slattery showed himself equally competent as an administrator and collector of funds; in fact, it must be acknowledged that in this respect he surpassed his predecessor. At the time of Doctor Huntington's death there was a large floating debt upon the parish, the interest upon which swelled the budget unduly and made more difficult the securing of funds needed for maintenance. Doctor Slattery had brought from the poverty of his own youth and early manhood a wholesome abhorrence of debt. "I have always been poor," he remarked at this time to a friend, "and I have never owed a dollar." He saw no reason why a great parish should continue to owe so many dollars, and set himself valiantly to raise the debt, which he did with commendable celerity. The vestry were delighted. Sermons are all very well in their way, and pastoral calls please the ordinary parishioner, but the way to the hearts of the stern keepers of the purse of a modern institutional parish is by proper handling of the purse-strings, and the sermons and calls took on new values for them when they remembered that the preacher and pastor was also the efficient administrator and competent man of affairs who was willing to come to Wall Street for a noonday business meeting and who had freed Grace Church from the incubus of debt.

Money alone, however, would never meet the demands of institutional work carried on upon so large a scale:

there was need for a large group of volunteer workers to supplement the activities of the staff. Doctor Slattery made it his business to secure them, both from long-time parishioners and from newcomers who had recently been attracted to the parish by his preaching and ministry. One of the latter comments upon the interest with which he followed their work. "We all felt we were a part with him in doing it." His familiar "So good of you!" was no perfunctory recognition of service rendered, but the grateful thanks of a happy parson whose greatest personal satisfaction was found in the coöperation of minister and people in a work for which responsibility was shared.

XI

"A HAPPY PARSON"

IN THE BOOK-PLATE WHICH HE DESIGNED IN SPRINGFIELD Charles Lewis Slattery is self-described as "A Happy Parson." The phrase might be used as a subtitle of his biography. He was the happiest of parsons, happy in his books, happy in his friendships, happy in his enjoyment of nature and in his love of beautiful things, but chiefly happy in his ministry. In presenting the claims of the ministry to young men undecided about their vocation, he stressed the satisfaction of its opportunities for service and its roundedness and completeness. "Probably there is no vocation," he said, "which so graciously admits to its power all that a man has acquired as the ministry. The best men long to serve. Every good man tries to do what he can for others. The ministry is first of all, a profession which allows a man to spend his whole life in helping others. That is his business. The community supports him for that purpose."

Doctor Slattery was preëminently happy in the pastoral side of his ministry. To say that he enjoyed being rector of Grace Church is to put the matter mildly. He loved his work in every aspect of it, but for him every aspect of it was ultimately personal and must be brought into relation to his chief objective and incentive, the care of souls.

It was this personal emphasis which made other phases of his ministry successful. If he had to raise money for the maintenance of his parish or for philanthropic purposes outside, he pictured his task in terms of what the money could do to help people, educating children, relieving want, sending tired mothers to New Canaan for a summer outing, setting free the missionaries of the church for their evangelistic opportunities, or providing for a pension fund which should lift from aged clergymen burdens of apprehension which weighed them down. This view of the matter he imparted so effectively to his wealthy parishioners that during his twelve years at Grace Church he was never embarrassed by lack of funds; yet no one thought of him as a "money-raiser" or hesitated to come to Grace Church because of the urgency and multiplicity of financial appeals. If volunteer workers were needed to maintain the manifold activities of the parish, the appeal was made simply and directly upon the same grounds, as a call to personal service, and the response was equally direct. And again, no one thought of Grace Church as an "institutional parish." The institutional side of the work was submerged in the personal, and Grace Church thought of itself, not as a highly organized and ably administered institution but as a large family busily engaged in keeping house and in attending to the needs, bodily, mental and spiritual, of its numerous members.

Even in his preaching Doctor Slattery was first of all a pastor. He derived much of the material for his sermons from his ministrations to his people, noting with sympathy the doubts or anxieties or sorrows by which they were distressed, helping them first individually, and then generalizing their problems and dealing with them in the pulpit. Those who broke in upon his retirement on Saturday or early Sunday morning were likely to find him distrait and preoccupied: he was thinking about the approaching sermon and of how he could make it more practical and helpful. In the words of Doctor Sullivan, a friend of later years, he preached "out of a boiling mind and a burning heart, and was restless till he could give his people his message."

This pastoral instinct was an inheritance. Doctor Slattery's father had it in a marked degree, although he exercised it in less conspicuous fields of service. In an obituary notice prepared by Bishop Kerfoot and fourteen of the clergy of Pittsburgh, the elder Slattery was described by these colleagues as having secured by his pastoral ministrations the warmest affection of his people. "He was devoted to his work, warm-hearted and tender as a woman in the house of sorrow and suffering. His face was well known in Pittsburgh, especially in the streets where abode misery and sin, for daily his quick feet hurried to the relief of woe. No matter how many were the calls upon his time and services, he never seemed wearied." The allusion to the "quick feet" recalls the short, quick steps of the son—"Slattery's trot," his friends called it—as he hurried to those who needed him.

With the elder Slattery, evangelical piety was the mainspring of his pastoral solicitude. He "held fast hold of the doctrines of grace," and "believed in the immediate approach of the penitent and believing soul to its Saviour." Heaven and hell were places as real to him as Pittsburgh; one narrow life-span would determine the destinies of the soul; now was the accepted time; the "simple Gospel plan of salvation" was "as clear as sunlight to him," and he took it to his people in full consciousness of the supreme importance of his mission. The son, no less sincerely attached to Protestant principles, had been leavened by the genial teachings of a new theology in which the Fatherhood of God was the central doctrine, and His love was trusted even beyond the grave; he believed "not in a single chance, but in an infinitude of chances." His ministry was the expression of loving pastoral solicitude rather than of fear of the possible consequences of neglect. But the pastoral instinct, shaped by the theology of the nineteenth century father, was bred in the bone of the twentieth century son.

Doctor Slattery's main reliance as a pastor was upon parish visiting. He called methodically and he called incessantly. He let it be known that like a physician he was always on call, by night or by day. He was "uncanny in knowing when he was needed." He grudged every hour of committee meetings and other impersonal tasks that kept him from his people, and he declined for this reason to serve upon boards from which he reasonably could claim exemption. But the rector of Grace Church is ex officio a person of importance in the Diocese of New York, and there were diocesan and other obligations which could not properly be avoided. These he shouldered cheerfully, serving as a member of the Social Service Commission of the Diocese, as president of the Standing Committee and as a clerical deputy to General Convention.

One such duty was inevitable. Doctor Potter had been one of the original incorporators of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and had served as a trustee from April 16, 1873, until his death in 1908; Doctor Huntington had been elected a trustee in 1887 and had also served during the remainder of his lifetime; to these two previous rectors of Grace Church the Cathedral owed more than to any other of its founders or benefactors. On St. John's Day, 1911, Doctor Slattery entered upon a similar term of service, terminated by his election to the episcopate. He took a keen interest in the work, served as had his predecessors upon the all-important Committee of the Fabric, preached in the Cathedral in course as a clerical trustee, and helped ungrudgingly in securing funds for its completion. Although the gifts from Grace Church had already far surpassed those from any other parish, Doctor Slattery took the lead in securing gifts from the members of his congregation for the building of the Chapel of St. Ansgarius, generally called the "Huntington Chapel," in memory of his predecessor.

What concerned him even more than the completion of the physical fabric of the Cathedral was its spiritual ministry. He was intent upon the continuance of the broad and liberal policies of the founders which had made it in every deed what Bishop Potter termed it, a "House of Prayer for all People." When the Constitution was revised, it was Doctor Slattery who drafted the provision that no change in the established ritual should be made without the joint consent of Bishop and Dean, and who insisted upon the provision that the Bishop's direction of the Cathedral should be expressed through the Dean. He believed that by these two provisions the ministrations of the great Cathedral would be protected from becoming the football of party politics, and that faith would be kept with those whose vision and labors had made possible its construction.

There were other interests outside Grace Church which brought its rector into close association with other clergymen of the city, and through which his future biographer came to know the quality of his work. The Church of the Incarnation had begun as a Chapel of Grace, attended by parishioners who had moved uptown into the Murray Hill district and in the days before motor vehicles found the parish church too far away. In churchmanship, constituency and similar matters the two parishes stood in the relation of mother and daughter, and their respective ministers were in constant communication about diocesan affairs. Both were graduates of the "Cambridge School," and when its interests were involved, Bishop Lawrence would often send to one of them a carbon copy of a letter addressed to the other and request them to confer. The smaller parish had one proud distinction: thanks to the missionary enthusiasm of its previous rectors, Doctor Arthur Brooks and Doctor William M. Grosvenor, it had become the foremost parish of the country in the amount of its gifts for missions. Under Doctor Slattery, however, a generous rivalry began, and before long the Church of the Incarnation was left behind, forced to be content with second place, while Grace Church moved forward into new ground, to win and hold during his rectorship preëminence in missionary giving. When Bishop Lawrence came to New York in the autumn of 1915 to enter upon his monumental work of raising five million dollars for the initial reserve required for the establishment of the Church Pension Fund, there was again friendly rivalry between the two parishes for first place in response to this appeal. Each parish passed the mark of a quarter of a million; then the result was in doubt till Grace Church more than doubled this amount and was again found to be leading every parish in the Church, the two New York parishes having together contributed nearly a million dollars.

Mr. Monell Sayre has called attention to another service which the rector of Grace Church rendered to the Church Pension Fund. The Diocese of New York was, of course, the pivot on which the establishment of the Church Pension Fund turned; without it, nothing was possible. Doctor Slattery was on the committee to advise the diocesan convention whether to go into the pension system. The committee was not an easy one, more from the personalities involved than from any effective criticism of the proposed system. At the decisive moment, in the fall of 1915, the committee was on the point of making some kind of report which might have prevented New York from joining the other dioceses. That would have been fatal. "I can well remember our little room on the twenty-ninth floor of this building," Mr. Sayre said, "and the exact spot where Doctor Slattery sat, when he intervened with crushing effect, and the entire situation was saved, all along the line. It is not unreasonable to think that otherwise this large and far-reaching institution would not exist, because the war came on, and there was no other time."

In Minnesota days Slattery had served as an examining chaplain of candidates for ordination, and in New York this work again devolved upon him. The Reverend William H. Owen, who sat with him on the board, remarks that Slattery could be stern if the occasion so demanded. "Before a session began he was always his own beloved self, so friendly with us all, chaplains and candidates. But once the session began and he was quite another man. You could not discover his mind. His face became a mask. You either could or could not answer the questions he put. Bluffing was impossible. Words never could cover the candidates' ignorance. Yet his questions were always proper. He was scrupulously just."

But these duties, though important, were secondary. The main business of the rector of Grace Church was with his own parish, and to this, and the parish visiting which bulked so large in his conception of it, Doctor Slattery devoted every hour that could be saved from other things.

Some of his friends felt that he did too much parish visiting. Why not call once a year, and beyond that, only upon the sick and the afflicted, as was the custom of other New York rectors, "all honorable men"? They accused him of spoiling his people, and more particularly of spending too much time in "holding old ladies' hands," as these were oftenest found at home. When Doctor Slattery was ill with laryngitis, and a grateful parish reciprocated his attentions by telephoning at ten minute intervals and making his sick-room a bower of roses, William Austin Smith waxed facetious. "Nobody ever asks the ashman how his throat is," he commented hard-heartedly; "why do you let them make such a fuss about you?" Slattery smiled, and gave no answer. He felt that the time spent by a pastor in getting to know his people was never wasted. The day would come, sooner or later, when every one of them would need him, and when called to the house of joy or of mourning he wished to enter not as a stranger but as shepherd and friend.

But with the exception of invalids and very old ladies, few New Yorkers are found at home in the afternoon, and the careful card catalogue of the parish shows the cabalistic R ("not at home") far more often than the satisfactory +. So the happy parson brought into action his second line of artillery, and wrote letters to his parish by the ream. Sometimes there were form letters, addressed to every member of the parish, telling them how to keep Lent, how to study their Bibles, how to pray; during his first year he distributed a prayer card prepared by Doctor Huntington which he had used in Faribault, but thereafter he prepared and sent forth his own. Sometimes the greeting took the form of a copy of his latest book with an appropriate inscription. These were not scattered broadcast; he was too shy to send anything so personal where the sending might occasion surprise, but before he had been at Grace Church long his personal friendships could be counted by the score, and when he had been there eight years he sent out ninety-six copies of *Certain American Faces* and then refrained, not because of a dearth of further grateful recipients, but because he could not begin upon a second hundred presentation copies, purchased with the author's discount, and look his defrauded publishers in the face.

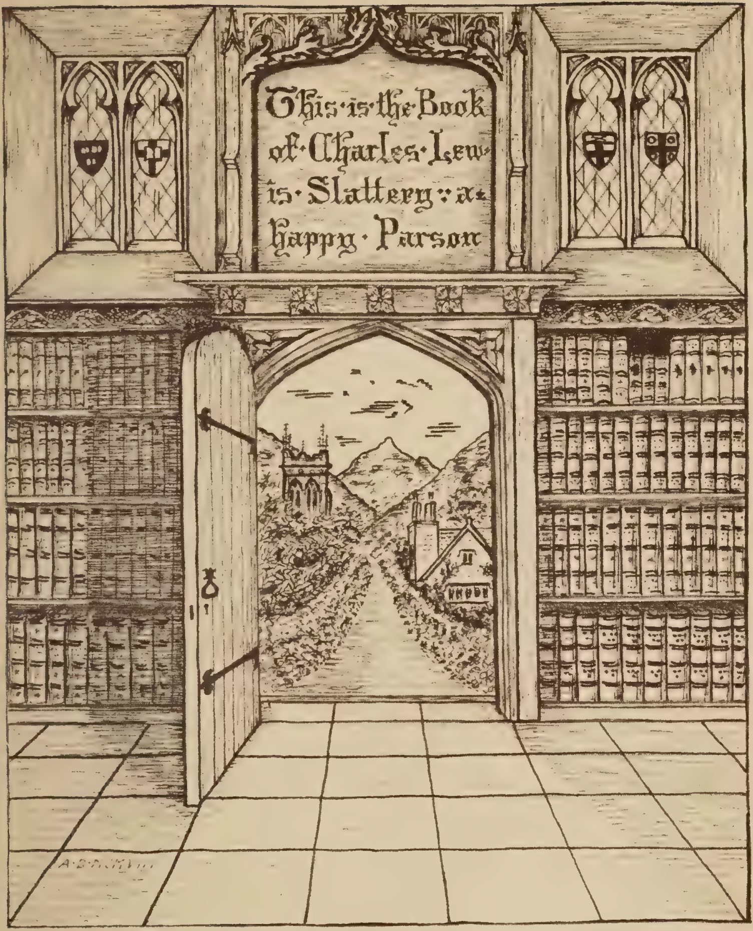
More important than gifts were the personal letters. With these he followed his parishioners into their homes, and had a word awaiting them at breakfast even where he had been repeatedly unsuccessful in finding them at home. Whenever there was sickness, whenever there was convalescence, whenever there was departure for school, whenever there was the happiness of an engagement or the sorrow of a bereavement, whenever there was an anniversary of birth, baptism, confirmation, marriage, or of death, there the pastor found occasion for a letter to take the place of a pastoral call.

There letters were sent in accordance with a careful system. The most frequently used book in the rector's study was a calendar of anniversaries, in which were transcribed from the parish register and other sources, every personal anniversary which he desired to recollect. Part of the work of his secretary was to place before him each day a list of these anniversaries arranged in the order in which the letters should be written. If the person to receive the letter was in New York, the day before was time enough; if in Portland, Oregon, five days in advance was indicated. In spite of the amazing system, the letters were not perfunctory. Each was written longhand, in the beautiful cursive writing that was itself a work of art, being as individual as an artist's sketch-book yet as legible as print, and each was different and appropriate in its difference. The biographer has read hundreds of these letters, and finds himself marveling at their individuality. Slattery never resorted to forms upon such occasion. He hated to copy anything he had said in another connection, and the secret of the variety was the very secret of his pastoral ministry. He cared about people so truly that they were always personal to his thought of them, and as no two persons are ever quite alike nor the circumstances of their lives identical, his letters could not be vain repetitions.

Perhaps a friend who was not a parishioner may be permitted at this point to bear witness to the pleasure of a wider circle in receiving some of these friendly and gracious letters. The first is dated June 17, 1912, and reads,

> Dear Mr. Robbins,
>
> One of the happy things of this year is learning to know you, and I am going to count on your friendship more and more.
>
> I hope you will have a beautiful summer,—and so, Good-bye—and I am
>
> Faithfully yours
> CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

A few cordial lines of leave taking, but who except Slattery would have thought of stopping amid the distractions of leaving town to write them to a new acquaintance whom at that time he knew rather slightly,


This · is · the Book
of · Charles · Lewis · Slattery : a
happy · Parson

BOOK PLATE DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

and thereby definitely inaugurate the friendship that he predicted?

Soon afterwards we were brought together in a new association. We met in Grace Church rectory to select and edit prayers and meditations of our teacher, Henry Sylvester Nash, which had been collected from various sources, including Doctor Nash's personal notebooks, notes for Quiet Days, and certain of his printed books. I was Slattery's junior by nine years; he had published eight or nine books and I nothing but a few fugitive sermons, yet in this editorial work he acted as though we met upon terms of entire equality. Not a phrase was to be omitted from or included in the little book unless we both approved, and in one instance, in phrasing Doctor Nash's prayer for Patience in Teaching, he yielded to the wishes of his inexperienced junior. As I left, he gave me one of his books with an inscription appropriate to the occasion. I was captivated by his quickness, his alertness of mind, the sureness with which he sought and found the proper word, his wide liturgical knowledge, but won most of all by his frank friendliness and grave and courteous attention to another's views.

Thereafter his kindness followed me without faltering or intermission. I was confined to the house once for the day by a trifling indisposition, not serious enough to need the services of a doctor, but Slattery heard of it, and was up for one of his ten-minute calls, sitting on the edge of his chair like a bird poised for flight, but leaving a long memory of a pastoral ministry that was not limited by parish boundaries.

Charles Slattery had many friends, and the biographer would not have ventured upon these personal reminiscences if he had not known them to be characteristic of the experiences of hosts of others. And one of the outstanding joys of his years at Grace Church was that by a happy ordering, for which he himself was in part responsible, he not only developed new relations of intimacy with his parishioners and others in New York, but had a number of his Minnesota friends near by as well.

First of them all came Doctor Nichols, his "Uncle Harry," who was rector of Holy Trinity Church, New York, during the whole of his ministry at Grace Church. It was a renewal of Brunswick days, as well as a prolongation of the ministry of Minnesota. The opportunities were taken advantage of fully. Seated in his comfortable study uptown, Doctor Nichols would be settling down for a quiet perusal of the Canons on Religious Education when the telephone would ring, and a familiar voice, "Uncle Harry, please come down right away. Yes, this evening if possible; I've finished another chapter of my book, and I want to read it aloud to you and have you tell me what you think of it." What he really wanted was a sympathetic hearing, and Doctor Nichols had as his reward presentation copies of two sets of "Slattery's complete works," one for New York and one for his summer home in North Conway, "so that he would not have to carry them back and forth."

Nearer by was another friend, scarcely less intimate, from the Minnesota days. Theodore Sedgwick came to Calvary Church, only half a mile away, the year after Slattery began his ministry at Grace Church. The two were soon inseparable once more. But Sedgwick was married and had a family, and Slattery was godfather to one of the children, so it was not for him to summon Sedgwick to Grace Church rectory, but to make his pilgrimage to Calvary rectory instead, and this he did with a frequency which made him a pattern for godfathers. The children delighted at his coming, and came swarming down the banisters when they heard his jocular greetings at the door: then there followed hilarities which would have surprised the Grace Church parishioners if they had been present to witness them. Robert Browning has said somewhere that "Every man has two sides, one to face the world with," etc. The side which the rector of Grace Church showed to the world was of surpassing discretion. He was so anxious not to give occasion for gossip that he went to extremes of caution, and had his secretary pace up and down outside his study, the door ajar, when any woman came to see him, no matter how advanced in years. One middle-aged parishioner breathed a sigh of relief at the announcement of his marriage, and remarked, "Now I can go to his office and talk with him without being chaperoned, like one reasonable human being to another!" But in the Calvary rectory another side was exhibited. Helmet of reserve was off, arms of discretion laid aside, and the rector of Grace Church frolicked with the children of his neighbors like a child.

Even when on duty the happy parson sometimes let his lightheartedness find frolicsome expression. "Be sure to coffee the monk," he instructed Deaconess Garvin when Father Officer was taking the services for him on a Sunday morning at Grace Church, and as though to indicate his essential Protestantism he signed the letter "Stires Parks Grant." A similar letter signed "Leighton Parks, Jr." went astray in the mails, and his apprehension was great that it might go to the dead letter office and thence to the dignified ecclesiastical neighbor whose name he had taken in vain. "Please remind me never to be funny again," he wrote ruefully to his secretary, and bemoaned the fact that he had "no backs of other people's letters" upon which to write to her (a pet economy of earlier days).

The third of the Minnesota friendships to be renewed in New York was with William Austin Smith. Slattery was devoted to Smith. He had nominated him for each successive step of his career: in one instance at some cost to himself, for he was thought of as a possible rector for the attractive parish of St. Paul's in Milwaukee, and might have gone if he had not had Smith's interests so much at heart. Now it was upon Slattery's nomination that Austin Smith, broken in health but with indomitable will and invincible spirits, came to take the editorship of the *Churchman* and to give it such prestige and power as no religious periodical in the Episcopal Church had ever before enjoyed. Smith was devoted to Slattery, but with this difference, that while the latter was always willfully blind to a friend's defects and never criticized them, Smith's high standards for his friends made him acutely conscious of any falling short on their part, and critical accordingly. He was the only one of Slattery's friends who not only saw defects in him but boldly assailed him for them. Slattery was sometimes hurt by the criticisms, but so admired Smith's strenuous idealism that he accepted them without any diminution of regard. Smith was a perfectionist. He thought of the Christian ministry in terms of prophets, saints and martyrs. It was not enough for him that Slattery was a good preacher: he wanted him to rebuke the sins of fashionable New York as Savonarola had rebuked the sins of Florence, and like Savonarola take the consequences. Nor was it enough for him that Slattery appeared to him, as he did, best qualified for the post of Bishop of New York: no one was properly qualified. Smith threw high scorn upon the laity who "wanted a good business man for Bishop." What had administrative ability to do with the call to be an Apostle! Judas was the only business man of the original twelve! The man who should be Bishop of New York should have a spirit of adventure like St. Francis of Assisi and go forth as he did, courting poverty as his bride, to touch the imagination of the worldly city and smite it with his scorn of worldliness. "And you, Charles," looking sternly at him, "you're the best man in sight, but you are not St. Francis. Look at those books! Look at those rugs and pictures! Look at those cushions in your window-seat!"

Slattery was not Savonarola, nor was he on fire like Bishop Spalding of Utah or Bishop Williams of Michigan with a passion for social justice that was ready for perilous adventure. He was always ready to do battle for his principles and when fully aroused he was capable of generous indignation, but he fell short of the ultimate greatness, that which defies compromises and concessions and is ready like the first disciples to turn the world upside down for the sake of the Kingdom of God. But Slattery was, what Smith in less prophetic moments gladly and gratefully acknowledged, the best type of minister below this arduous level of militant sanctity: by pureness, by kindness, by long-suffering, by tireless industry and by true love of souls he stood approved a minister of God. Perhaps his greatest gift was one which these more ardent spirits did not always equally possess, the gift of consolation. When people were in trouble, they turned to the rector of Grace Church with instinctive confidence, and he did not fail to help them. Family after family of deeply grateful parishioners have borne witness to this aspect of his pastoral ministry, his wonderful ability to console, to bind up the broken-hearted and give them new strength and courage for the tasks of life. No small gift, surely! "One star differeth from another star in glory," and in the firmament of the Christian heavens there is need not only for prophets and for martyrs, but for the sons of consolation too.

Just because Grace Church was like a family, it was like every family vulnerable to the sadness of bereavement, and the year books of the period show many such occasions. In 1913 came the first loss of a member of the staff, the beloved vicar of Grace Chapel, George Bottome. In 1914 Deaconess Kate Newell died. She had been affectionately known on the East Side as "Sister Kate." She had been one of the first deaconesses graduated from the New York Training School and for twenty years had given devoted service from her home in Grace Mission House. In 1906 came the death of the first vestryman to be taken during Doctor Slattery's rectorship: Francis C. Huntington, the son of the former rector, and a tower of strength not only to the parish but also to the diocese. By the beginning of the year it was plainly evident that the participation of the United States in the great war could not long be delayed, and the serious and tragic times deeply affected the members of Grace Church. Many of the young men of the parish had been on the Mexican border; others had been driving ambulances for the wounded on European battlefields; one had been an officer in the English army. Soon afterward, the United States entered the European conflict, and Grace Church did its part. Red Cross work was done almost continuously in both Grace Church and the parish house of the chapel, the latter ministering especially to sailors, of whom many were confirmed. The supreme gift of the parish was the large body of soldiers, sailors, aviators, physicians, nurses, canteen workers and reconstruction workers in France. The Church service flag showed over four hundred stars, seventeen of them gold.

In the spring of 1918 Doctor Slattery was asked by the Overseas Headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association to go to France, England and Italy to make a series of addresses to American soldiers; to be away not less than six months. In a sermon entitled "Days of Decision" he took his congregation into his confidence, and told them the reasons which had induced him "after sleepless nights" to decline the invitation.

"We are all committed," he said, "to giving the utmost that is in us to the winning of this righteous war for freedom in the earth. I knew that you would not hold me back . . . I tried to strip away all personal preferences and conveniences. And what did I find?

"I found first that with all my familiarities with its duties, I have been working in the parish this year as I have never worked before in a life always rather busy. I have not taken even one day for a holiday since last September. I have wondered whether it would be the best use of material to take a man from a task where he is trained to work rapidly and use up two or three better men in learning to cover the same ground, while he goes to a new task.

"From almost every pew," he continued, "there has gone a son, a brother, a husband. If I could serve them best by going to France, I should go. I have wondered if I appeared in France before one of these men there might be a look of reproach, with the question, 'When did you last see my mother, my father, my wife?' It is not that one is any one in particular, but in a parish like this a pastor is allowed to bring in one way or another the familiar sense of ownership; a pastor can at least try to follow in the steps of the Good Shepherd, whose sheep know His voice.

"I have never spoken so personally in a sermon before, and I think I never shall again."

Although he did not go abroad, the shadow of the great war lay upon Slattery's path at home. "I live among the dying," he said to a friend. "Life is like a battlefield to me, and there is great suffering in it: war only intensifies the process, and more people suffer at once. . . . I do not envy the men who have great fortunes, when public opinion gets going. For the men who have been willing to die side by side for a nation, are going to be brothers in a new sense—and something better and more radical than socialism is coming."

When he was invited to membership in the Church War Commission, Slattery accepted with alacrity. This was war service he could render without detriment to the parish, and he put his whole heart into the work. Under his leadership Grace Church contributed $50,000 to the work of the commission: by far the largest amount given by any parish in the country. His more personal contribution to it was the preparation of a little book entitled *With God in the War* which he described as "a sort of Golden Treasury for fighting men," and in which selections from Matthew Arnold, St. Paul, Kipling and others were arranged for the use of "soldiers and sailors who are subconsciously religious." The little book was widely used.

In war time as in times of peace the work of making friends went on without abatement. New parishioners were attracted to the parish and grafted into its life with care like that of a gardener; new assistants were called to take the place of those who had gone on to independent work. Howard Weir had already gone to Salem, Massachusetts; Vincent Bennett, who had been a curate at Grace Chapel, became a chaplain in the navy, to return to the parish after the war; Frederick Edwards went to Detroit; John M. Groton to Pennsylvania; Benjamin M. Washburn became vicar of Grace Chapel. In the summer of 1918 the Reverend Henry Lubeck, who had just resigned his rectorship in New York to devote himself exclusively to special preaching, received from Slattery a "tender, sympathetic letter, full of comfort and confidence" about what he termed Doctor Lubeck's "beautiful future"; some time afterward this was substantiated by his appointment as Sunday Evening Preacher in Grace Church. "Of his friendship too much cannot be said," Doctor Lubeck says in comment. "It was overflowing with trueness, strength, gentleness and love. One could not fail to feel the fervor of it, nor to respond to its inspiration and power."

In making new friends, Slattery never let go of older ones. "It is just twenty-five years ago today that I first saw you as you began your ministry in Cambridge," he wrote to Dean Hodges. "The twenty-five years since have been crowded with your deeds for the School and the whole Church, but I am selfishly thinking of what you have been to me, both by your teaching and by your personal friendship. And I want to thank you. I still think as I do this, or say that, 'Doctor Hodges taught me that,' —and then I feel sure I have been right!"

In making visits of consolation to persons in bereavement, Doctor Slattery often came away feeling that for one reason or another he had left unsaid some of the things that he had meant to say; in which case, instead of indulging in vain regret, he went to his desk as soon as he returned home and followed up the interview with a letter. To a mother who had lost a singularly promising boy at school he wrote:

"I longed for words to tell you this morning that might help. I longed that I might have been wiser and better, so that I might give you the comfort that belongs to you of right. But at any rate, I hope you know that I told you nothing which I do not believe and rely on to the bottom. And, after all, I think that is what we must rely on in dark times,—the assurance of others who are not immediately under the cloud. Trust your comforters: for at such a time they would dare to bring you nothing but the truth."

And to one perturbed by anxiety he wrote:

"It seemed to me after I had left you this afternoon the one thing I ought to have said to you was to pray. I think you will regain your old confidence and trustfulness most surely in that way.

"The other thing I wished I had said to you was to read again Browning's *Saul*. That, too, is a revelation of a human experience. It seemed to me it might help you to get rid of that fatalistic feeling that has come to you.

"I believe very much in prayer—more every day; and I need not tell you that I shall pray with all my might that you may all be kept in safety, and that your fears may all pass and you may have absolute peace of mind."

A few friends who were deeply in Doctor Slattery's confidence know that he never began a day without his "quiet time," in which he relied upon intercessory prayer to help and strengthen those whom he was carrying in his heart.

Slattery was especially felicitous in dealing with children, as the following letters to two sisters in his parish indicate:

1917. 17 November
Dear Sarah Elizabeth:
On Sunday you will be five years old, and I want to wish you happy birthday. I hope you will have a beautiful time, and how I wish you were coming to Church! We shall sing some very happy hymns on Sunday morning, and as we sing them I shall be thinking, "Yes, we are all especially glad today,—because Sarah Elizabeth is five years old!"

1921. 15 March
Dear Mary Sampson:
To my amazement you are going to be six years old tomorrow, and I feel that I must send you this little girl in a blue dress, and very red cheeks, and with a bouquet, to tell you how happy I hope your birthday will be.

1924. December 26. Boston.
Beloved Ladies!
What a wonderful card "all about St. Francis" you did send me, and what a nice picture of yourselves with the dogs you did put inside! You warmed my old heart, and made me more glad than ever that I have such good, thoughtful friends. Give my love to all your ancestors. It does seem as if I had known you forty years, and yet my cold record says it is only ten!

And then sedately, as became advancing years; and approaching Confirmation:

1927. 1 March.
Dear Sara and Mary:
Your letter gave me great pleasure. I can't tell you how glad I am to have the privilege of confirming you both, and I shall now look forward to my Sunday in Grace Church with especial pleasure.

These correspondences with youthful parishioners were not one-sided, and the letters received in response to his own were treasured by the pastor. The following was found among those which he kept: it came from one of his youngest parishioners, a little girl of four:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Thank you very much for the card and your letter. I have had a very nice birthday. Much love and a kiss.

When he was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts a youthful godson wrote to congratulate him and closed with "best wishes and hopes that we may see more of each other in the future." They did. The Bishop was a busy man, but not too busy to keep his friendships in repair.

XII

PRESENT-DAY PREACHING

SHORTLY BEFORE COMING TO NEW YORK, DOCTOR Slattery had published a book entitled *Present Day Preaching*, in which were embodied a course of lectures on Preaching which he had delivered at Berkeley Divinity School. The book was not a formal treatise upon homiletics, but the frank account of what a reasonably varied experience had shown to be the practical requirements of preaching at this particular time. As lectures these chapters were addressed to young men expecting to preach. As material for the biographer, they indicate the character of Doctor Slattery's own ministry of preaching in Grace Church.

The first element of strength is indicated in the title of the lectures. Doctor Slattery was always a Present Day preacher: that is to say, his sermons were always related to the time in which they were preached, and adapted to its interests and preoccupations. Whether the world was better or worse than in the days of John Henry Newman and of Phillips Brooks was not to the point. The world was distinctly different, and he addressed himself to the difference, framing his appeal without reference to the forms of the greatest masters of the past. He thought of preaching as "the most alert of vocations." Quaint phrases and lilting syllables were "not sufficient for so real a thing. We demand the vernacular, plain, straight, living."

So in the vernacular he preached, in a tongue understanded of the people, and with brevity befitting the changed conditions of restless modern life. As a young man he had listened enthralled to sermons by Phillips Brooks which were seldom less than half an hour long, but that was before telephones, automobiles and other modern inventions had speeded up life to an undignified celerity, and much as he regretted the limitation, he confined his sermons to an average of twenty minutes. Rounded periods, classical allusions, cumulative force of slowly marshaled arguments and the wealth of illustration that had given to the sermons of Brooks and Bushnell the glory of living organisms, all were sacrificed to the exigencies of present-day preaching and in the interest of brevity.

Compensation for brevity was found in two ways. Doctor Slattery believed that if he made his sermon part of the service, the service would in its turn become part of the sermon; thus, instead of preaching for twenty minutes, he would have been preaching for more than an hour—for hymns and anthem, Psalms and Lessons, special collects and prayers, would all have given the sermon its atmosphere. He chose the hymns with great care, and conferred with his organist, Mr. Helfenstein, about the anthem; the Lessons he read himself, familiarizing himself with them in advance of the service, and reading them with an intelligent emphasis which aroused and held the interest of the congregation. Doctor Slattery realized that people do not read their Bibles as in times past, and that the Lessons read in church are for many their only acquaintance from week-end to week-end with the greatest book in the world. He did what he could to make this acquaintance effective. In later years he provided for each Lesson a short introduction to give its setting and to ensure clearness. His introduction for the Second Lesson of the Second Sunday in Advent will serve as an illustration. *Here beginneth the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, wherein we hear our Lord Jesus Christ reading the Scriptures to his friends and neighbors in Nazareth, the home of his youth.* This introduction and Lesson, followed by the singing of the hymn, "O Word of God Incarnate," would prepare the way for a sermon on the Christian Scriptures, and save at least five minutes of the preacher's allotted time.

Another saving fact was that present-day preachers are not expected on any given Sunday to declare the whole counsel of God. In a bygone generation they were expected to do this. The elder Slattery, for instance, would have felt himself bound to set forth in its entirety the "simple Gospel plan of salvation," so that if an unconverted person happened to be in church he would hear in a single sermon all that was necessary for him to know and believe to his soul's health. Not so with the present-day son. Grace Church would be open on subsequent Sundays, and the unconverted could return. He did not believe that souls would be imperiled by the shortness of his discourses, or that the congregation would suffer if, by short sermons week by week, he built up slowly but surely the system of Christian truth which a preacher has it in him to deliver. At all events, he acted upon this principle, and the congregation of Grace Church heartily approved.

Doctor Slattery gave great care to the preparation of his sermons. Like Phillips Brooks, he kept homiletical notebooks, had them at hand during the summer as well as in the winter and jotted down in them, as ideas occurred to him, subjects for future sermons, illustrations from his wide and varied reading, apt quotations, and nuggets of wit and wisdom from a hundred different mines. To one interested in homiletics these notebooks are of extraordinary interest. Germinal ideas are found in them which often lay dormant for years, but never perished stillborn. There was no waste in Slattery; like Emerson, he preferred one idea of his own to an orphan asylum of other people's thoughts, so he treated the offspring of his mind and heart with fatherly consideration. Sometimes a page of one of these notebooks is nothing less than a book in the making. Every division of his book *Why Men Pray* is found indicated in outline in an early notebook, and in another the substance of one of his most important books, *The Light Within*, is found in his musings upon the work of the Holy Spirit. Some of the topics for sermons, not elaborated, are in themselves suggestive, and reminiscent of Horace Bushnell's wonderful ability to compress a sermon into a sentence. Among those of Doctor Slattery the following may be cited as illustrations: *How God Pities Men; The Certainty of God's Love: Refusing to be a Witness of Truth; Perspective*—a sermon in a word; *The Power of Gentleness; Salvation through Habit; The Law of Charity.* That the last topic was subsequently treated effectively is indicated by a moving letter from an old acquaintance found preserved among Bishop Slattery's papers. "You are not yet old enough," he wrote, "to have had the experience, but observation has taught you rightly that advancing age brings some of the compensations which you describe. I am surprised sometimes to discover how much less rigid and captious and intolerant I myself have grown than I

AS RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH

was as a young College teacher. Possibly a part of the joy of another life may come from starting afresh on a higher vantage-ground, fortified by experience and repentance."

Doctor Slattery wrote out his sermons, even though he intended to preach them without manuscript. In this case, he made careful outlines of salient points, printing them with large letters and plainly indicating every division, transition of thought, and illustration: the outline he took with him into the pulpit and so gained freedom of delivery without the sacrifice of emphasis, proportion and coherence. This was his ordinary method of preaching. He had little patience with carelessly extempore preaching. "The man in the habit of preaching without notes probably diverts the chance listeners," he told his Berkeley hearers, "with very few exceptions, the tribe to which he belongs does not give people any deep insight into life or truth. They rest content with making sermon-time endurable to the restless and unthoughtful." The written sermon should be, he was convinced, the preacher's normal method. "It gives, within brief compass, solidity of thought; it inspires confidence, as the expression of a man's judgment; it is the means whereby a man may keep watch of his own thinking and so may be the means of constant growth. . . . The written sermon is still the great sermon."

Another reason for his preference for the written sermon was that it made possible "a readiness of thought and expression suitable to the clearness and excellence of God's Word." Doctor Slattery held exalted views of the dignity of the preacher's vocation. Preaching was for him, as it is for all true preachers, a sacramental function, the mediation of truth through human personality. He believed with Phillips Brooks that the preacher is in an august and unique sense the prophet, the accredited ambassador of God. No earthly dignity was comparable to this vocation; none called with more austerity for an entire devotion. To Slattery, sermons preached with glib fluency in colloquial English, wanting preparation of mind and heart, were a species of sacrilege, and the disregard for preaching found in certain ecclesiastical circles he regarded with abhorrence as a kind of apostasy, and branded as such by his scorn.

What he had to say along these lines won the approval of many who were not of his own type of churchmanship. Bishop Hall of Vermont, a representative high churchman, wrote to thank him for the book. "I read it all through yesterday—partly in the night—and with great pleasure and high appreciation; and that though you begin by condemning my practice as to the length of sermons (I generally preach 35 minutes and from that on to 50!), and as to preaching without manuscript, I have been preaching for close on 40 years (so that I cannot change now—my period of probation is past) and I have not preached from manuscript half a dozen times; but I *always* prepare carefully for every sermon and write a great deal. If unwritten are unprepared sermons, there cannot be too severe condemnation of them.

"But I agree in almost everything else, and the tone of the book is (may I say?) quite admirable."

Doctor Slattery's preaching was popular in the acceptable sense of the word, but never popular at the expense of good English, nor below the level of distinction set by his predecessors, Bishop Potter and Doctor Huntington, both of them masters of style. "Beaten oil for the sanctuary" he declared to be a good maxim for a preacher—

especially when crude oil might be cause for criticism and offense. He was irritated by such contractions as "celebration" when what is meant is a celebration of the Holy Communion, or the use of the word "priested" when what is meant is "ordained to the priesthood." The latter contraction he described as "a professional vulgarism sounding to sensitive ears scarcely better than the unspeakable contraction of gentleman. The concise man will find time to speak of high concerns with the clean dignity which becomes them." On the other hand, he objected with equal vehemence to the use of stereotyped sacred phrases with a frequency that makes them seem canting or hollow. "Our Saviour is surely always our Blessed Lord," he said, "but to hear Him called 'Our Blessed Lord' every time He is mentioned in a sermon, with never a hush in the voice, with a rattling commonplaceness and professional hardness, is shocking. Where all adjectives fall short, the perpetual use of one adjective shows lack of feeling and discrimination, to say the least."

To taste so discriminating even the adjuncts of preaching were important, and Doctor Slattery cared about pulpits. He felt that a great church with an insignificant pulpit presents a sort of insult to the office of preaching, and he delighted in his beautiful and spacious pulpit in Grace Church. He liked to tell of the enthusiasm of Bishop Coxe for the pulpit in Trinity Church, Boston. "Brooks," said Bishop Coxe, "I like that pulpit. It is big and it stands up and out with command. And, Brooks," he continued, "I like your going out to take off your surplice and to put on your black gown. When you have gone to all that trouble and have changed your clothes, and have climbed up into that great pulpit, you've *got* to do something, haven't you?" And there came a look of scorn into his face as he went on, "As for these fellows who simply walk over to a music stand—it's no wonder they can't preach!"

In the nature of the case a true preacher is bound to be more or less of a theologian. It is not necessary that he should preach many strictly doctrinal sermons, and dogmatic pronouncements of "the faith once delivered to the saints" do not carry their old authority in present-day preaching, but for that very reason there is greater need than ever for restatement of principles eternally true in terms compatible with modern thinking. Slattery was at his best in this type of preaching. He delighted in interpreting to others the religious beliefs of the truth of which he was himself so profoundly convinced. He preached as a liberal, but as an orthodox liberal, in this resembling once more his predecessor, Doctor Huntington. It is a common error to suppose that extreme conservatives are more orthodox than their liberal neighbors. The reverse is more often the case, as, for example, with those so jealous for the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus that they lean over backward, confound the Son of God with God the Father, and lapse into some such heresy as Patripassionism. If orthodoxy means rightness of belief, and if this rightness is estimated with respect for truth rather than with regard for tradition, then, as Slattery maintained in *The Light Within*, orthodoxy is far more likely to be found with those whose open minds make them receptive to the guiding of the Spirit of God than with those whose minds are closed by prejudices, however venerable. It was as a liberal in religion that the Founder of the Christian religion suffered martyrdom, yet it was in his liberalism, not in the conservatism of the Sanhedrin which condemned him, that the heart of Judaism, which is prophecy, survived the downfall of Jerusalem and the destruction of its temple, and sent the life-blood of orthodoxy pulsing through the veins of a Universal Church.

All of which is preliminary to the observation that Doctor Huntington and Doctor Slattery, rectors of Grace Church, were orthodox, not in spite of their liberalism in theology, but because of it. One may read their books or printed sermons from cover to cover and not find in them a single paragraph to which a dogmatic theologian may justly take exception. In Doctor Huntington's published sermons, and in such books of Doctor Slattery as *The Authority of Religious Experience* and *The Light Within: A Study of the Holy Spirit*, both written while the latter was rector of Grace Church, the reader is conscious of being borne upon the main stream of Christian theology as it has flowed from the springs of the Apostolic age, sometimes through deep and narrow channels, sometimes over thundering waterfalls of controversy, sometimes through wide and peaceful lowlands, but always identical in its essential meaning and fructifying in its results.

But there is orthodoxy and orthodoxy. There is the orthodoxy of conventional acceptance of authority, and there is the more profound and enduring orthodoxy of those who know the truth of their doctrine by having made experience of it in life, thereby conforming their religious conviction to those of the Christian *orbis terrarum* of which they are members. Doctor Slattery's faith was of the latter variety, and for that reason his sermons carried conviction. The comment frequently heard in Grace Church, "That man believes what he is saying," meant, being interpreted, That man is preaching from his own religious experience, his own knowledge of prayer and communion and the love and grace of God. A reviewer of his Paddock Lectures, delivered at the General Theological Seminary soon after Slattery came to New York, pointed out that these lectures were actually "confessions," that is, that the theology had come out of the pastoral experience of the lecturer.

In this connection, Doctor Slattery draws from his pastoral experience a contribution to scholarship. "It is fairly certain," he writes, "that, unless the subject is definitely brought before them, people who read the Bible for religious purposes never think of the date or the author as they read what helps them. The Twenty-third Psalm, the One Hundred and Twenty-first, or the One Hundred and Thirtieth do not seem to come from any age or from any individual. The scholar or the controversialist may care when and by whom they began to be. The religious man feels that in their cry to God they have come out of the heart of all humanity and from all eternity." As a test of this assertion he supposes the case of a pastor who in Holy Week hears the fourteenth or fifteenth chapter of St. John read as one of the Lessons. "As the pastor listens he is aware that the people are listening as they do not listen even to the Sermon on the Mount or to the accounts of the Passion. There is a response which is the response to supreme authority. . . . The scholar, isolated from human hearts, may, on critical grounds, find the voice of Jesus much more definitely in St. Mark than in St. John. He may be amazed that the pastor quite open to critical appeal, clings to what seems to the scholar an outworn hypothesis. To the pastor the living present witness is an evidence which he cannot neglect or slight."

War intensifies every emotion, and during the period of American participation in the great war Doctor Slattery's sermons in Grace Church showed a strength and fervor which transcended that of ordinary times. He was far from being a militarist. The hatred and vindictiveness which characterized some of the sermons of the times were impossible to him; he was too good a Christian. There was no senseless ban laid upon German speech and German music: no vulgar hurling of opprobrious epithets; no strident demand on the part of a middle-aged man safe at home that the war be prolonged till the armies of the Allied forces should "march through the Brandenburg gates" at whatever cost might be involved in young and precious lives. Although himself a "Maine Republican," party spirit was forgotten, and the rector of Grace Church followed loyally enough the leadership of America's War President, though it is unlikely that he ever realized Woodrow Wilson's essential greatness, that of a lonely prophet whose faith and teaching were to mark a new departure in international relationships and constitute an epoch in universal history.

Doctor Slattery was not a pacifist. As he probed into the deeper feelings of those who, confronted by a terrible alternative, preferred war to American neutrality, he found in them something eminently deserving of his sympathy. He perceived that the virtues which were engendered by war waged for the defense and maintenance of public right were essentially heroic virtues. There was obedience here; there was discipline; there was devotion; there were the willing sacrifices which redeem a people's soul. He dreaded instinctively the kind of peace which degenerates into disgraceful apathy, the kind of ease and prosperity which breed maggots of corruption. He would rather have his country at war, with all its banners flying, than debased by such misnamed peace as that.

So he preached what today, in the light of subsequent events, may be termed as interim morality. Of the only alternatives evident to him he preferred the nobler. What he failed to recognize was that it was an interim morality, and that, not a particular war or cause, but the war system, the basis of international relationships upon force instead of upon war, is in the very nature of the case unchristian. His friend, Austin Smith, saw this, but he disagreed with him in his application of the thought and called his editorial "War is Sin" the utterance of a sick man. His beloved and revered bishop, David Hummell Greer saw it, but he called Bishop Greer a saint and let it go at that. Long afterward he came to suspect that perhaps after all Austin Smith and Bishop Greer were right, and his reference to the latter in his last Convention Address shows how far his own feet were being guided into the way of peace.

Of all the men with whom he was personally acquainted there were few whom he loved and admired as wholeheartedly as he did Bishop Greer. Doctor Slattery was exacting in his requirements of men in this office. In a notebook he sketched the picture of an imaginary bishop with an expression of pride, arrogance and fatuous self-complacency; upon his breast a large pectoral cross; upon his head a miter in which the cross was again conspicuous; with withering irony he labeled the cartoon "The Triumph of the Cross." Paragraphs of invective would have been less telling. But as for Bishop Greer, here was the type of bishop whom he could and did love without a mental reservation. He loved him for his simplicity. "I suppose," he said in a memorial sermon, "the first characteristic which most people noted in the life of Bishop Greer was his simplicity. He died, as he wished, in harness —but there was very little harness. He did not despise the things of the world; but a monk in his cell could not have been more indifferent to them." He loved him for his humor. "The most dangerous leaders of the Church" he held to be "the really good men who view the world, and especially themselves, with an invariable solemnity so far removed from the laughter of little children that its owner cannot qualify for the Saviour's standard for admission into the kingdom of heaven." But most of all Slattery loved Greer for his likeness to his Master. "As men came and went, they did not always know that he was a bishop or a clergyman. They were convinced of something better: they had seen, they had talked with someone who reminded them of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Bishop and Mrs. Greer attended services in Grace Church when they lived in its vicinity, and the relations of the Bishop and his future biographer were unusually close.

Several of Doctor Slattery's sermons of this period were preached at annual services of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York. In 1919, Doctor Slattery preached before the society a sermon in memory of Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, a sister of President Cleveland, who at Bagni di Lucca in Italy had been associated with the widow of Bishop Whipple, and had been "a Deborah in preaching the meaning of the war," and a Florence Nightingale in her ministrations to its victims. In successive years he took as his themes "The American Woman"; "The Leadership of the American Woman Today"; and "The Power of the American Woman," in which he pled for international coöperation, and urged them to enlist in "the last superb crusade," that against war itself. By this time he had become an ardent advocate of American entry into the League of Nations, and it was upon his initiative that Mr. James G. MacDonald, Chairman of the Foreign Policy Association, addressed the Church Congress upon the subject, describing war as "organized murder" with a directness which recalled the editorials of William Austin Smith.

On the Sunday after Ascension Day, 1920, the rector preached an anniversary sermon entitled "Ten Years at Grace Church." "You will understand that there is as little reason as there is wish to connect these ten years with myself: for there have been many who have shared the work, and each one of us is glad to be lost in that happy and sacred institution which we call Grace Church. . . . It would be easy to tell you how many have been baptized and confirmed in the Parish during these ten years. I could add up your gifts to our charities and to the work of the Church scattered abroad. You have dropped plans which you would have been glad to develop for our immediate work, that you might give adequate sums for the Church Pension Fund, for the Church War Commission, and for the Nation-wide Campaign. Always you have given large sums for missions whatever the special demands might be. The statistics might make a fairly imposing display, but they would not after all tell the best. It is the way children who are baptized are trained, it is the way they grow up to be reliable and true, which really counts. It is the way those who are confirmed give themselves to the leading of God's Spirit and become His faithful servants, which really tells an encouraging story. It is the way men and women care, when they give all they can for great causes, which lifts money into a spiritual force and makes it glow as treasure in heaven. I am not afraid of the vanity of statistics, but of their futility. They cannot begin to tell the alluring and inspiring facts of a congregation alive with devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ."

The preacher then referred to the institutional work of the parish. "Just as fast as we see one need sufficiently met, we turn our work into new forms. Our Chapel was originally meant for neighbors who came from the British Isles: then the Germans came in large numbers, and we ministered to them: later the Italians came, and we are finding loyal members of the Chapel in them. Indeed the best work for Italians in our communion throughout the country is done, by common acknowledgment, in Grace Chapel.

"I have been obliged to take my share of the tasks which the Church at large expects of men in parishes like this; I have had a good deal of routine administrative work to do in the Parish itself. I have longed (and have tried) to be an old-fashioned pastor going up and down these streets as I went through the streets of my first parish, that I might know you and be your servant for Christ's sake in any way I could. As I look over the years, I seem to have lived a life of fragments, cutting my days into very small pieces. But I have remembered you, and I have cared."

Among the responses to this sermon there was one from Wequetonsing, Michigan, which gave the preacher especial pleasure. "Here in my summer cottage," wrote the venerable Presiding Bishop, "I have just been reading your sermon 'Ten Years in Grace Church.' I want to send you my loving thanks for your sending it to me. There is a savour of satisfyingness about it, with no swellings of conceit.

"From 1854 to 1862 I lived in New York. 'Grace' then was under Dr. Taylor. St. Paul's was under Dr. Francis Vinton and Mr. Dix. It was there that I was a parishioner. The old churches, St. Paul's and Grace have stood unchanged and unshaken with Trinity, all on Broadway, and making a kind of *Trinity* of their own."

The writer subscribed himself "Your grateful loving brother, Daniel S. Tuttle."

Another medium of expression which he found ready to his hand may be mentioned here.

Doctor Slattery was always interested in the Church papers, and while in Faribault considered, although not very seriously, the invitation to become an associate editor of the *Church Standard*, published in Philadelphia. When he came to New York, he at once began writing with considerable regularity for the *Churchman* and became a member of the board, one of the few committees outside Grace parish with which he was associated. When upon his nomination his friend William Austin Smith became editor, he aided him mightily, writing for the *Churchman* upon all sorts of topics, literary as well as ecclesiastical. The scrap-book containing articles of his clipped from this periodical, methodically arranged and indexed, would make a book of itself, and one by no means of slight importance. Sometimes he wrote anonymously, as in an interesting series of articles upon Church usage by *pastor ex urbe*. Book reviews, unless of unusual length, were signed by initials familiar to every reader. They ranged from staid reviews of ponderous tomes to brief evaluations of the detective stories of J. S. Fletcher. He read his detective stories on the train between New

York and Boston and sent the review back by the next mail: a model procedure which other reviewers well might imitate. It was Slattery who introduced me to the works of Fletcher, and whenever he found at the deanery one that he had not read, he rewarded himself for the service by walking off with it under his arm, but always returned it conscientiously within two or three days.

Life on the board of directors of the *Churchman* was not insipid; no one knew until he read the journal what Austin Smith was going to say, and what he did say often occasioned consternation in ecclesiastical high places. The directors learned that they would better not interfere with freedom of the press, and meekly accepted their share of the punishments visited upon the audacious journal. One might disagree with opinions expressed, and one often did, but no lover of freedom and of courage could fail to respect its freedom and to admire its courage.

Even after he became bishop, Slattery still championed the cause of editorial freedom. In answer to an inquiry from one of his Grace Church vestrymen he wrote in February, 1926: "I am glad to tell you what I think about the *Churchman*. It seems to me important that a paper representing the general attitude of churches like Grace Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, The Ascension, St. James', St. George's, and the Incarnation should be maintained. And I certainly hope these parishes will see that the paper is continued. It is hopeless to think of one paper's representing the whole Church. There must be at least three: and the *Churchman*, the *Southern Churchman*, and the *Living Church* cover the ground sufficiently. I don't always approve everything I read in the paper, but I don't expect that of any paper I read."

XIII

THE LIGHT WITHIN

As in Springfield and Faribault, Doctor Slattery's intellectual and spiritual vitality quite overflowed the channels of sermons and again found expression in books. During his ministry in Grace Church he published ten, or very nearly one each year: how he found time to do it in connection with his omnipresence as a pastor was the occasion of never-ending surprise. What made it possible was the length of the summer vacations which the rectors of the great city parishes enjoy, and which they sorely need for recuperation from the tremendous strains of ministries in New York City. Slattery found his rest not in idleness but in change of work, and writing books was a change in which he delighted. Although most of them were written in summer, he was gathering material for them the year round.

One is permitted to doubt whether this incessant mental activity was good for him. In his summers spent among the White Mountains, he all but irritated his "Uncle Harry" by staying in the house when he should have been climbing mountains. He limited his physical exercise to walking to the post office for his immense mail. On one occasion Doctor Nichols lured him to the Crawford trail, a climb which had as its objective one of the grandest views east of the Rocky Mountains, but when Slattery saw the panorama before him, he exclaimed "It makes me dizzy! Please give me my lunch right away and let me go home." Home he went, deserting the party, to become immersed once more in his books. One summer he spent in Heath, and I tried with equal unsuccess to get him to join me on long walks: once or twice he did, but quite evidently rather to avoid disappointing a friend than because of zest for the proceeding. He bought a Ford car, and ran it with more valor than discretion. He insisted upon taking Doctor and Mrs. Drown for drives: they accepted the invitations without immoderate enthusiasm but like good friends they preferred risking their lives to hurting the feelings of the inexperienced chauffeur. A kind Providence befriended them and only once were they actually ditched, although there were hair-breadth escapes. When one of his New York colleagues who was his neighbor during the summer in Heath reproached Slattery for not doing more walking, he pointed silently to a large handful of letters he was carrying to the post office and remarked inconsequentially, "Why aren't you writing a book on the Modern Attitude toward the Bible? Macmillan's are waiting for it." There was nothing more to be said. But Slattery was always ready to give up letter writing when a trip to Ashfield was proposed, for Canon Robert Ellis Jones and his family were there and his friendship for them made Ashfield a magnet.

Of the books written while Slattery was rector of Grace Church *The Light Within:A Study of the Holy Spirit*, is perhaps the most important and certainly the most revealing. Bishop Parsons described it as Slattery's "Weltanschauung, a spiritual biography all through." Together with his earlier book, *The Master of the World*, it expressed clearly and roundedly his theological convictions but was free from theological technicalities. Doctor Slattery had been thinking about writing this book ever since he had been in Faribault. "I should like to try my hand at an article on the Holy Spirit, His guidance in history," he wrote to Doctor Allen, and remarked that the early Christians felt no need to appeal always to Christ's words, because they were sure of Christ's perpetual guidance through the Holy Spirit. "Of course such a theory carried to its limits makes you find a place for the Papacy and for a divided Protestantism and so pleases nobody. But isn't it true?" He put his heart into the concluding chapter of this book and relied upon it to carry to his people a message of inspiration and strong hope based upon doctrinal grounds which could not be sufficiently elaborated in twenty-minute sermons. In three other books written shortly afterwards, *Why Men Pray*, *A Study of the Lord's Prayer* and *The Holy Communion*, he taught them the technique of prayer and provided them with a manual to assist them in their preparation for the Holy Communion.

Sermons and books were well enough in their place, but the rector of Grace Church was too good a pastor to place in them his ultimate reliance. He used them rather as a fisherman uses bait, to lead the way to personal interviews and the direct and intimate discussion with his people of their specific problems. He had a strong Protestant aversion to auricular confession. "I know that 'Confession' is bad for people," he wrote from New York to a friend in Faribault. "It is hard enough to be good, but God directly is the helper and comforter: and, to put it baldly, it is the task of the ministry to make people understand that God wants them to come to Him directly. 'Confession' does tend (whatever its advocates may say) to set up a perpetual go-between. And I don't believe an all-loving Father of us all likes it." Advocates of auricular

MRS. GEORGE SIDNEY LEFFINGWELL SLATTERY

confession would scarcely agree to this description of the discipline, and might well ask whether the personal work this critic was forever doing with his people was essentially different from the work of a spiritual director. "Of course Christ is present *always*," he wrote to another friend who sought his counsel. "It is borne in upon me, more and more, that the saints seem to have their most vivid realization of His presence in strange and unexpected times: . . . we have to be careful not to let a theory run away with the facts. The Holy Communion is an appointed, *pledged* meeting-place: He is also really, fully in other places. Now don't you believe that? Please tell me, for I should really like to know."

Preoccupation with individuals and their needs gave to Doctor Slattery's ministry in Grace Church an intensive character that was both its strength and its weakness. On the positive side it unlocked every door to the hearts of his people, and a reserved and somewhat sophisticated congregation bestowed upon its pastor a wealth of affectionate confidence such as is seldom found except in rural parishes and lifelong ministries, and such as perhaps no other city rector so fully enjoyed. On the negative side this absorption in the parish and its concerns precluded the possibility of his taking a conspicuous part in public affairs. His voice was not often heard outside of the pulpit of Grace Church. There was in him, too, a certain ingrained conservatism, very much like that of Doctor Huntington, which not only led him to shun publicity in the newspapers, but also prevented him from associating himself with revolutionary movements, however idealistic, and from leading forlorn hopes or espousing unpopular cause: he did not lack the courage, but he lacked in some degree the prophet's impatience of things as they are.

One of his closest friends, himself a former minister in the parish, felt this to be the one defect of Doctor Slattery's otherwise all-successful ministry there. "I do not think," he writes, "that he undertook to inform himself on social questions as he might have done, had he been so minded. I missed that note in his ministry at Grace Church . . . I imagine that there were people in Grace Church who never knew that he was a liberal at heart. I wish that he had chosen to lead them, as he could have led them, along that way." "I wish that he had told them more of his real mind . . . It seemed to me that Charles, when he became bishop, breathed a freer air, that his utterances were of a more distinctly liberal type than they ever were at Grace Church." His cautiousness was not, however, carried to the point where it would have entailed the sacrifice of principle, and during the ugly period of post-war reaction he took occasion more than once to speak out boldly in protest against repressive measures which endangered or violated age-old constitutional rights. "May I take this opportunity of thanking you for your statement in the newspapers," a parishioner wrote, "written in conjunction with Bishop Brent, Dr. Coffin, Dr. Fosdick and others—protesting against the intolerant, persecuting state of mind of our people today. I am indeed grateful to you for raising your voice against the deportations—against the action taken by the Assembly towards the socialists—and against the abolition of our constitutional rights of free speech and free assemblage—against our general state of mind which is becoming more Prussian than American. Thank you for your courage—and for your true understanding of what justice and liberty mean."

The chief business of a bishop in the Church of God is not administrative but pastoral. He is *Pastor pastorum*, the pastor primarily of his clergy, and through them of their congregations: under Christ himself he is the shepherd of their souls. David Hummell Greer, eighth Bishop of New York, was such a bishop. If ever a man in a position of great ecclesiastical dignity turned impatiently from the pomps and vanities too often associated with it and in perfect humility and entire self-forgetfulness gave himself to his people, Bishop Greer was that man. As Doctor Slattery said in the closing chapter of his biography of his friend, "It would have been easy for him to be the mere administrator, lost in the contemplation of the outer fabric of such buildings as the Bronx Church House and the Cathedral, snared in the business of bewildering statistics. But as he ascended the years he looked out beyond all these things . . . Careless of outward fame and success, absorbed in a personal devotion to Christ, he was another St. Francis—glad to have his own leadership forgotten that Christ might be all in all."

When Bishop Greer died in the spring of 1919, there were many who felt that this was the type of man whom the Diocese of New York needed still for its chief pastor, and who turned at once and instinctively to the rector of Grace Church as most resembling in character and personality the leader they had lost. During the summer months discussion was rife, and to friends who journeyed to South Ashfield to consult with him he indicated that he was willing to have his name brought before the Convention. He was nominated by the Reverend Doctor H. Percy Silver, rector of the Church of the Incarnation. As his candidacy had been announced and there were to be nominating speeches, he sought refuge in the deanery to avoid hearing eulogies upon his character and work, and there awaited the result of the election.

He had strong support, some of it from quite unexpected quarters, but he failed of election. Bishop Burch, the successful candidate, had been devoted in his work as Suffragan Bishop and had greatly endeared himself to the up-state clergy to whom he had ministered: they came down to the Harlem River like a tidal wave, met there with support from the "High Church" group on Manhattan Island, and the result was a foregone conclusion.

Doctor Slattery would have been glad of the election, with its far-reaching opportunities for pastoral service, but personally he was not greatly disappointed, for election would have meant leaving Grace Church. He was, however, deeply appreciative of the confidence which his supporters had placed in him, and let them know it. "It touched me deeply," he wrote to his future biographer, "that you believed enough in me to want me to try the hard task. That sort of confidence is a very sacred thing, and I shall not forget it. Then, too, as the bare possibility of the thing's happening came over me now and then, I thought how happy we could be working side by side till we got to be old, helping each other over the rough places, and cheering one another with friendship and understanding all the way. But we prayed for God's guidance, and we must believe that He has guided us. And we'll put the best we have into the old Diocese."

Doctor Silver wrote to reassure him as to the character of the effort to elect him. "There was no campaigning, no caucuses were held, and so far as I know no one lifted a finger to organize a group of men pledged to vote. We arrived at our conclusion as the result of serious thought and prayer." Francis Lynde Stetson, one of the most prominent laymen of the diocese, wrote a letter of the same tenor. "My admiration and regard for you has been constant and constantly increasing since you came to New York and I know that the Diocese would have derived much inspiration, and a noble leadership under your bishopric which I earnestly desired." In one important corner of the "old Diocese" there was unfeigned relief, and Grace Church welcomed back with open arms and lively satisfaction in the result, its unsuccessful candidate for the Episcopate. Malcolm Douglas, writing from Short Hills, was exuberant. "I breathe this morn a blither air," he wrote exultingly. "I feared that you might be translated into a realm where I would never see you. The greatest Church of our communion still has you. Who would leave it, unless he were compelled? I thought when Dr. Huntington died that Grace Church would never be what it had been to me before. But, behold, it is more than ever it was. I thought that no one would measure up to that stature. I was wrong. Long ago I discovered that, and have since lived in the peace of a great content. When I go to Grace Church, all the great past is with me as a rare treasure, and in addition the noble and fruitful present increases my vast sum of satisfaction. You are Grace Church. Not all the resources of language could more surely convey what I mean."

Having enjoyed for nine years immunity from calls,—an unprecedented period of tranquillity for this much sought-for minister,—the rector of Grace Church was soon again involved in the mental turmoil of decision. In October, 1919, he was elected Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, in succession to Dean Hodges. In electing him the trustees acted on the unanimous recommendation of the faculty. It was by no means an easy matter to decide. The call appealed to him strongly. He knew the great importance of the work, and he knew with what satisfaction he could give himself to the difficult problem. He took several weeks to consider the question in every light. There was no lack of counselors, but the difficulty was that their counsels called in opposite directions. Every member of the faculty of the "Cambridge School" individually and collectively besought him to accept, as did nearly all of the alumni outside of New York: in New York the pressure was as great from the other side. The alumni of the school who were working in the Diocese of New York believed that his leadership at home was more needed than anywhere else in the country. New York was the battlefield where liberalism must win or lose its decisive encounters: and turning deaf ears to importunities from Cambridge they pled with him to remain. The vestry of Grace Church wrote a letter which was a model of earnestness without undue pressure. They recognized that only he himself could solve the problem: they "would not expect or desire a solution upon grounds other than those of the largest good": but they indicated their belief that "this great City has the most urgent need of religious leaders of real piety and proved ability and that it has a largeness of appeal for reasons quite other than those of mere numbers . . . an importance which we doubt whether any but one who lives in New York can fully understand." This letter dated October 30 came late and was heavier artillery than any which had yet been brought into play, for it bore the signatures of men who were not only his vestrymen but also attached friends: J. Frederick Kernochan, Wm. R. Stewart, Dallas B. Pratt, Howard Townsend,

J. Montgomery Hare, Charles de Rham, Walter P. Bliss, Augustus N. Hand and Lincoln Cromwell. It proved decisive. On the day after receiving it Doctor Slattery wrote to Mr. Lincoln declining his call and announcing his decision to remain in Grace Church.

The months of Bishop Burch's brief episcopate went swiftly by, and soon came the end which might have been foreseen. Bishop Burch had neither coadjutor nor suffragan to assist him in the administration of his great diocese: his salary was quite inadequate, there being at that time no appropriations for entertainment or for the upkeep of an automobile: he had never spared himself and did not know how to; and the burdens laid upon him were too great for his strength. He died suddenly of heart disease just before Christmas in 1920, and New York was once more without a bishop.

In the diocesan convention held soon afterward Doctor Slattery was again nominated for the vacant post, and made an even stronger showing than at the previous election, but the "liberal" vote was divided between him and the capable and immensely popular rector of St. Thomas's, the Reverend Ernest M. Stires. Doctor Stires led Doctor Slattery on the first ballot, and the places were reversed on the second: if their votes had been combined, either would have been elected with ease, but divided they were both defeated. Again Grace Church breathed a sigh of relief, and again an echo of contentment was wafted from Short Hills. "The bishopric could have added nothing to the C. L. S., whom his friends love and delight in. So I find myself in a very cheerful frame. I might truthfully say that I rejoice. The Episcopate is a venerable and, no doubt, a useful institution. You might have done something to improve it, for the bishops are frequently the best argument against Episcopacy. You would have been better than a treatise in its behalf. You have, however, escaped slavery. By the mercy of God, you will not wear shackles. It is a fortunate outcome that leaves you free."

The following winter brought to Slattery the one great personal sorrow of his life. His mother, who was in her eighty-sixth year, became seriously ill and it was evident that the illness would have a fatal termination. For the devoted son there were days and nights of helpless waiting, the bitterness of them finding some compensation in the fact that his mother's mind was clear to the end, and she had much to say to him. "The doctors say she cannot recover," he wrote to their old friend Mrs. Theopold in Faribault. "She is very clear and has talked with me about everything. She talks of those whom she will see again. She has folded her tent and is ready for the journey. Life will be very desolate without the dear companion of my whole life."

Two weeks before she died, his mother gathered her strength to give her parting messages. She spoke to him of their life together, since the great sorrow of his father's death. She spoke of their homes and of his parishes. When violets were brought to her from a friend, she said, "They are fragrant. Violets are rarely fragrant now. Do you remember the smell of the violets in Groton, when the wind brought it from the open windows of a neighbor's greenhouse? How happy we were in that little house!" Later when Doctor Partridge came to see her, she spoke to him, not only as a friend, but as a parishioner of Grace Church. She bore her testimony to what she had found

Grace Church to be. As part of an intimate conversation with him, she dwelt upon her great affection for the church and its congregation, adding that she could not imagine a parish more considerate, kinder, more generously thoughtful than Grace parish had been to her and to her son. She spoke of individuals in the parish: with a word she defined her thought of each one. She said with the utmost simplicity and calmness all that was in her mind and thought. Not a word was wasted: and as each person or topic was touched upon, she said clearly all she wished and went on immediately to her next thought. And when all was over, she was at peace, and rarely spoke except to answer questions. She had said all, and she knew that she had said all.

Doctor Slattery himself arranged every detail of the service in Grace Church which was held for his mother, and called upon his closest friends to conduct it, all of them from Minnesota days: Doctor Nichols, Theodore Sedgwick, William Austin Smith. He tried to answer individually the letters of sympathy, but as they poured in upon him from every direction he wrote instead and printed a touching personal letter recounting his relations with his mother through his ministry. One paragraph is especially characteristic. "I have been somewhat distressed," he wrote, "by having many kind friends say to me that I ought to be thankful that I had cared for my mother as I have cared all these years. That was inevitable care, and a very insufficient return for what she gave to me. For her gift did not stop with the gift of life and early training. To the very end she has confounded my foolishness with her wisdom, my selfishness with her unworldliness, my impatience with her charity. I dare not think what my ministry might have been without her."

Doctor Slattery went abroad again in July, and had an interesting though, of course, a lonely summer. He was in Italy about a month, visiting Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Florence, Bagni de Lucca, Venice and Milan. From Florence he wrote to his friend and vestryman, Mr. Howard Townsend, summarizing his visit. "I had a pleasant call on Cardinal Merry del Val, and twice had good talks with Prince Brancaccio . . . I did Pompeii and the Naples Museum thoroughly, and let Naples and its neighborhood go at that. I was in Rome for one busy week, and saturated myself with a good deal of it. San Clemente I spent two mornings in—that for me is the top-notch of interest. The Pantheon came next. And nearly everything else was third. I even went down into the Catacombs, which was very unwise in such heat. It was like a journey from the tropics to the North Pole. Here I am revelling in pictures." After Florence he had a few hot days at Venice, then fled to Lake Como, and perched high on a hill at Bellagio for a week. He went each day up to the ruin of the old castle, and got a wide view, and read Marion Crawford's *Roman Stories* and Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* again. He had "forgotten what a genius Hawthorne is." From there to Paris, to delight in the Louvre as keenly as upon the occasion of his first visit twenty-nine years previously, and, of course, to walk up and down the Seine investigating the bookstalls.

Paris was the natural point of departure for Chartres, Rheims, Soissons, Chemin des Dames, and Amiens. The visit to the battlefields of the great war moved him deeply, and his feeling found expression in a series of sonnets written two years later, entitled *The Spirit of France.*

Doctor Huntington had published sonnets of distinction, and he was following a good example, but, possibly because he felt that his work lacked the technical perfection of that of his predecessor, he was shy about spreading it broadcast and gave presentation copies only to intimate friends or to those who he knew shared his deep feeling for France. Among the latter the book came into the hands of the wife of the French Ambassador who welcomed it with vivid sympathy, for there was not a place sung in the book that she and her husband did not know and love.

These forty-two sonnets, begun in the lonely summer of 1921, were finished in 1923 when their author revisited France. Of those written upon the occasion of the second visit a sonnet to Mont Blanc contains four lines which epitomized his feeling for France:

If France have many flat and scorching plains,—
  If in her daily life she trip or fail,—
  Yet hers in Europe is the highest trail;
On her high mountain sunlight longest reigns.

But the sonnet with widest popular appeal is entitled "The Unknown Soldier's Grave," and describes movingly the visit of two old parents who had come to the Champs-Elysées and the Arc de Triomphe all the long way from the Pyrenees to visit what might be the grave of their youngest son,—

"Since he, we think, lies buried grandly here."

Three weeks in England and Ireland, and "a beautiful four days" with some of his parishioners in their London home in Phillimore Gardens; then home again. His Grace Church friends provided him with an automobile for the winter, and he was able to increase his indefatigable parish calling. He dispensed with it for the hour devoted daily to exercise, but continued to make his exercise incidental to parish calling.

"The old house seems dreary," he wrote to Mrs. Theopold, his mother's friend, "but I am getting into harness."

XIV

THE EPISCOPATE
1922

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM, AND the shadow of the Episcopate lay upon the path of Charles Slattery almost from the beginning of his ministry. He was predestined to it by his pastoral and administrative gifts. Even in college James Frame and Charles Wright had jocularly nicknamed him "Bishop," and when he was only thirty-two years old he had been seriously considered for the Episcopate of Maine and had received a number of votes. Members of the House of Bishops had "sounded" him about his willingness to accept election as a foreign missionary bishop, and in Washington, in Maryland, and twice in New York he had narrowly missed election by diocesan conventions. When Bishop Greer died, Bishop Lawrence had believed him to be qualified to succeed him in his arduous post, and had written to tell him so. "I used to look on you as a scholar and with opportunity, a teacher and leader in the Cambridge School: that didn't come for lack of money to engage added teachers. My observation of you these last years convinces me that you are also an administrator; hence my hope that you would be Bishop of New York."

So when Bishop Lawrence required the services of a coadjutor, it was a foregone conclusion that Massachusetts would turn interested eyes toward the rector of Grace Church in New York City. He was a Harvard man; he was a graduate of the Cambridge School; he had begun his ministry in Massachusetts and came of New England ancestry; he had completed twelve years in what was in many respects the greatest parish in the American Church and had there demonstrated his competence as preacher, pastor, and administrator of large affairs.

Two other men were under consideration: the Right Reverend Samuel G. Babcock, Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese, and Doctor Alexander Mann, rector of Trinity Church, Boston, one of the foremost presbyters of Massachusetts. In the diocesan convention held in Trinity Church on May 3 Doctor Slattery was elected upon the second ballot. On May 9 a deputation waited upon him, and received his acceptance.

As in the call to Grace Church, so again now the appropriateness of the election of Doctor Slattery was generally recognized. Churchmen of every school of thought were agreed that he would be equal to the responsibilities of the new office. "Wherever he has ministered," the *Churchman* remarked editorially, "he has brought to his cure of souls a versatility of talent that has made him probably the greatest pastor in the American Church. Because he was a real pastor he could be as much at home in a mission station in the West as he is today in the rectory of the beautiful shrine of lower Broadway." The Boston *Herald* was of the same opinion. "The Episcopal Church possesses no finer pastor. He has the pastoral instinct. In the midst of the throbbing life of a vast city with a great parish to direct, he has found ways to fulfill that instinct in spite of conditions which would have discouraged a less resourceful man." The Boston *Evening Transcript* was "impressed with the joy with which Doctor Slattery accomplishes his work. He evidently loves his profession."

Doctor Slattery did indeed love his profession, and the joy with which he accomplished his work was evident in a new book published at this time, entitled *The Ministry*. "Am I in error," Professor Palmer wrote, "or is this the best of your books? A golden one it certainly is. You have made a book as rich and practical for our time as George Herbert's 'Country Parson' was for his. The experiences of a greatly enjoyed life-work throb on every page." This note of happiness in the ministry was so clear and so strong that a large edition of the book was called for by Christian leaders of different denominations for distribution among candidates for the ministry, and the headmaster of a famous school for boys sent it as a Christmas present to every boy in the sixth form, suggesting that he read it aloud with his father and mother in the holidays. And from China the Reverend John W. Nichols wrote to Slattery, sending him two copies of a Chinese edition of his book. "I hope that neither you nor your publishers will feel that I have committed an act of highway robbery in putting the book into Chinese," he wrote. "We have long needed a book on the Ministry in Chinese, and yours seemed so admirable that I undertook to get it translated."

The House of Bishops is almost as brotherly as a fraternal order, and from bishops in every part of the country letters of welcome came to the newly elected Bishop Coadjutor. Only one expressed doubt of the wisdom of his acceptance of the election; this was the Right Reverend Cortlandt Whitehead, Bishop of Pittsburgh, then in his eightieth year.

Bishop Whitehead coupled with his congratulations an expression of grief "that a perfect relationship of Rector and People should be disturbed, that any one else should become Rector of Grace Church, where you exactly suit, and no one else ever can as well. And then, profound sympathy for you—to leave a place where everything is to your mind, and where your word is law, to assume a place where scarcely anything will be to your mind and where you have no authority to set in order things that are wanting. To be a Rector in close touch with affectionate souls, is ten times better than to be a Bishop. So, I can but hope that the call will not seem to you imperative."

With the exception of Bishop Whitehead and of some loyal parishioners of Grace Church who waxed indignant that their rector should leave them in response to any call whatsoever, nearly everyone thought that Slattery was bound to accept the election. Bishop Beverly D. Tucker of Southern Virginia perceived as did Bishop Whitehead the inevitable loss, but took a more hopeful view of the potential gain. "I do not know when I have been so much gratified," he wrote, "as I was when I learned of your election. It is not so much because I do not know that the office of a Bishop brings a change which implies loss, but because I feel that there is a great need to have in the House of Bishops men like you, who place spiritual things first and who stand for conservative ideals. The honors and the things that pertain to the ornamentation of a Bishop are not much, I know, to a man like you, but it is an enlarged pastorate, and brings opportunities for service not only to one's own diocese but to the whole church. I trust that you may see your way to accept."

This letter marked the beginning of a friendship greatly valued. Bishop Tucker's subsequent letters to

Slattery marked the stages of growing intimacy until after a visit of the latter to Richmond at a meeting of the Church Congress he paid him the highest tribute that he could pay to a New Englander: "You fitted into Virginia as one to the manner born. I noticed that even the collect you used before the sermon was the one I use. I have never had the courage to think that my sermons were great enough to be prefaced by the invocation of the Holy Trinity."

Having in his presbyterial days expressed decided views in regard to "the things that pertain to the ornamentation of a bishop," the Bishop-Elect could not now consistently reverse himself nor had he any wish to do so. He was unwilling to make exceptions even in the case of accessories as innocent as pectoral cross and episcopal ring, and when in the following year the Reverend Frank William Sterrett, newly elected Bishop of Bethlehem, consulted him in the matter, he replied in a characteristic letter: "Will you let me thank you for asking me about the pectoral cross? I was offered a number of pectoral crosses and declined them all. I feel with you that their use in our communion is only a passing phase and is not in harmony with our general taste in such things . . . I think there will be a real gain if a number of us will make a stand against the wearing of what is, after all, jewelry, and in maintaining the beautiful simplicity of our traditions. I mean of course a *silent* stand."

His views were well known to his friends in New York, and he was not embarrassed by unwanted gifts. At a dinner given in his honor at the University Club, after Slattery had been toasted as "The Rector," "The Neighbor," "The Contributor" (to the *Churchman*), "The Author," and "The Bishop-Elect," he was presented by his loving friends with a silver model of Grace Church, the base of which was the Episcopal Seal of the Diocese of Massachusetts, it being carefully explained to him that he was not supposed to wear it on head or breast, or on either of his episcopal thumbs.

Consents to the election were forwarded to the Presiding Bishop with more than ordinary celerity, and on July 25 Bishop Tuttle wrote to Doctor Slattery informing him that canonical requirements had been met and that they could now address themselves to plans for his consecration. The Bishop-Elect had the right to choose the preacher; the three consecrators and the time and place of consecration were appointments of the Presiding Bishop, who promised to exercise his prerogatives in reasonable accordance with his correspondent's wishes. These were expressed by the selection of Bishop Lawrence as preacher, and Bishop Lawrence, Bishop Beverly Tucker and Bishop Babcock as consecrators: Tuesday, October 31, the Eve of All Saints, and Trinity Church, Boston, as the time and place.

Doctor Slattery retained the rectorship of Grace Church until his consecration as bishop. Midsummer was spent in Lenox, and at the request of the Vestry he had his portrait painted by Ellen Emmet Rand. The intervening months were taken up with personal farewells to his people and arrangements for the care of the parish during the interregnum before his successor should be elected and take office. During the previous Lent he had presented two hundred eleven persons for confirmation, some of them, "good, strong people who will help the world on"—he was loth to leave until he had given them a start in the life and work of the parish. Hardest of all was saying good-bye to his flock: he described it as a feeling of being torn up by the roots which "almost killed him." To Mrs. John L. Parsons, his mother's friend and his own, who had given him his house in Lenox, he wrote seventy letters within a few months, and during her last illness he wrote to her daily, so that she might have his thought of her, and a "happy breakfast" greeting with every morning mail. He entrusted to her care his cherished King Charles spaniel Bobbie, and remembered even this humble birthday by sending him "a pat on his curly head." He allowed Mrs. Parsons to give him his bishop's robes, but not even from Mrs. Parsons would he accept an episcopal ring, gently suggesting that a seal in the form of a watch fob would meet her wishes without stirring up his scruples. When out of town his letters to her were the sort of daily bulletins he had formerly written to his mother, in which her interest in all his doings was affectionately taken for granted. From the Preacher's Room in Harvard University he wrote to her with glee, announcing a recruit for the ministry. "A very fine Senior, a Presbyterian, has just gone out. Something I said in Chapel this morning made him feel he would like to study for the ministry. He had intended to be a lawyer. Of course I had to tell him how to be a Presbyterian minister, but I longed to invite him to prepare to be a curate in Grace Church!" Speeding westward to the General Convention in Portland, he described the scenery, told her just how late his train was, and, remembering that he was journeying in the direction in which time is gained, wrote two letters in one day so that she should not have to miss the daily breakfast greeting. Mrs. Parsons died before Doctor Slattery's consecration as bishop, as did also his friend William Austin Smith.

At Portland he took rooms at the Arlington Club to be with Doctor Suter, his colleague in the Commission on the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer. As this was the most important work of the convention, Doctor Slattery as chairman had a strenuous time of it, presenting the Prayer Book report at almost every session, and answering questions by the hour. He had the satisfaction of seeing nearly every recommendation in which he was interested adopted by the convention. His tact, courtesy and skill in presenting the report won an unusual tribute of appreciation; at the concluding session, when a resolution in recognition of his work was passed, the convention rose in adopting it, clapped vigorously, and asked him to speak.

On his return to New York, Doctor Slattery wandered somewhat disconsolately through the rooms of his partly dismantled rectory, needed and missed books which were in packing boxes, and was so evidently lonely and forlorn that invitations poured in from sympathetic parishioners asking him to make their homes his own for the remaining weeks. He could not show discrimination by accepting one invitation among so many and accordingly declined them all. To make matters worse, on the very eve of his consecration he was taken ill and obliged to take to his bed. "Do you think I can get well in time?" he asked continually of solicitous friends who dropped in. "What would happen if the day came and I were not there!"

The day came and he was there, but not without painful exertion. He took a compartment in the train for Boston, lay flat on his back, and wrote twenty more letters of farewell under circumstances as trying, mentally and physically, as any he was likely ever to face. But friends were within call, among them Harry Nichols and Mal-

THE CONSECRATION IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON

colm Douglas; other friends were awaiting him at the Back Bay station, and he would not disappoint his friends.

The morning of October 31 found the Bishop-Elect ready, escorted by his attending presbyters, Doctor Nichols and the Reverend George W. Sargent.

On the stroke of ten the leading crucifer entered the west porch at the head of the Trinity Church choir. Behind came a procession seemingly endless, of more than five hundred clergy and laity, marshaled by Dean Washburn of the Episcopal Theological School, a classmate of the Bishop-Elect. There were a dozen visiting bishops of the Episcopal Church. Other communions were represented by Doctor George A. Gordon, Dean Willard L. Sperry, Doctor Raymond Calkins, Doctor Francis G. Peabody, President Lemuel H. Murlin, and the Reverend E. Talmadge Root. Bishop Tuttle, nearly ninety years of age, was unable to come from Missouri for the service. His place was taken by Bishop Lawrence, preacher and Presiding Bishop, who marched in the place of honor, last in the procession.

It was fortunate for Doctor Slattery that the Form of Consecrating a Bishop may be divided into many parts, else he would have been harder put to it than in Faribault to find parts to assign to so many eager clerical friends: as it was, there were not nearly enough for them all. His closest friend in the House of Bishops, Logan Herbert Roots of Hankow, read the Litany at a desk brought especially from the Cambridge School, a memorial to the Reverend Edward H. Newbegin, friend of them both: the Epistle was read by Bishop Hall of Vermont; the Gospel by Bishop Nichols of California. The various testimonials were read by other friends. Then, after the two required declarations and questions, answers and prayers, Doctor Slattery knelt: Bishop Lawrence, Bishop Tucker and Bishop Babcock with seven other bishops joined in the Apostolic Laying on of Hands—and Charles Lewis Slattery became a bishop in the Church of God.

For the consecration sermon Bishop Lawrence took as his text, St. John 10: 4: "When the Shepherd putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice"—a verse from a passage especially dear to the Bishop-Elect. The sermon ended on a personal note, simple and moving, as the preacher welcomed to the diocese one whom he had himself ordained to the ministry and followed through the years with unfailing friendship.

The long service ended at a quarter to one, and clergy and other invited guests hurried over to the Copley Plaza to greet the newly consecrated bishop. In the evening the Episcopalian Club gave a dinner for him. In reporting it, the *Church Militant* remarked that "Bishop Slattery in his first speech to the people of his diocese showed little of the fatigue incident to such a day following closely on a period of indisposition." Best informed of all diocesan papers, the *Church Militant* is not omniscient; those who had accompanied Slattery from New York knew that he was very nearly tired to death and wished that they could put him straight to bed and keep him in bed for a week. But not even his New York friends could have prevented him from sitting up that night until he had written to Faribault to tell a still older friend all about it. "It was a grand service," he wrote, "but I seemed to have nothing to do with it, and I was thankful when it was over." On the following day Grace Church was still uppermost in his thoughts as he wrote to Mrs. Hand to acknowledge a gift from friends in the parish. "No man I think ever had such kindness shown to him through twelve years as you have all given to me."

In the announcement to the Diocesan Convention, Bishop Lawrence had declared his intention of assigning to his coadjutor the care of the self-supporting parishes of the diocese and of the Church Service League, the coordinating agency of all the activities of the diocese, the latter having recently been organized in accordance with the directions of the National Council. The missions were to remain under the care of Bishop Babcock.

Episcopal visitations began at once, and in this part of his work Bishop Slattery from the beginning and throughout his episcopate took greatest pleasure. Like Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, he valued most in his work as bishop the opportunity which confirmation brought to him in the relationship with the young at the most sacred moment of their lives. "To be the humble instrument by prayer and by the laying on of hands, by which we believe that the Holy Spirit comes anew, with strengthening grace, into the opened heart," he regarded as a bishop's highest duty, standing side by side with his ordinations into the sacred ministry, and in confirmation addresses he often described the rite as the "ordination of the laity." Good American that he was, he disliked the spectacle of a bishop sitting in his chair at the chancel gate and confirming the candidates as they kneel before him either singly or two at a time. "As disciples of the Master who washed his disciples' feet," he said, "we would surely find it preposterous to think that at this moment of highest service a bishop should presume to sit as a ruler, when we may be quite sure that our Saviour would have him symbolize his functions as a servant both of him and of those to be confirmed." This strange English habit he believed to be "the relic of a state Church which cannot quite forget that its bishops are lords and therefore may depart from apostolic simplicity and humility. As long as our bishops are physically able to stand, may they go from candidate to candidate in our reverent American way, that they may proclaim that they are the messengers of Him who said, 'I am among you as one that serveth.'"

The first visitations of the Bishop Coadjutor had been decided upon prior to his consecration, as the ministers whose parishes were to be visited desired ample time for the preparation of their confirmation classes. Twenty-five were selected, representative of different types of parishes and missions, for the months of November and December. During the larger part of Bishop Lawrence's episcopate the pressure for visitations had been such that he had had to take three visitations a Sunday and occasionally four, but with a suffragan bishop to help that pressure had been relieved.

The list of appointments began appropriately with an afternoon service in St. John's Chapel, Cambridge, where on All Saints' Day Bishop Slattery preached the matriculation sermon in the chapel where he had himself matriculated thirty-one years previously and where he had been ordained to the ministry three years later. It was an added pleasure that on this occasion his friend Logan Roots received an honorary degree from the school. The students vied with the faculty in the warmth of their welcome. They had shown their appreciation of the choice of an alumnus of the school by ringing the chapel bell for hours on the night of the election. On the following Sunday morning the Bishop Coadjutor again returned to old time haunts, and preached in Appleton Chapel, Harvard

College, taking as his theme, Progressive Revelation of Truth. He told the editor of the *Crimson* that one of the chief reasons why he was glad to come to serve the Diocese of Massachusetts was because Harvard College was within its bounds. "Harvard belongs to the nation but it belongs particularly to Massachusetts." Coming now a little closer to it, he hoped to find anew the inspiration which Harvard always gives and to do what he could to keep before the Episcopalian group "Its unflinching love of truth, its courage in duty, and its continuous aspiration to reach out for the best in both thought and character." The authorities of the university responded to these sentiments by promptly making him a member of the Board of Preachers, gave him an honorary degree at the next Commencement, and in due time the alumni elected him to the Board of Overseers. Not long afterwards he preached at Yale and was "amazed" that the students were "absolutely quiet, as attentive as at Harvard."

The evening of this first Sunday was spent in St. Paul's Cathedral, and during the remainder of the month visitations were made at Dorchester, where he had preached his first sermon as a deacon, in Lincoln, Newburyport, Amesbury, Norwood, Revere, Weston, Taunton, Southborough and Fall River, three parishes being visited in the last named city.

There was, of course, a nearly endless number of welcoming dinners, official and unofficial, and secular as well as ecclesiastical, for the Bishop of Massachusetts is in possession of a wider constituency than any constituted by members of his own communion. Of these one of the most enjoyable was given in his honor by Mr. R. L. O'Brien, editor of the Boston *Herald*, and a number of well-known Bostonians welcomed this opportunity to make his personal acquaintance. Of ecclesiastical functions the most important was the annual meeting of the Church Service League, in which organization the Bishop Coadjutor took especial interest. It was not a super-organization in which others were merged and lost, but rather a representation of the existing societies engaged in the work of Religious Education, Missions and Social Service, brought together to unify their efforts and to give to the Diocese of Massachusetts the inspiration of realizing its work in its wholeness. Bishop Slattery kept in close touch with the Church Service League, for which he felt from the first a peculiar responsibility, and relied upon it for help and counsel during the entire course of his episcopate. He also organized a laymen's committee of the diocese with which he met frequently and to which he constantly turned for advice and assistance. As in the past, he greatly desired to arouse the interest of laymen in the work of the Church and to induce them to share with the clergy responsibility for it. "The Episcopal Church is a fundamentally democratic institution," he declared. "The layman is forced to take responsibility, and his ample rights are clearly designated. Many are the times that the laity have saved the Church from hasty and unwise action. And, again and again, laymen have been developed, through this responsibility, to become leaders in the thought and advancing life of the Church."

As the care of all the self-supporting parishes had devolved upon him, the Bishop Coadjutor at once felt himself responsible for advising vestries in search of rectors. To fill these vacancies he thought first, not unnaturally, of men with whom he was personally acquainted, beginning with those who had been his curates in Grace Church but going as far afield as Minnesota in his inquiries. "I am chiefly concerned in getting clergy," he wrote to a former parishioner in Faribault, "so if you see a nice, nimble, sensible fellow *without frills*, please tell me." The "without frills," heavily underscored, referred of course to churchmanship. Bishop Slattery took his responsibilities in this matter very seriously. He tried not to be a partisan, and at Church Congresses and elsewhere always warmly welcomed Anglo-Catholic participation, but when it came to a question of supplying vacant parishes with ministers he quite markedly preferred men whose views were congenial with his own and with the traditions of the diocese.

One of the difficulties of the first months was in remembering people. There were so many new faces to be remembered and associated with proper names that at times he was almost in despair. A parish, where one meets the same people often, is one thing; a diocese where one is constantly meeting strangers, is quite different. But he did the best he could, and considerate people forestalled possible embarrassment by telling him at once who they were, even though they had met him several times before. One young matron, wife of one of his most distinguished laymen, did this smilingly for the fourth time. He bided his time, but in saying good night remarked to her, "Slattery, Charles L."

As the new Bishop visited the parishes assigned to him, he was concerned not only with the candidates for confirmation, but also with the ministers who presented them, showing himself *pastor pastorum* as he talked over with them parochial affairs and also their personal problems. It was his practice also, whether he spent the night or not, always to send back the equivalent of a "bread and butter letter," thanking them for the hospitality they had shown him. To his old friend Frank Touret, who came into the diocese at his invitation and took the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Waban, he wrote later on: "My dear friend, I can't go to bed till I tell you what happiness it was to be with you tonight. It was good to see all those people in spite of the rain, and to *feel* the spirit you have brought them. After all I suspect that the great work of the ministry is done by the close and intimate contact of the pastor with his people, and the Lord has given you 'that good part.'"

But the Bishop, in assuming wider responsibilities, had forfeited "that good part" with its more intimate contacts, and there were times during the first winter when he missed inexpressibly the parochial ministry and the people of Grace Church. Boston was cordiality itself, and from the first made him feel that he "belonged," but Boston was new and strange, and most of his oldest and closest friends were in the city he had left.

Perhaps Bishop Whitehead's warning came back to him now and made him question the wisdom of his decision: if so, he gave no sign except that of a forlorn homesickness which was evident enough. He missed his mother, the "dear companion of his whole life." He missed his comfortable, overheated rectory. The house on Marlborough Street was narrow and tall, six stories high and without a lift; it was also chilly and he did not understand the furnace. "I hate the little house," he wrote to Mr. Howard Townsend, "but I am quite sure that it is good for me to live in it. . . . I have been hospitable to all the germs which Boston contains, and I plan to be well for the rest of my life. I miss you more than words can tell." He missed not only his friends upon the vestry but also the staff of Grace Church, and when the domestics suddenly

THE HARVARD OVERSEERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, JUNE 24, 1926

deserted him and left him sick in bed with a cold he remembered days when he was better taken care of. The staff of Grace Church would have trooped in to see to his comfort. "We didn't allow him to buy a toothbrush if he would let us buy it for him," one of them remarked. In the middle of the winter he went down to Grace Church for a flying visit, called right and left, and came back more homesick than ever. "I kept forgetting that I wasn't at home," he wrote to Deaconess Garvin. "I made a dive for the familiar basket thinking it had letters for me, and plunged for the door when some one knocked. But I hope to do better next time."

But the Bishop Coadjutor was not to be left long in his bachelor misery of helplessness and discomfort. Bishop Lawrence, coming in and finding the house cold and the servants flown, promptly took off his coat, went down to the cellar and started up the furnace, then went home and told the story to Mrs. Lawrence. Within twenty-four hours the sick Coadjutor was comfortably established in the guest room of his Bishop's house, to stay there till he should get over his cold. There he saw with observant eyes his Bishop's unmarried daughter, eleven years his junior, remembered as a schoolgirl when he was a student rooming next door in Lawrence Hall, now dependable, capable, leader in social service work in the diocese and trustee of Wellesley College. He, too, was now a trustee of that institution of learning. Nothing happened immediately, but after the convalescence at the home of Bishop Lawrence, Slattery's friends found him a changed man, alert, cheerful, buoyant in spirits, the "happy parson" whom they knew and loved of old.

At the breakfast table in the deanery in New York one gray morning early in November there was in the mail a letter which upset all equilibrium and resulted in an undiaconal ejaculation of delight. "Guess who is engaged to be married." "Bishop Slattery," remarked the lady who was pouring the coffee. "How did you guess?" "Because you are so excited." "Guess to whom he is engaged." "Bishop Lawrence's daughter Sally." "How did you guess?" "Because you are so pleased."

A few days later, when the news was made public, similar scenes were enacted at nine hundred other breakfast tables, and from as many homes delighted greetings were conveyed to Boston to assure the Bishop Coadjutor and the Bishop's daughter that for once a marriage had really been arranged in heaven, to be acclaimed with equal satisfaction here below. "My dear Bishop Slattery," wrote Edward T. Sullivan: "When you and I were in the Theological School and often saw a school-girl around the Dean's house—and as some alleged—putting her hands on the stone wall and nimbly vaulting over it—we did not foresee that in later days it would fall to her and to you to continue the Lawrence dynasty and tradition in the episcopate of Massachusetts. It is said that when *Euclid* first fell into the hands of Isaac Newton he read it through at one sitting: and when he had finished it he laid the book down, thought a moment, and then said: 'Of course.' He hadn't thought of it that way before: but as soon as it was stated he said 'Of course.' So say we all. We hadn't thought of it: but now that it is so we all exclaim: 'Why didn't we think of it, it is so fitting and so fine.' "

Judge Hand found himself reconciled to the loss of his rector, "for it is most unlikely that you would have had such a happy fortune, if you had remained here. A lover, a Bishop and Sonneteer all in twelve months!" The Suters found "no words adequate to say how glad we are. Yes, we shall go to see Her, to carry our congratulations, and our warnings as to your 'take-a-walk,' paper-folding, and other pernicious habits, which may not be sufficiently understood." From Dr. Peabody, "I am so delighted. Few things could have given me so much downright satisfaction. I am glad for the Diocese and I rejoice for both of you." From Roland Cotton Smith, "It is so obviously right that it could not happen. Affairs so seldom work out perfectly in this imperfect world. But you have given the lie to all such sophistry,—And have done the right and perfect thing." And so on, through nine hundred letters with the same refrain of joy, culminating in the ecstatic happiness of the oldest friend of all, "Uncle Harry": "My dearest Charles. I am transported, carried outside myself, lifted to a seventh heaven, sit with the seer of the Apocalypse, by the news of your morning letter. It was the only dream I have cherished for you that had not (as yet) come true: ministry, Minnesota, parishes on and up to Grace Church; Episcopate, matrimony. 'And the greatest of these is matrimony.' I love you now, without one *single* exception—because you are to be *double*, 'Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace.' 'The time of the singing of birds is come!'"

They were married in the Boston Cathedral on Monday, November 19, the bride's father officiating, assisted by Dean Rousmaniere. "Since we see no way to limit the number of friends," wrote Charles, "we are having only the smallest possible wedding, with no invitations and no announcements, for we don't want anyone in the Diocese to feel left out." But the Lawrence side of the choir was filled with immediate relatives, and on the Slattery side were friends as close as the older brother who was prevented by illness from coming on from Denver. So they were married and Dr. Nichols' joy was like that of "the friend of the bridegroom" who "rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

Bishop Slattery had preached so often in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine that the choir boys felt a sense of possession in him, and one of them took the occasion of his marriage to write a "character sketch" of the bridegroom which he submitted to the Dean in an essay contest. The "essay" follows verbatim:

> Charles Lewis Slattery, now Bishop coaguter of Mass., was formerly rector at Grace Church, New York. He was or is a great letter writer. When at Grace Church he used to send letters to every member of his parish. He has written many books on the Church and I believe on domestic life. He is a great man and has many broad and favorable views, and while at Grace Church he was liked by all his parishioners.

XV

AN APOSTLE OF UNITY
1923-1924

After their return from their wedding journey, Bishop and Mrs. Slattery made their home in 290 Marlborough Street, the house which he had occupied during the previous year. It was still six stories high and no lift had been installed; it was as difficult to heat as before, but he "hated" it no longer: the loneliness was past. The friends who had thought of him as a confirmed bachelor did not really know him. He was ideally happy in his married life. Slattery's devotion to his mother, his solicitude for her comfort and pleasure and his satisfaction in her companionship had been in Professor Palmer's opinion a "training" for marriage, and he took pleasure in reminding his former pupil that it was at his own country home, in the course of a visit paid to him after his mother's death, that he had not only counseled matrimony, but named the very person, a fellow trustee of Wellesley, who had now made his pupil's life complete. The marriage may have been made in heaven, but some credit was due to Wellesley College as well.

As though to make up for arrears in solitariness, the Bishop Coadjutor took his wife with him everywhere. She soon had all three of his Confirmation addresses and some of his sermons by heart, but as he preached them without notes, varied the illustrations, and spoke with growing freedom and earnestness, she was willing to hear them repeated many times. The places they visited, most of them new to him, were familiar to her, for she was a bishop's daughter before she became a bishop's wife, and had often accompanied her father on his apostolic journeyings. Her knowledge of places was a help in getting him to them and by the best route. Before his marriage, Bishop Slattery would tell his chauffeur where to go, and then bury himself in a volume of one of the Ante-Nicene Fathers and forget all about it, his absent-mindedness leading at times to amusing misadventures. On one occasion he told his chauffeur to take him to Pepperill, and an hour later, when he asked "Haven't we come to Pepperill yet?" his discouraged chauffeur replied, "I don't know where Pepperill is, Bishop, and nobody I've spoken to ever heard of it, so I've just kept on going." Now all was different: to quote from Kingsley's *Water Babies*, "whither they went, thither they came."

Social engagements multiplied, and the bridegroom found that he had emerged from a small family with few and far-away relatives into a family connection nearly as large as the Back Bay and for the most part as near at hand. What with episcopal visitations and the hospitalities of Mrs. Slattery's family and friends, there were few evenings at home; but the most was made of them. No more letter writing until a quarter of an hour before midnight! Dictated letters now began to replace some of those formerly written longhand; but one time-saving device the letter writer would not touch. There was an incongruity in subscribing oneself "Your affectionate old friend" and then completing the letter with a signature made by a rubber stamp.

One innovation was especially welcome. For a bachelor the thing is difficult, but a married man could begin the day as Doctor Slattery had so often counseled his parishioners in Grace Church to begin them, with family prayers conducted by the head of the house. After breakfast, before the breakfast dishes were removed, the servants came in to join the family. Bishop Slattery composed a Prayer for a Married Couple which afterwards found a place in the prayer book of the Church Service League and has since been used in many homes besides his own:

> O God, our heavenly Father, protect and bless us. Deepen and strengthen our love for each other day by day. Grant that by Thy mercy, neither of us ever say one unkind word to the other. Forgive and correct our faults, and make us instantly to forgive one another, should one of us unconsciously hurt the other. Make us, and keep us sound and well in body, alert in mind, tender in heart, devout in spirit. O Lord, grant us each to rise to the other's best. Then we pray Thee add to our common life such virtue as only Thou canst give, and so, O Father, consecrate our life and our love completely to Thy worship, and to the service of all about us, especially those whom Thou hast appointed us to serve, that we may always stand before Thee in happiness and peace: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Each did "rise to the other's best." The new home, founded upon the principle of service, had doors and windows opening out upon the various needs and opportunities of a great diocese; and old friends of Bishop Slattery found that the union which had brought him so great happiness had not changed his attitude toward them, but only made him eager to bring them into a share of his happiness by relating them to his home.

From the first day of his episcopate Bishop Slattery was an ardent advocate of Christian unity. The cause had always had his allegiance, but Bishop Tucker had been right when he pointed out the advantage of a bishop over a presbyter in commanding for his views upon controversial matters a respectful attention which increased their influence. In this particular matter the Diocese of Massachusetts gave him a background of humane and liberal tradition which he could scarcely have found equaled anywhere else in the American Church, and certainly nowhere else surpassed; as Bishop Lawrence had said in the consecration sermon, "his welcome to Massachusetts came from the members of all the churches, for they were Christian brethren here." Bishop Brooks had fathered the great tradition of friendship for other churches; Bishop Lawrence had carried it on, now it was his inheritance, of the promise and significance of which he was fully aware. In his first address to the diocese, at the dinner of the Episcopalian Club which followed his consecration, the Bishop Coadjutor had taken Church Unity as his theme. Throughout his speech he had urged broadness of vision, the capacity of an Episcopalian to sympathize with the viewpoints of other denominations, all of which tended to unify the Christian Church. "I hope," he said, "that Church unity is coming. I hope for the day when one great organization will represent the army of the Lord Jesus Christ, a great force that will stand behind Him in loyalty and in will. In the meantime, I ask you to do all you can to unite the Christian forces."

Bishop Slattery's hope for Church unity was based upon a doctrine of the Church which made it possible. He believed the Church to be like the Bible, not infallible but inspired by the Holy Spirit, an instrument used by God to effect His redemptive purpose, but an instrument composed of divine and human elements completely intermingled, therefore never rigid, inflexible, stereotyped, incapable of adaptation to changing conditions. He quoted with appreciation a phrase from Thomas Arnold, "The most destructive thing in the world, because the most contrary to nature, is the strain to keep things fixed." One fact he found eminent. "The organization which spends its time denying the faith of its neighbors, shrivels and dies. A fear of heresy and a fear of contamination are foreign to the spirit of Christ." So, when Church unity should come, he believed that it would come by inclusion, not by exclusion. This would mean changes, generous concessions and admissions, and in one notable instance it must involve a great surrender to reality. "As long as the Church of Rome insists on exclusion as its first law," he said, "it cuts itself off from the main law of life." "Infinite patience, infinite endurance, infinite welcome, infinite love,—so God works:—and in the end men know the truth because they know love, and God." As applied to Church unity this meant that each organization would be asked "to bring of its best and to contribute it to the common Church, leaving behind all its denials and negations. The positive words of Christendom will some way be assembled, then fused with love."

Bishop Slattery's own approach to the problem of Church unity may be illustrated from an "Address to Unitarians" made some months previously. He began by telling his hearers that in asking him to come to them, they had held out hands of friendship, and he was sure that they did not mean any superficial kindness, but a deeper wish for real fellowship in the Christian community. Because he felt this, he ventured to speak about "a dream which some of us have for the growing unity of all who reverence the name of Christ, till at length, as by some gift from God, we shall be joined in one organic body to proclaim His goodness and His love." He believed that in any effort towards unity it is necessary that each should tell the other his best and highest and most positive convictions. "The negative and the temporary must drop out." Moreover, he found the most authentic witness to Christianity in Christlike character. "What men say is overshadowed by what men do and are."

Bishop Slattery went on to say what he thought the contribution of Unitarianism had been. In the first place, as he understood it, Unitarianism arose as the liberal movement in Congregationalism, somewhat as Wesleyanism arose as the extreme Evangelical movement in the Church of England. The moment when New England Unitarianism arose was "the moment when popular New England theology had distorted the doctrine of the Trinity into Tritheism and practically denied the historic doctrine of the Unity of the Godhead; when, moreover, the loving Son of God, by His sacrifice, was thought to have appeased the wrath of an angry Father. In other words, not only was the unity of God practically denied, but the love of God as well."

Having pointed out the positive contribution which historically Unitarianism made in the development of New England theology, the speaker proceeded with delicacy and yet with complete candor to point out what he believed to be its defects. "In the minds of some men, especially those far away, Unitarianism means a denial of the unique personality of Jesus Christ as the Christian Church has conceived it through the centuries, and I suppose even among those who call themselves Unitarians this denial would often be approved." But in view of the speaker's personal acquaintance with Unitarians, this denial "does not seem a necessary part of the Unitarian movement, and not even characteristic of it." He was thinking of Andrew Peabody of blessed memory, whom he used to see going through the Yard when he was an undergraduate at Harvard. "What did Andrew Peabody know of denial? Not one word. His conception of Christ was exactly the orthodox doctrine of the whole Church." And "what writer has more loyally revealed the unique character of the Man Christ Jesus than Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody in his *Jesus Christ and Christian Character*?"

"There it is; we who believe that Christ is the supreme and perfect revelation of the Father, have seen our Lord in the lives and words of men like Martineau. And we have seen Him in the inconspicuous lives of our friends, who, rather fearful of saying the fullness of their faith, know Christ only as a man, and yet truly proclaim Him every day in love and sacrifice which we believe can come only from an intimate relationship with the Master of the world." "They have that loyalty and allegiance which are better than words; they cling to Him by their deeds, by their characters; they are lost in Him, though they know it not: and in Him they are eternally found."

The address ended upon a note of moving appeal which the speaker fully recognized would be presumptuous if he did not care so deeply that those who are called Christians should gather about the person of Christ. "I am longing that you might find it in your hearts to return to the flock from which, many years ago, your ancestors came out. I am longing that you might heal the schism in the Congregational Church by uniting all the positive convictions which all of you have together; and perhaps others of us could heal some of the schisms for which we, through our ancestors, are chiefly responsible; and then the gradual process, having been well started, might go on till at length there would be no divisions in the Church, but only one holy Church of the Living God, of which we should all be members, and in which we should all receive the strength of the whole."

For anyone who has the religious history of New England as a background, and who is aware of the intensity of the conflict between orthodox and Unitarian Congregationalism, the fierce polemics, the divided families, the lawsuits over church property, the building of rival churches side by side, as in Plymouth: the quarreling over the very Communion silver, this proposal of Bishop Slattery that the Unitarians return to their ancestral fold must sound either very naïve, or nobly challenging and audacious. Undoubtedly it was the latter. Brought up in Maine, wedded in Massachusetts, and by marriage related to Massachusetts at its very center, Bishop Slattery knew his New England, but he knew also the modifications which the passage of time has wrought in ancient antagonisms; he knew the new currents of thought and hope that are stirring the Christian world. He weighed his words, and he spoke with entire and obvious disinterestedness, as a member of another communion, pressing no claims of his own, but solely interested in the larger issues which concern the Church of Christ.

In his suggestion that Church unity will best be achieved by gradual reintegration, those first uniting who are next of kin ecclesiastically and able to do so, Bishop Slattery was in accord with the views of the Lambeth Conference of 1920, and the union of the practical with the ideal was characteristic of him. But pending organic unity he favored what might be termed regional agreements, and for this reason gave his support to the Concordat with the Congregationalists the object of which was to enable Congregationalist ministers who desired it to receive Episcopal ordination without leaving their own fellowship and so be authorized to minister to Episcopalians in the communities in which they served. During the closing days of the General Convention of 1922 the new canons on the Concordat came down from the House of Bishops for action by the House of Deputies, where they were strongly and impressively advocated by Mr. George Zabriskie of New York, but opposed by Doctor Edwin A. White, chairman of the committee on canons, and by Doctor Van Allen of Boston, who was "not in the least moved by the cry, 'for God's sake do something.'" Those of the deputies who were anxious for the passage of the measure began to feel that the cause was lost. The opposition seemed to be very strong, and, to crown all, an amendment was moved which would imperil the adoption of the Concordat at such a late period, for it would have to be sent back to the bishops as amended for their approval.

Humanly speaking, Doctor Slattery saved the day. He admitted the risk, but urged that every time a bishop ordained a man to minister in this Church he took a risk, and he said that he personally knew of ministers in other Churches who, for the sake of Christian unity, would favorably consider such ordination. (Later on, he ordained a Universalist minister, the Reverend Mr. Rice, for service in the diocese of Massachusetts.) Doctor Slattery ended on a note so high as to lift the convention out of the atmosphere of party strife, appealing to the chair for the saying of the Collect for Whitsunday before the roll was called. The deputies stood and a solemn hush fell as they prayed for a right judgment in all things through the aid of the Holy Spirit. The roll was then called, the votes cast, and the Concordat was adopted. The Church had made a venture of faith.

At the ordination of the Reverend Percy Edrop, a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Bishop Slattery again expressed the conviction that if Church unity is to have a real beginning it must be by the uniting of those most recently separated from one another. "I have not been able to think for my own communion of any genuine interest in unity till we gave our love to the Reformed Episcopal Church and received it in return, and then entered again the fellowship which belongs to us all."

What the Bishop Coadjutor had to say to the Unitarians applied, of course, with equal force to his own communion. Unity must begin at home, and the very genius of Anglicanism, the wide gamut of its beliefs and practices, the fact that in the Episcopal Church, Catholic and Protestant, ritualist and evangelical, conservative and modernist already dwell side by side, with some measure of essential harmony, gave him the picture of unity in diversity which he desired to see generally established. If the problem of "agreeing to differ" was to be solved by Christendom as a whole, it must first be solved by that most interestingly diversified section of Christendom in which he found himself so happily at home.

For this effort towards peace his main reliance was upon the Church Congress. Founded fifty years ago, with such men as Phillips Brooks, John Cotton Smith and William Reed Huntington active in its counsels, the Church Congress in the United States was an organization of the Episcopal Church which represented all schools of thought within it. It was not partisan; thereby it shed light by bringing men of varied convictions together, to find their unity in the higher levels of practical and personal devotion to the one Christ.

Bishop Slattery believed that such a patient exhibition of conflicting ideas within a loyalty to a single Master in a single communion opened the vision to the possibility of an ultimate unity of all Christendom. "Those who really see the vision of a united Church of Christ," he declared, "are not dreaming of a great propaganda of one group who shall bring all the other groups to its ways of thought and worship. They see men of many minds, of differing temperaments, joined in the love of a Lord who understands and claims them all as His, however they fail to understand one another." He valued the Church Congress for three chief qualities. The first quality was wider friendships, evident as the members of the Congress lived together, walking, dining, or seeking the open spaces to talk over their individual problems. In the second place, they grew to have an increasing respect for each other. It was astonishing that "people with such varied opinions could speak so frankly without saying anything which would hurt the other man's feelings. This is one of the ways by which we grow in grace." But the greatest gift was getting a larger sense of the truth; "to know that the truth is not what we ourselves, individually, can gather into our souls and hearts and minds, but that the truth is an enormous reality, which we can tap here and there on the edges, but at least we stand before it with reverence for its mystery, asking God to show us, in some far eternity, the whole mystery, and meanwhile asking Him to give us grace to enter into its beauty."

Doctor Slattery had begun attending meetings of the Church Congress when he was Dean in Faribault, beginning in 1899 when the Congress met in St. Paul. He wrote a detailed account of it to his mother. Bishop Potter was "the most interesting" of the speakers at this congress: Doctor Greer and Doctor Rainsford were the popular heroes: McKay-Smith was the most brilliant, and Tatlock of Ann Arbor was "by all means the cleverest and most to the point." When the congress met in New Orleans in 1907, Minnesota men were much in evidence, Sedgwick, Thurston and Slattery preaching on Sunday at three of the four chief churches of the city. Doctor Slattery was usually one of the designated speakers, and bestowed much care upon his Church Congress papers, sometimes expanding them later into books. His paper on the "Evidential Value of Christian Experience" was the genesis of his Paddock Lectures at the General Theological Seminary, published under the title, *The Authority of Religious Experience*. When he was rector of Grace Church, he was made General Chairman of the Church Congress, and thereafter reëlected annually, even after he entered the Episcopate, retaining the office as long as he lived. "He brought new life to the Congress," said one of its oldest members. "Under his leadership it renewed its splendid youth."

So when in 1924 the executive committee of the Church Congress was weighing the respective claims of invitations from different cities, it was natural that the chairman should throw the weight of his influence for Boston. And to Boston the congress came.

The meeting was of more than ordinary interest partly because it was the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the congress, but chiefly on account of controversies of "modernism versus fundamentalism" which were raging through most of the larger denominations and threatening some of them with actual schism. In his welcoming address, Bishop Lawrence referred to the fact, contending that "the real issue which lies deeper than the immediate settlement of these doctrinal questions is whether the Christian Church is to be a church wherein there is large liberty of thought, opinion and interpretation, or whether the church is even more than ever to be broken up into sects wherein each contains only those people who think and believe just alike; whether in such an historic church as ours the layman is to have reasonable liberty of interpretation, or whether he is to be limited in his interpretation to those of his Bishop, his rector, or the general sentiment about him." "There is not a bishop, priest or layman of this church," he continued, "who interprets each article of the creed as he interpreted it ten or twenty years ago. The critical question is how far can one go in his change of interpretation and remain loyal to the faith." The speaker did not believe that this could be determined by ecclesiastical trials, but that the solution lay in a different and more vital approach to the problem. "The church has resolved itself into a spiritual, not just a legal body, wherein we are in general bound together not by decisions of courts or identical interpretations, but by bonds of a common faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and a common spirit of brotherhood; and he who is not in sympathy with the spirit finds himself spiritually outside though he be formally within."

This was the answer of Massachusetts, and of the Church Congress, to the "Dallas Pastoral," a reactionary pastoral letter put forth by the House of Bishops at a slimly attended meeting in Texas, and thereafter deeply regretted by the more liberal members of the American Episcopate. Neither Bishop Lawrence nor Bishop Slattery had been present, and when the latter wrote to a like-minded friend to inquire, he found as he had expected that the sentiment had not been unanimous, but that unfortunately no one had asked to have a negative vote recorded. "I have been very uncomfortable since," continued the correspondent, "and have even gone so far as to ask the question of two or three men by letter whether those of us who did not vote in approval should issue a statement on the matter. . . . Of course if I had to do it over again I wouldn't hesitate a minute. The stupid thing was not to have conferred with other men beforehand and prepared for the emergency."

Much damage had been done by the unfortunate episode, as uninformed laymen are inclined to attribute the utterances of the House of Bishops an authority which belongs only to General Convention, in which the House of Deputies has an equal voice and all legislation is by concurrent action. But there was no use in crying over spilt theological milk, and what could be done to set things right was done in Ford Hall, at the opening session of the congress, by the veteran Bishop of Massachusetts in the quiet and confident assertion of the liberties which are spirit and life to the Church. That his coadjutor shared his views was evident, and Bishop Babcock was like-minded. The Massachusetts episcopate had not departed from the faith of Phillips Brooks.

In the sessions which followed such controversial subjects as Divorce, Remarriage, Eugenics, Creeds as a requisite for church membership, the Christian approach to industrial questions, and auricular confession were debated with freedom and frankness. It was Bishop Slattery's wish and policy that the Church Congress should not be theologically one-sided, and he had taken pains, as chairman of the executive committee, that the Anglo-Catholic viewpoint should be represented as strongly as possible. This hospitality to the expression of views which he did not himself share strengthened the congress and was gratefully appreciated by the high churchmen who attended it. "Your cordiality warmed my heart," one of the most distinguished of them wrote to him afterwards, "as did the constant thoughtfulness, kindness, and general 'Geistfreundschaft' of the whole Congress, the atmosphere of which, intangible and unanalysable, was nevertheless as real an entity as the paving of Ashburton Place."

Doctor Roland Cotton Smith read a historical paper covering fifty years of the Church Congress, every paragraph of which confirmed the assertion of the General Chairman that the institution had made itself indispensable. He described the Church Congress as "the greatest institution within the Church, far greater than is realized by the most ardent supporters, inevitable, indispensable, royal." In his address as chairman, Bishop Slattery pointed out that there are undoubted risks in the free discussion of great moral and religious problems. Freedom is always perilous. But a Church which is alive will welcome the expression of open and frank differences of opinion when such differences exist. "Men of lesser courage draw off into congenial groups where all more or less agree, and soothe one another with the confirmation of prejudices as well as of convictions. A Church which believes itself really part of the Holy Catholic Church of the ages will venture to assemble the valiant spirits, all loyal to Christ, who violently dissent from one another's conventions, beliefs, and loyalties."

Drawn together by their common interest in Christian unity, Bishop Slattery and Bishop Brent were in warm accord in central matters which concerned it, although they differed as to methods, the latter placing somewhat greater confidence in the value of the proposed Conference on Faith and Order—his "baby," he called it in a letter to Slattery—than did his friend in Massachusetts. But when Mr. Robert H. Gardiner died, who had been the Secretary of the Commission on Faith and Order and with Bishop Brent the moving spirit in it, his heart went out to the survivor, and he wrote in sympathy which none could express more perfectly than he. Bishop Brent was deeply touched. "Your letter," he wrote in reply, "is one of those unlooked-for courtesies which is to the human soul as dew to the flowers. I could not have been absent from dear Gardiner's body at the last moment. The only thing that makes his going bearable to me is the sure knowledge that death often brings a great work to completion. His cause, the cause which held him to its arms, was his life. Had the rest of us shared his burden in larger degree than we did, he might be with us yet. I speak as one who has had to struggle hard not to go under prematurely. But it is worth while to die for Christ's vision—there is a glory in it that makes pale death on the battle line." Prophetic words, and when, after presiding at the Lausanne Conference, Bishop Brent gave his life also to "the cause which held him to its arms," his friend must have remembered the words and seen the glory.

In all approaches toward Christian unity the imponderables count heavily and men are drawn together by acts of fellowship which, involving no concessions of principle or conviction, reveal a friendly spirit and pave the way toward basic agreements. Bishop Sherrill tells of a meeting held in Trinity Church, Boston, in 1928 under the auspices of the Boston Federation of Churches, at which the number of ministers of various denominations present was so large that most of them had to be seated in the

SARAH LAWRENCE SLATTERY

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, 1923

pews of the church, outside the chancel rail. When Bishop Slattery entered at the end of the procession it would have been natural for him to have gone on into the chancel and sanctuary, where the Bishop's seat was awaiting him. Reaching the head of the aisle he glanced about, saw that ministers of other churches than his own were seated in the pews, and quietly left the procession and joined them, remaining with them to the end of the service, when he went forward to give the benediction. It was one of the imponderables which make for fellowship: an act of grace in which a loving spirit finds for itself novel yet perfectly appropriate expression.

The vision of unity "haunted him like a passion." "As we face the problem of Church Unity," he said in a convention address, "we must pray for imagination, for grace, for unbounded love, to put aside every preconceived idea, to open the heart wide to the influence of the Holy Spirit, asking Him and Him only to guard and protect His Church."

XVI

PRAYER BOOK REVISION

1925

AT THE 140TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONVENTION OF the Diocese of Massachusetts, which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 1, 1925, Bishop Lawrence announced that on May 30 he would transfer the administration of the diocese to the Bishop Coadjutor, retaining titular authority only.

The actual changes occasioned by this transfer of administrative responsibilities were few, but are reflected unconsciously in the entries in the last pages of Bishop Slattery's engagement calendar. From now on, the number of "Books read" lessens, though to the end it remains impressive. One page disappears—that of notes for sermons. Alas, the busy Bishop will have from now on scant time to write new sermons! He does not write many, but selects a score or more of homiletical arrows, tried and trusted, from his quiver, makes outlines of them in a bold, clear hand which will be easily legible as he preaches, and preaches them extemporaneously, occasionally varying the illustrations. "Ahab Told Jezebel," which he preached first in Grace Church in 1922 is preached for the forty-seventh time in St. Mark's, Fall River, in 1929; "God's Forgiveness," another Grace Church sermon, is preached for the sixty-third time in 1929, also in Fall River; "The Spirit Bloweth Where It Listeth," preached first in Dorchester in 1923 is preached for the ninety-sixth time March 6, 1930, in Grace Church, Providence. But the palm is borne away by a Grace Church sermon entitled "Be Not Anxious," which he preached last in Norwood, Massachusetts, for the hundred-nineteenth time.

This preaching of old sermons was not from choice, but forced upon the preacher by necessity; his time was no longer his own. Even Phillips Brooks had bowed to the same necessity, and often repeated favorite sermons. Slattery recorded having heard one of them first in Appleton Chapel, next in Trinity Church, Boston, then again in the same parish, and still again in England, and added that he "liked it better every time." Perhaps he was as fortunate in his hearers, but the practice is not to be commended, nor should it be condoned in any minister below episcopal rank or less burdened than a bishop with administrative cares.

The pages in the engagement calendar formerly devoted to notes for sermons are now filled by lists of Deacons, Candidates, Postulants, "Sub-Postulants," by which he indicated young men still in college whom he regarded as likely candidates for the ministry, Vacant Parishes, and then—a most interesting list—"Possible Clergy for Vacant Parishes." In connection with the latter were brief biographical notes and comments, indicating the abilities and also the weaknesses of those on whom the Bishop had his eye, and tentative suggestions, often with question marks, of parishes where they might fit. Bishop Slattery was an unusually good judge of men, and his care to get the right men into the diocese and have them settled in parishes for which they were suited showed farsightedness which as the years went by was increasingly vindicated by its results.

Still another page is headed "Apportionment" and contains the names of those who, in response to personal solicitation by the Bishop, would be likely to contribute in considerable amounts toward the missionary apportionment of the diocese. A precious list, strictly confidential, which his friends at the Church Missions House no doubt would have given much to see! But they did not need to see it, for Bishop Slattery took the responsibility off their shoulders, and himself visited or reached by letter every person named upon his list, and with golden results. It was the sort of work of which he had done much in Grace Church, but there it was among parishioners whom he knew intimately, and here in Massachusetts it was at first among strangers. They did not long remain strangers. The Bishop's tactful, considerate appeals for the missionary work of the Church so commended him to those upon whom he called that he secured not only their gifts but their personal friendship as well.

One fact may with propriety be disclosed in this connection. In raising money for charitable purposes, Bishop Slattery always made it a point to head the list with his own personal subscription, and the first item on his missionary list for 1925 is a personal gift as large in proportion to his means as any that he asked of others.

This spirit and enthusiasm gave to the diocese leadership which was loyally followed. Massachusetts met in full its pledge of $100,000 toward the amount voted by General Convention to meet the deficit of the National Council, and Bishop Slattery received a delighted telegram of congratulation from Mr. Stephen Baker concluding with a Scriptural reference: St. Matthew 14:31. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" It was a great accomplishment, and thereafter he no longer doubted the ability of Massachusetts to meet in full any obligation, however heavy, which might be laid upon it by the General Church. What was especially gratifying was the extraordinary effort made by nearly every parish in the diocese. Several parishes postponed necessary repairs in order to pay their full apportionment. The rector of another parish declined to have his salary raised in order that the vestry could pledge its full parochial apportionment. Still another rector offered $1,000 of his salary for the apportionment, and when the vestry found that he felt so strongly, they decided to do away with their excellent paid choir and have a choir which was wholly voluntary in order to pay it. Still another rector, in a parish which had the services of an assistant minister, gave up the assistant and did the whole work himself, in order that the quota of the parish might be fully paid. The fate of the assistant is not indicated, but one may hopefully suppose that a new name was entered upon the Bishop's list of "Possible clergymen for vacant parishes" on the last page of his engagement calendar.

The work of a bishop is by no means confined to his own diocese. As "a bishop in the Church of God" he has many obligations to the Church at large and must be prepared to attend special meetings of the House of Bishops as well as all meetings of the General Convention, to assist at the consecration of other bishops, to attend meetings of commissions of which he is a member, sometimes traveling long distances in order to be present, and to do many other things which, while interesting and important, take time from his diocesan work and increase the pressure upon him.

Bishop Slattery did not grudge this time, even though he suffered from the increased pressure. He thoroughly enjoyed the personal contacts and relationships of his extradiocesan work, taking pleasure in such occasions as preaching the sermons at the consecration of Bishop Sterrett and at the dedication of memorials in St. James' Church, New York, and assisting at the consecration of his old friend and colleague Ernest Stires and his new friend John Dallas. He enjoyed especially out-of-town engagements which took him back to New York and gave him opportunities for flying visits to former parishioners in that city, and was glad that the frequent meetings of the Commission on the Revision of the Prayer Book were at the General Theological Seminary in New York. The hours on the train were not wasted; he could read or write letters without interruption. Once when interrupted he left the train at Hartford and proceeded on his journey by trolley rather than "being talked deaf, dumb and blind."

In 1925 Bishop Slattery organized the Bishop's Committee, to which his secretary, Miss Marguerite Kimball, referred in a memorial written for the *Church Militant* as "his greatest creative achievement in the diocese." There was no dead wood on this committee, which was composed of laymen, with two chairmen in each county and representation in practically all the parishes, two hundred twenty-five members in all. They met with the Bishop frequently for supper and a frank talk about diocesan matters. The function of the committee was that of a body of personal advisers to the Bishop. It was made up of the ablest men in their various fields, real estate, insurance, business, law, architecture, competent to advise him on any case of perplexity and to share with him responsibility for important decisions, to sit in with the vestries in a friendly, unofficial way, to look into many problems, saving trouble for the Diocesan Council, or enabling the Bishop to present these cases to the council with a full and adequate knowledge of the facts. Not only was their time of great financial value to the diocese, but these men helped to raise the apportionment in their parishes.

The first General Convention which Slattery attended as a member of the House of Bishops was held in New Orleans in October, 1925. At this convention he was reappointed chairman of the all-important Commission on the Revision and Enrichment of the Book of Common Prayer. The choice was almost inevitable, for, although new to the House of Bishops, he had taken a leading part as a presbyter in the work of the commission, and since the death of Doctor Huntington, his literary ability and historical and liturgical knowledge had indicated him to be the man to do for the new revision what Doctor Huntington had done for the revision of 1892.

Among the older bishops, his closest friend was Bishop Beverly Tucker, who showed toward him the affection of a father; of men of his own age those closest to him were his old friends Edward Parsons and Logan Roots. Bishop Parsons records his impressions of him in this and subsequent meetings of the House of Bishops: "He always spoke with a thorough knowledge of the matter which he was handling. He was not in the least a politician although he did realize more than do many men of his type the importance of personalities and was always eagerly interested in the quality of candidates for missionary bishoprics or for positions and committees of the House itself. He could never have been a politician because he had no disposition to smooth over differences in such a way as to obscure them or to be other than absolutely frank in the bearing of any matter which came up. Nobody could ever think when he had charge of the Prayer Book work in the House of Bishops that he was trying to put anything over. Absolute frank honesty was behind all that he did."

Slattery was always most considerate, but when it came to a matter of principle he had no hesitation in speaking out even if it hurt. Many of his friends in the House of Bishops remember with amusement and admiration an occasion when a bit of work was presented which was obviously slipshod and badly done. There was "mild dissent and the attempt to express disapproval in approving tones" until Slattery got up in real indignation and dealt with the matter in unequivocal terms. "It was a public service which was hard to render," said one of the bishops present, who had seldom witnessed honesty more devastating in its forthrightness than that with which Slattery "took that bit of slipshod work and tore it to shreds."

The Commission on the Revision of the Prayer Book was strong and representative. It included in its membership the bishops of Los Angeles, California, Western Massachusetts, Virginia, Wyoming, and Bishop Rhinelander; among the presbyters was Doctor Suter of Massachusetts who acted as its secretary. On account of the size of the commission much of its work was delegated to subcommittees, the lion's share falling to Bishop Slattery who had been its chairman since 1923.

To rehearse the reports of this commission would be to reproduce a considerable part of the Journals of the General Conventions of 1925 and 1928, two bulky volumes, for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer was the main and engrossing business of both conventions. Obviously the details of Prayer Book Revision vary in importance, but the smallest detail required consideration, scrutiny, debate, and often required delving into ancient liturgies or studying those in use in other Churches before the necessary background of exact knowledge warranted action upon it. "But through them all," as Bishop Slattery expressed it, "runs a commanding principle. This principle is reality. We are trying to avoid vain repetitions, the use of archaic words or phrases which, to the ordinary layman, mean either nothing or something untrue, and such length of prayer or praise in any one part of any service that the mind becomes numb and the worship of the heart ceases."

The General Convention had asked the commission not to touch doctrine. In practice this was found to be impossible. Nine years previously—and the work had been going on longer than that—the Commission of 1916 had amended a prayer which included the doctrine that bereavement is God's punishment to the sorrowing, so that all this philosophy should be omitted and only God's comfort and peace should be asked for. This was a doctrinal change of cardinal importance; it marked the departure from an old theology which looked upon sickness and death as evidences of retributive justice to a new theology which believed more trustingly in God's love. So, too, with prayers for the departed, introduced now for the first time since the Reformation. The great war had made possible the doctrinal change exemplified in these new prayers. Men and women had been praying for the young slain in battle, whether the propriety of what they had been doing was recognized or not; now the Church caught up with them by incorporating new prayers into its liturgy.

Other changes were equally indicative of more humane and genial teaching. The Good Friday collect which had lumped together "Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics" was amended by substituting the words, "Have mercy upon all who know thee not as thou art revealed in the gospel of thy Son." Prayers for Social Justice were introduced, indicative of a new social conscience. The rubric which forbade the use of the burial service over suicides was eliminated "because," said Bishop Slattery, "we feel sure that the person is not responsible for his act, and that the act is part of a serious mental disease." One may be permitted to question the accuracy of the diagnosis while sympathizing heartily with the humane feeling which sought justification in it.

One change advocated by Bishop Slattery was not accepted by General Convention. The question of the use of the common cup in administering the Holy Communion was troubling many people on account of the fear of contagious disease; the use of intinction was spreading, especially in the Diocese of Massachusetts, but Bishop Slattery did not believe that General Convention would specifically authorize this practice, so he proposed an alternative. Instead of a provision for intinction, the new rubric might say: "if for reasons which seem to him sufficient, the communicant shall think he ought not to drink of the wine, let him receive the cup only into his hands, being assured that, having eaten the bread, he hath verily and indeed spiritually received the Body and Blood of Christ."

This proposal was not adopted, but the practice suggested began from that time to come into occasional use.

In this connection it is not out of place to record certain of Bishop Slattery's own views as to the nature of the Holy Communion, and of Christ's presence in it.

"Is it not possible," he asked, "that Christ was directing the attention of His disciples, not so much to the bread, as to the breaking of the bread? And, through this, was He not directing ultimate attention not so much to His body as to the breaking of His body, the giving of His whole life in the sacrifice of the cross? If this is the correct explanation we should imagine our Lord to say: 'Behold, I break this bread, and give it to you that on its breaking you may live. This act is my body, my character, my soul. Take this breathing act into your lives. Feed upon it. Be my act through history. Receiving the breaking of my body, do you be broken with me for the love and salvation of men.'"

Equally profound and spiritual is Bishop Slattery's conception of the nature of Christ's presence in the sacrament. "In what way is Christ present? He is at the Head of the Feast. To the devout worshipper in the Holy Communion the ministrant fades; all that is visible melts into visible glory. It is Christ who is again breaking the bread and pouring out the wine, and through these sacramental elements is bestowing upon His last disciples the same inner essence of His life and character which He gave to His first disciples in the Jerusalem upper room. He is giving the quality of Himself which we may call the will to be broken, to be poured out, that God's utter love may be known in the lives of men. It is not outward form, it is not dramatic action, it is not parable; it is contact, presence, the personal communication of divine life to human life. They will remember that the Church is called the Body of Christ; and through the Holy Communion they will enter into a new experience of brotherhood. They will count that reception of the Sacrament most sacred when they have knelt with all sorts and conditions of men, and have felt the glow of a relationship which includes all humanity, because for all humanity Christ broke His body, that he might be found in His new body the Church."

Of all the proposed changes in the Book of Common Prayer, that which excited the most general interest was the proposal to remove "obey" from the marriage service. Bishop Slattery endorsed this proposal wholeheartedly. "We are coming to look upon the rights of men and women as equal," he said. "The pledge of the man therefore should be the same as the pledge of the woman. The life which is entered into in marriage is a life of mutual consideration and obedience and not submission of one to the other on one side only. Further, we are dropping out the pledge of the man to the woman, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' because according to modern law, he does not do any such thing."

One never knows how the general public is going to take things. This change, which to the revisers of the Prayer Book appeared to be of minor importance, caught the popular imagination as did none of the weightier matters that they had under consideration and eclipsed them entirely in the interest evoked. To his surprise and somewhat to his embarrassment, the Chairman of the Commission on Revision suddenly found himself acclaimed or criticized from coast to coast as the champion of woman's rights. Great headlines, in the blackest of printer's ink, greeted his startled eyes at the breakfast table. "Dr. Slattery opposes 'obey.'" "Bishop Slattery Enters Lists: Says 'Obey' Must Go." And so forth, in endless variety of captions. Popular sympathy was undoubtedly with the more liberal and realistic opinion, and so, when it came to the point, was General Convention.

In summarizing the work of the Commission on Revision, Bishop Slattery laid emphasis less upon liturgical improvements than upon the new spirit imparted to the book. He was fully aware of gains in the former direction for he was himself an expert in liturgics, and as far back as 1902 had been acclaimed as such by Doctor Huntington, who had described a service composed by Slattery for use at the dedication of the Bishop's Tower as "a perfect work of its kind." "The writing of liturgical English is often spoken of as among the lost arts"; continued Doctor Huntington, "but there seems to have been a revival of it in Faribault." These gains, however, while important, were of secondary importance. "Baptism," said the Chairman of the Commission, "is lifted into the expression of God's loving care for His children; the marriage service makes the wife the equal of the man in privilege and responsibility; the burial service substitutes New Testament trust for Old Testament fear; aspirations of our time for social justice, good government and world brotherhood are recognized; services may be made shorter, and, with hymns and sermon, may have a new force and a new unity. In a word, without ceasing to be the book of the ages, the prayer-book becomes also the book of this generation."

Now that General Convention had discovered Bishop Slattery's serviceableness in this field, he was not to be let off with one commission, even one as arduous and exacting as that on Prayer Book Revision. Closely allied to it was the Commission on the Revision of the Lectionary, charged with the responsibility of selecting new lessons from the Old and New Testament and the Apocrypha to be read in sequence during the year. The old Lectionary was not popular, and it was doubtful whether a new one could be compiled which would be generally acceptable, but the attempt must be made, and the Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts was put upon this commission. And as though this were not enough, he was also again appointed a member of the Commission on the Revision of the Hymnal, upon which he had already served since 1913.

Arduous tasks indeed, but they were welcome opportunities to one who brought to them, as Bishop Slattery did, a pastor's interest in the worship and prayer of the people. "All that knowledge and interest in liturgical matters obviously grew out of his own constant prayer and devotion," said his colleague Bishop Parsons. "One could not be with him without realizing how much he depended upon prayer. There were two characteristics he showed which often came into conflict. His immediate reaction to proposals and to persons tended to be intellectual. His own mind was so quick and so clear that he was impatient of those who could not keep up with him. It would have been easy for him to have become a pure intellectualist in religion. But all that was checked constantly by his devotion and his unswerving loyalty to the spirit of love. He didn't let his head get away with him although it must have been at times very hard to keep it in order."

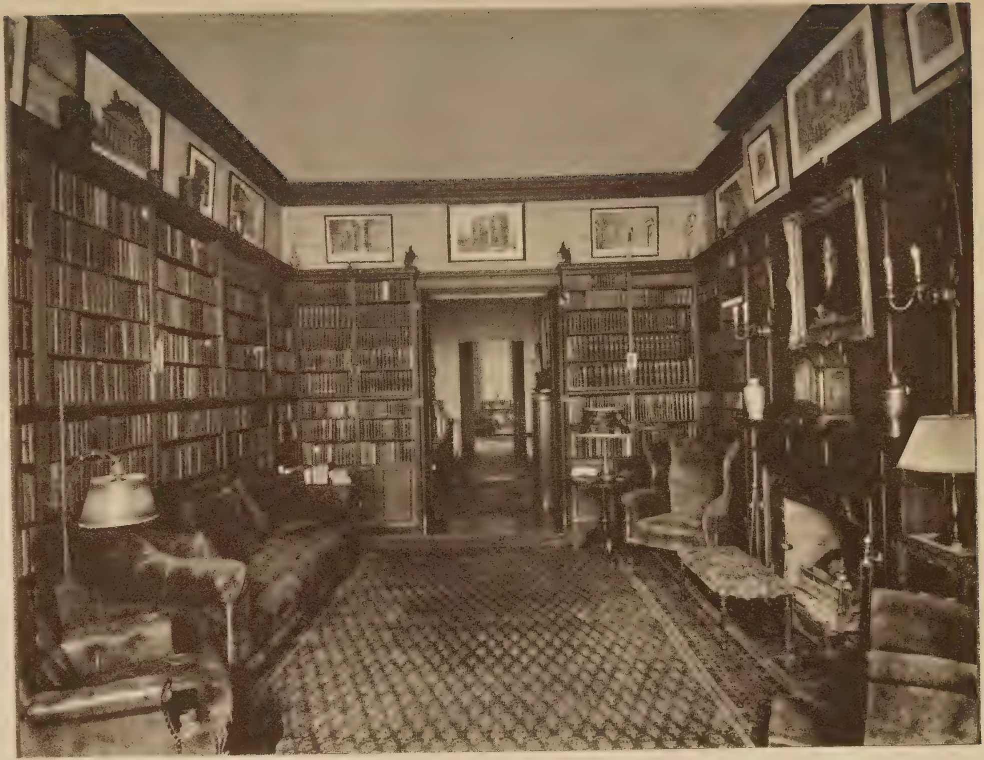
In the revision of the Lectionary, Bishop Slattery was chiefly interested in those parts of it which affect the ordinary congregation, the lessons for Morning Prayer on Sundays and the chief festivals. He regarded Morning Prayer as the "missionary service of the Church," the service where many who are not communicants learn the help and joy of worship and through the influence of which many are brought to the supreme service, the Holy Communion. In selecting the lessons the chief principles which he set down were these: (1) To follow the Christian Year as a guide, when possible; (2) To cling largely to narrative passages in both Old and New Testaments: (3) To relate the Old Testament lessons with those from the New, that both might strike the same ethical or religious note. What was desired was a series of lessons which should always command attention, awake sacred associations, and send the hearer home to read the context of what he had heard in church.

The selection of Bible lessons was carried through by Bishop Slattery in characteristic fashion. He enlisted the help of a group of younger men, including Vincent Bennett, Jack Groton, Jack Suter and William Wood. He devised the plan, drew up a sort of skeleton on paper, assigned a certain fraction of work to each member of the committee, pushed them hard, and had them come to four or five meetings at his house in Boston. They worked independently and then compared results. When they failed to agree there was argument and high debate, but no decision was reached until the chairman sat in with them, and "Where is Bishop Slattery?" "Go find the Bishop; we need him," was the often recurring cry of the conferees. "The Bishop dominated every meeting," said one of them, "and it would be almost fair to say that every decision was his own, though I have no doubt that now and then in some details he was influenced by the championship of some particular passage."

In his preface to the new Hymnal, which he wrote in South Ashfield, Bishop Slattery indicated the principles in accordance with which the commission had done its fifteen years of work. The hymns, selected with great care and often after prolonged debate had been arranged as nearly as possible in the Prayer Book order, with the hope that people would recognize that "they had a companion for the Book of Common Prayer in a Book of Common Praise." No one parish would care to use all the tunes, but out of the book every parish was expected to find a sufficient number for all its needs, which it could sing with enthusiasm. As with the words, so with the music, the commission had endeavored to provide a book which would make the Episcopal communion what it notoriously was not at the present time, a "singing Church." "The prayer which goes up with the finishing of the book is that, in spite of its limitations and imperfections, it may bring the Church into greater joy, as the people sing these hymns of the ages."

The members of the Commission on the Hymnal were quite aware that nothing that could be done would command universal approval. The Diocese of Massachusetts likes and uses hymns which have no popular appeal in Kansas, and Plainsong which evokes enthusiasm in parishes of one type of churchmanship or of musical training is found severe and depressing by tastes molded upon the melodies of Sullivan and Dykes. But in both words and music the new Hymnal registered at least a marked advance in good taste and cultivation, and popularity was likely to follow as new words and tunes became familiar.

It was not until the autumn of 1928 that these varied liturgical labors were finally completed and submitted for approval to the General Convention in Washington. Bishop Slattery presented the report of the Commission on Revision and Enrichment of the Book of Common



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Prayer to the House of Bishops, and in spite of the modest brevity of his report received an ovation. A more unusual mark of appreciation awaited him and his collaborators in an engrossed resolution from the House of Deputies, conveying the thanks of the members for the "singular skill, patience and spirit of broadmindedness" with which they had presented the recommendations of the commission during the long period of revision, a "great service to the Church" which was now completed.

In the reredos of Christ Cathedral in Springfield, Massachusetts, figures of two bishops are incorporated in recognition of their labors upon the Book of Common Prayer, the chief devotional heritage of the English-speaking race. One of them is Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and martyr, whose services were and will remain incomparable and unique. But the Prayer Book is a living book, and to represent services in connection with its latest American revision the person selected is Charles Lewis Slattery, Eighth Bishop of Massachusetts, sometime rector of the parish in which the memorial stands.

The summer of 1925 was spent in Hancock, New Hampshire. "I have been busy all summer," the industrious Bishop wrote to Doctor Nichols, "letters as many as in the old days of Grace Church, almost; and articles for various magazines promised last winter." One of his magazine articles, an account of the Council of Nicæa, was acclaimed by the editor of the *Outlook* as the most vivid he had ever read. "I have a furtive feeling that you were there yourself. It is hard to believe that anyone not an eye witness could have written so graphically about it." Another magazine article, "Why I am an Episcopalian," written for the *Forum* at the request of his former parishioner, Henry Goddard Leach, was reprinted in pamphlet form and widely distributed. He also contributed many articles for the *Churchman*, some of them anonymously, so that his name should not appear too often, and did book reviews without number with eclectic tastes that included German theology and the detective stories of J. S. Fletcher.

Indirect service to literature was rendered by his encouragement of promising authors. As presiding officer of the Church Congress that met in Richmond in 1925, Bishop Slattery had listened to an address by Doctor John Rathbone Oliver on "Fear." This so impressed him that he prevailed upon the writer to expand the address into a book.

It had been a happy summer, but few except those who find their rest in change of work would describe it as a vacation.

XVII

THE EIGHTH BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS

HAVING BEEN HIMSELF FOR TWELVE YEARS DEAN OF A cathedral which was parochially organized, Bishop Slattery knew his proper relation to St. Paul's Cathedral. It was at his disposal for services of a diocesan character, and for such services he availed himself of it frequently, but at other times he left entire responsibility for administration to the Dean. There cannot be two executive heads to the same institution; a bishop's proper business is his diocese and a dean's proper business is the cathedral; and with the care of all the churches upon him, Bishop Slattery was most willing to leave St. Paul's in the hands of his trusted friend the Dean, helping him as he was called upon for help and counsel, and rejoicing in what was being done to make and keep this downtown church a quiet center for personal religion.

His relations with Dean Rousmaniere were singularly happy. In April, 1925, the latter wrote to him, "You enter so sympathetically into our services at the Cathedral that the people feel your presence not simply as their bishop but as their personal friend. Like people, like priest—that is to say I feel so too and increasingly.

"There is a little bundle of letters to which I always turn when faith falters, and I lose heart for a bit. I shall put this letter of yours there, for it is so over-running with trust in me and hope for my work that I am refreshed even to think of it." And a few weeks later, "It is not easy to reconcile myself to Don's resignation, though I see clearly that no other course would have been quite worthy of him, and that a very great opportunity is opening before him. He goes with my full and affectionate God-speed to a test which will try him heart and soul, but in which he will win the victory in the end. For all that you did so generously to keep him in the Cathedral, and for all the friendship which you showed both to him and to me, I am profoundly grateful. There will be difficult days next year in the Cathedral, but the assurance of your co-operation will mean more than I can say."

Soon afterward Dean Rousmaniere died, a loss to the diocese which was felt far beyond the confines of Boston, and to Bishop Slattery a personal grief as well. Besides the sadness of losing so true a friend he felt anxiously the responsibility of filling the vacant post with a man like-minded, one who would carry on the great tradition which Dean Rousmaniere had bequeathed and continue to make St. Paul's Cathedral the center of the spiritual life of Massachusetts, indeed, of all New England. After consultation with Bishop Lawrence, Slattery decided to go outside of Massachusetts for his new dean, and again looked to Providence, Rhode Island, from which Dean Rousmaniere himself had come. The rector of Grace Church was the Reverend Philemon Fowler Sturges, a graduate of the Cambridge School and so much of Bishop Slattery's way of thinking that he had been talked about as a likely successor to him in Grace Church, New York. Doctor Sturges accepted the call, and entered upon his duties, and once more the Bishop was happy in his dean.

The note of personal religion, so strongly and persistently struck in the Cathedral, meant more to Bishop Slattery than can easily be expressed. From his evangelical boyhood throughout his life and in every phase of his ministry, this had been foremost. Not only in his books, but in his personal belief and practice he was above all things else a man of prayer, who as pastor desired to bring his people into the way in which he had found his strength and his peace. Now as chief pastor of a great diocese this desire was still foremost, and led him to do much in the way of conducting retreats for his clergy and arranging for quiet days. In one of them he drew together all his convictions about prayer into one crowning assurance that "by prayer we enter into union with God." Prayer he declared to be "as varied as is the expression of love and trust in human relationships." "Practically endless are the ways in which human communion, one with another, binds soul to soul. Even more essentially endless are the phases of what we indeterminately call prayer. Prayer may be words, familiar and honored; or words, stumbling and confused; or thoughts without words; or deliberate vacancy awaiting God's thoughts to be given; or meditation, or revery, or fixedness of attention upon one tiny manifestation of God's life in the world, a leaf in one's garden, a passing cloud, the shimmer of light in the roadway after rain."

That Bishop Slattery knew from experience whereof he spoke is evident from the next paragraph: "Prayer is exceedingly hard work. It is not, as the vain ones suppose, merely words, or merely thoughts or merely contemplations. These little doors are but entrances to an absorbing work. Prayer is the ruthless breaking down of selfishness; it is stiff climbing; it is rising into the majesty of the life of God. Prayer means all that a man has, all that he is, all that he hopes to be; it means his whole heart. Prayer asks everything, but it gives the all-in-all."

In his address to the diocesan convention of 1926, Bishop Slattery broached the subject of the enforcement of law. He had in the past few years decided to become a total abstainer, and ten years previously, even before its enactment, he had pled with his people in Grace Church to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor for the period of the war. Now he made an earnest and emphatic appeal for more strict observance of the Prohibition Amendment by Episcopalians. "A man has every right to work for the change of a law," he admitted, "but while he is working for such a change, he is in duty bound himself to keep the law. I call upon every one of you today to show your love for your country by loyalty and strict obedience to the Constitution of the United States of America. It is right to recognize," he continued, "that the law-breakers are a small minority of the potential leaders of America. There is one supreme leadership which ultimately carries all before it, that is the public opinion of that quiet majority which has little to say, but acts and votes. Convinced that intoxicating drink is a menace to domestic happiness, industrial progress and public safety, this quiet majority will, I believe, never let go the law which seeks to protect the home and the nation."[1]

The law was not that of the Medes and Persians: those who desired a change were free to proceed in a law-abiding way, and get it changed if they could. There was force as well as humor in Bishop Slattery's assault upon those who justified disobedience of the Volstead Law by reference to the Fugitive Slave Law. "The heroic abolitionists deliberately and prayerfully broke it," he said. "They broke it with their eyes open to the fact that they were inviting civil war." Here was no such emergency.

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[1] It is not for the biographer to obtrude his own views; yet he may without impropriety call attention to the fact that this prediction was made in 1926, since when the nation-wide poll taken by *The Literary Digest* and the exhaustive and informing report of the Wickersham Commission indicate a groundswell of change in the public opinion of the "quiet majority."

Bishop and Mrs. Slattery spent the summer of 1926 abroad, chiefly in England. In London there was a pleasant dinner party at Lambeth—"the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson could not possibly have been kinder than they were"; an interested visit to the House of Commons, where they heard a heated debate about miners in which two former Prime Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald took part; and of course the inevitable browsing among bookstalls for the book collector of the family. From there they went to Cambridge, Norwich and Peterborough, visiting Cathedrals, then settled down for a while in Surrey, in order that the industrious Bishop might write a book upon which he was working, *In Time of Sorrow: a Book of Consolation.* Summer was now nearly the only time he had leisure for writing.

Duty done and vacation time not over, like good Americans they went to Paris, and like good internationalists to Geneva and the League of Nations. There were Grace Church and Springfield parishioners to be called upon en route even so far away as this,—once a parishioner always a parishioner to the "happy parson." "We have just come from a really wonderful week at Geneva," Mrs. Slattery wrote to her father, and indeed it was; luncheons to meet Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Loucheur; an evening at a Students Club (international) at which they heard M. de Madariaga speak on Disarmament; another luncheon to meet Viscount Cecil, and so forth. They came across old friends, the Stephen Bakers, the Alexander Haddens, the Paul Revere Frothinghams, President Alderman, and other people of the international mind. "Friday we went to a thrilling meeting of the Assembly. The representatives of 47 nations were on the floor, the credentials of the Germans were reported as being found correct, and then Stresemann and the two other German delegates walked into the empty seats. Stresemann made an excellent address in German, which was translated into French and then English— and then Briand got up and answered it. You could have heard a pin drop. There was great enthusiasm when he was through, and Sir George Foster led three cheers,—which everyone enjoyed except the British delegation, which I believe thought it rather undignified."

The entrance of Germany into the League of Nations was an historic occasion, being in fact the real end of the great war, and the American visitors were duly sensible of the privilege of being present at a time when history was being made. "I was impressed by the real eagerness to get together and to sink nationalistic ambitions in world politics for the sake of peace," Bishop Slattery wrote to Mr. Townsend. "The risk and the difficulties were frankly admitted but a faith in men's brotherhood was inspiring. I wish Lodge could drop in upon the scene."

Returning to Massachusetts, the first business which confronted Bishop Slattery was preparation for the approaching Bishops' Crusade. To one with his convictions the call of the Church to participate in a crusade for personal religion under the leadership of its bishops could not be otherwise than profoundly welcome, and in the autumn of 1926 Bishop Slattery assumed whole-heartedly leadership in the crusade in the Diocese of Massachusetts. It added much to his labors, for the thorough preparation that was required meant nearly endless planning and correspondence, but he counted these additional labors light because of his zest for the undertaking. From the diocesan headquarters at 1 Joy Street letters went forth to every clergyman in the diocese, telling him what was expected of him in this connection, and advising him in the matter of the formation of local committees and instructions as to their duties. After much thought, Bishop Slattery decided upon the Right Reverend John T. Dallas, whom he had formerly brought to St. Paul's Cathedral, and who was now Bishop of New Hampshire, as the visiting bishop for the diocese. The Reverend Henry Wise Hobson of Worcester and Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Jr., of New York were selected as chief assistants. Bishop Slattery was obliged to leave the diocese for a week to do his own work as "crusader" in Rochester and Buffalo, but for most of the time he was in his place, leading, guiding, directing and inspiring, and so imparting his enthusiasm to others that Massachusetts was on fire with it.

After such preparation, and under such leadership, the Bishops' Crusade met with the success that had been anticipated. The newspapers were full of it for weeks; a sure indication of the popular interest evoked. Every parish and mission had its happy tale to tell, swelling into a chorus which found culminating expression in an extraordinary mass meeting at Symphony Hall in Boston. Several thousand people crowded the hall to its doors and filled another church nearby. Thirteen hundred trained choir members from one hundred Episcopal churches led in congregational singing, the fervor and volume of which were long remembered, and to a congregation so well prepared Bishop Slattery and Bishop Dallas gave their crusaders' messages of personal religion. The purpose of the crusade, Bishop Slattery declared, was "to bring to every individual member of the church a consciousness of the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to make us know that He is always waiting to help us, to be our lover and our friend." The crusade was "not only for the men outside," it was "for the people who have gone to church conventionally, but have never had the great inspiration and the overflowing joy of knowing God and His Christ in this world which their presence makes heaven."

Similar meetings were held in eight other cities of Massachusetts, the leaders beginning in Fall River and Taunton, continuing in New Bedford, and going on to Lynn, Salem, Lawrence and Lowell. In each case there had been the same long, careful preparation of prayer, an intensive training conference after each mass meeting, with plans for future activity in the local parishes. Everywhere the leadership of Bishop Slattery was perceived and gratefully acknowledged.

Another year had flown by as if on wings, and on the thirtieth of April, 1927, the Diocese of Massachusetts was again holding an annual convention. Thirty-four years to the day since he was elected to the office of Bishop of Massachusetts, Bishop Lawrence chose this occasion to inform the diocese that he had sent to the Presiding Bishop his resignation and the reasons therefor, to be presented by him at the meeting of the House of Bishops called for June 1. He would still remain a member in full standing of the House of Bishops, merely ceasing to be Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. "My term of office has been longer than that of any of my predecessors," he said. "During these thirty-four years we have worshipped and worked together in perfect harmony. There has not been a single note of discord; we have been and still are in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace."

In his convention address Bishop Slattery called for a serious consideration of means to overcome the rapid increase of divorce, which he believed "threatens the best life of the the nation." It was a situation which could not be ignored; the Church had a grave responsibility toward the integrity of the home and, therefore, must be on the alert to see in what ways it might help in meeting the alarming conditions. He could see little good accomplished by philippics against the grievous increase of divorce in America. The Church must do something. The only thing the Church could do was to "show forth by the life of its members how much it cares for the family and its integrity."

The Church, therefore, had a genuine contribution to make to this tragic problem. "It may guard the youth at the time of marriage and make them quite sure that they know so thoroughly the people whom they intend to marry that they make with confidence the lifelong vow. The flippant, casual marriage will cease within the walls of our churches. Then divorce, if it comes, will be the end of marriage till death breaks the bond. When men and women in the Church are ready to make this sacrifice, if it is a sacrifice, then the world will listen to the Church."

In conclusion the Bishop placed the emphasis where it belongs. "Beyond all warning or appeal is the example of a happy, united home. Children so fortunate as to be brought up in a truly Christian home, where love reigns supreme, will themselves have slight danger of contributing to the breaking of the marriage tie. They will desire above all else to give to their children the priceless gift of such a home as their parents have given them. They will say reverently before God and men, 'Till death us do part'; and they cannot dream that their vow shall ever be broken.

"So we come to see that the only genuine solution of the problem is Christ. When men and women give themselves in complete surrender to Him, it becomes impossible to talk of the selfish rights of husband or wife. Christ lives in that home, and its love and its joy speak of heaven."

Bishop Slattery composed several confirmation addresses, each of them a model of its kind, but as he delivered them without notes it is necessary to reproduce them from the memory of his hearers, on one of whom at least the address on the Gifts of the Holy Spirit made an impression so lasting that it may be reproduced almost in the Bishop's own earnest words; more fully than he himself reproduced it in *Following Christ:*

> What does it mean to receive the Holy Spirit? Well, we sometimes think of confirmation as the "ordination of the laity." Of course you received the Holy Spirit at your baptism. You receive the Holy Spirit every time you say your prayers, but we believe that today you have received Him in an especial and great way.
>
> We have prayed that you should have the spirit of wisdom and understanding. Christ wants us to know about Him, and one of the best ways to know Him is to read His life, in the four Gospels: so won't you today, when you go home, begin to read the oldest of the four Gospels to come down to us,—St. Mark. Read a chapter or a half-chapter,—it does not matter just how much you read as long as you read it carefully. Then tomorrow begin where you have left off, and read another chapter, and when you are through with that Gospel, begin with the Gospel of St. Luke, and then St. Matthew, and finally St. John. And when you are through with them all, begin again, and so on all

the rest of your life, so that every day you will know about Him and you will receive His Holy Spirit.

Then we asked that you should have the spirit of ghostly strength. That means in temptation. You will all have temptation sometime in your life. In a parish I once served, I asked a little girl if she did not want to be confirmed. "No," she said. She did not want to be confirmed that year,—perhaps never, for she knew a girl who had been confirmed a year ago, and soon afterward she saw that girl cheating in an examination at school. So what use was confirmation? Now, of course, the fact that one girl was cheating, was no reason why another girl should not be confirmed. But that shows the great need of being loyal to your prayer in confirmation. So when you are tempted, remember that you have the Holy Spirit within you, and He will give you power, and you will conquer that temptation.

Or sometimes it is physical pain, such pain you think you cannot stand it another moment. Remember the Holy Spirit, and He will give you strength to bear that pain. Or perhaps it is bereavement, when someone you know goes out of this world and you must make the rest of the journey alone. And sometimes it is failure,—when you have tried to do some great and noble deed, and you have failed miserably before all your friends. Remember the Holy Spirit, turn to Him, and He will give you strength to overcome that failure.

Then we prayed that you might be filled with the spirit of Holy Fear. I suppose it may be harder to be reverent now, than it has ever been before in the history of the world. Some of you may find yourselves in some such situation as this. You may be in a room full of people, and some one will speak slightingly of our Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps he will ask what we know about Him anyway. Perhaps he will say He is just an historical character, and he does not want to have anything to do with Him. When you hear such words as that, I hope you will stand up, though you stand alone. Tell them that you are a follower of the Lord Jesus, and tell them that you love Him.

So as you go out from this Church today, I hope you will go with your heads up, and with your eyes shining, for you have the Holy Spirit within you. You will know Him, and He will give you power and strength to conquer temptation, bereavement and pain, so that the whole world will see that you are filled with His Holy Spirit.

On June 1, 1927, at a meeting of the House of Bishops in New York, the resignation of Bishop Lawrence was accepted, and Charles Lewis Slattery became the eighth Bishop of Massachusetts. At the same meeting of the House of Bishops, the resignation of the Bishop of Oklahoma, his old friend Theodore Thurston, was also accepted: associating the events he felt as though he were taking up a torch committed to him by the faithful hands of friends.

The following summer was spent in Peterborough at the cottage of Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, where comparative solitude and a beautiful view gave Bishop Slattery the opportunity he coveted to work tranquilly upon a book he had in preparation. The end of the summer was greatly saddened by the death of Mrs. Slattery's mother, Mrs. Lawrence. "I have known her for just forty years," her son-in-law wrote, "and very gracious memories come back to me of all her great kindness. It was a great blessing to me to have her under my roof that first anniversary after my mother's death; and she understood my utter loneliness those first months in Boston, and was unspeakably good to me. . . . The death of a mother has changed and glorified death, so that it is revealed as the merciful change to a better and a higher world."

XVIII

FOLLOWING CHRIST

Bishop Slattery's love of books continued throughout his life. Doctor Parks, in a sermon on "Intellectual Integrity" which he preached in St. Bartholomew's Church deplored the fact that many of our bishops were so burdened with administrative cares that they did not have time to keep abreast of scholarly thought and research in their reading. The Bishop of Massachusetts gave lively evidence that this is not necessarily the case. No bishop in the American Church was more heavily burdened with diocesan responsibilities than he, yet one would have had to look to the cloistered seclusion of theological seminaries to find his equal in the matter of scholarly reading. His diaries indicate that he read nearly every book of importance. Not only so, but he took the trouble to review many of them for the benefit of other clergymen who might think themselves too pressed for time to read them; no initials were more familiar than his to readers of the book reviews of the *Churchman*.

What was still more surprising to those who knew the pressure upon his time, he not only continued to read and review books, but also to write them. During his brief episcopate, no less than five new books were added to a list already long enough to fill a shelf in an ordinary bookcase. His sonnet sequence, *The Spirit of France*, was written during his summer holiday in France in 1923. In the following year he published a short biography of his noble friend, William Austin Smith. It was characteristic of him that he never wrote biographies except of closest friends; his comrade, Edward Atkinson; his foster father, Felix Reville Brunot; his teacher, Doctor Allen; and his bishop, David Hummell Greer, having been the previous subjects. In 1925 he published his *Bible Lessons for the Sunday Mornings of the Christian Year.* In 1927 there were two books. *The Words from His Throne* fulfilled a twofold purpose. Based upon the Seven Words from the Cross, it served as a model for preachers of the Three Hour Service by treating these kingly utterances of One who spoke not as victim but as victor, the conqueror of pain and of death; and it also provided for general readers the comfort of his interpretation of these royal words. The *Presbyterian Messenger* greeted the little volume with enthusiasm. "We should be glad to recognize that a great sister communion like the Episcopal Church has preachers who present the complete Gospel message with simplicity and love."

The other book published in 1927 was *In Time of Sorrow: A Book of Consolation.* Such had been his gift of consolation that for several years his friends and publishers had been urging him to put into a book something which, even without his presence, might yet bring ease to others in their time of need. Such a book was not easy to write. For a long time he found it impossible to do so; but a vacation in England where since the war sorrow had been a common lot, and consolation a miracle, attuned his mood; he was always sensitive to the spiritual atmosphere of his surroundings. "Here, on this silent hilltop in Surrey, looking down upon broad moors and gentle hills, and across to the distant horizons, I have finished it," he wrote. "It was easy to write, because I simply told the reader the things I have been saying to bereaved people through twenty or thirty years." In asking a friend to review it, he said significantly, "You know what this book means to me." It meant to him a new avenue of approach to people he desired to console, and he used it for the purpose as he did other of his books, sending it with a brief personal message to persons in bereavement, and in many instances greatly comforting them thereby.

But the best of the books written while he was Bishop was also the last, entitled *Following Christ*, which was published in 1928. As the previous books had been those of a pastor ministering to his people, so this was the book of a bishop instructing candidates for confirmation, and telling them what they should know and believe to their souls' health. Dean Hodges' *The Episcopal Church* had been admirably adapted to the purpose, but it had long been out of print. The chapters of *Following Christ* entitled successively The Definite Decision, Character, The Creed, The Church, Christian Worship, The Holy Communion, Knowing Christ Face to Face, indicate the nature of the contents. But the book was more than an expansion of confirmation addresses; it was the essence of Christ's religion as the Bishop of Massachusetts received and taught the same, written with the simplicity that characterized his spoken message.

From the day of its publication the book enjoyed a wider popularity than any of his previous books upon similar themes. Bishop Capers ordered fifty copies for distribution among his clergy in West Texas. "Your book, *Following Christ*, is everything that I would desire of it," he wrote. "It shall become one of the textbooks for all future confirmation classes. I know no other book that fills so perfectly the need of the parish priest as this one does. From the bottom of my heart I thank you and for its publication I devoutly say, *Laus Deo*." Several other bishops wrote to the same effect, while in the Diocese of Massachusetts the book became almost at once what the author had hoped that it would be, a textbook for pastors in the preparation of candidates for confirmation. So, through his clergy, the teaching of the Bishop was diffused through scores of parishes and missions in advance of his annual visitations.

Doctor Edward L. Partridge strongly recommended European vacations to a patient who, as he well knew, could never be induced to rest at home. "It is much to your advantage to slide away to Europe in your summers," he wrote, "and you show your usual good judgment in continuing to do this. I thank you for remembering my admonitions." Duty and inclination pointing in the same eastward direction, in 1928 Bishop and Mrs. Slattery again spent their summer vacation abroad. It was not altogether a vacation, for the Bishop visited and confirmed in the American Chapels in Dresden and in Munich at the request of the National Council, Bishop Lawrence, who was in charge of the European churches that year, having been unable to make these particular visitations. Canon and Mrs. Simpson were their hosts for a visit in London, and the Bishop preached in St. Paul's; at Oxford he "found the book-shops full of wonderful bargains." There had been discussion in the diocese about what is called in this country the First Century Christian Fellowship, but in England the Oxford Group, and Bishop Slattery wishing to have first-hand information on the subject, he and Mrs. Slattery attended a house-party of the Fellowship in Yorkshire. Bishop Slattery was so much impressed that at a meeting of the alumni of the Cambridge School held in Washington during the General Convention in the following October he made an earnest plea for sympathetic consideration of the movement. They also visited Doctor Lang, then Archbishop of York, at Bishopthorpe, and from there returned to London, where Bishop Slattery preached in Westminster Abbey; then to Wells, where they were the guests of Dean and Mrs. Armitage Robinson in the beautiful fourteenth-century deanery.

That all parts of a bishop's work are not equally enjoyable goes without saying. Part of it consists in argument, explanation, debate, the winning over of opponents to some or other episcopal policy which does not meet with unanimous consent. There are those who enjoy such things as a chess player enjoys a difficult problem of the chessboard, and who are at their best when excited by opposition and controversy; but Bishop Slattery was not one of them. He was constitutionally averse to controversy, and quite miserable when it was forced upon him by the nature of tasks in which he was engaged.

Up to the present time his ministry had been singularly free from this sort of distraction. In Minnesota there had been ripples of it, as was inevitable in view of the fact that he and three or four clergymen like-minded had been a liberal minority in a conservative diocese. In New York there had been no trouble at all. Some of his friends regretted that there was none. They remembered the eighth beatitude, and wished that a man to whom the other seven so evidently applied might win that blessing also, and be persecuted for righteousness' sake; that he would "say things in Grace Church that would get him into trouble."

Trouble began for him in Massachusetts in connection with the Diocesan House. At the annual meeting of the diocese in the spring of 1927 the convention had approved the project of an enlarged and enriched Diocesan House at 1 Joy Street. The plan called for an expenditure of $150,000 of which Bishop Slattery had already collected nearly half. For a long time the Diocesan House had been too small for the work of the diocese, but one demand of the General Church after another had compelled the Bishop and Council to postpone the provision of adequate equipment for their own work, and only now had they reached an open space in which they could rightly urge the claims of the diocese.

"We shall be asked," said Bishop Slattery, "why we do not seek new ground and attempt a larger and more imposing building. The first reason why we stay in the old house is that it is in an excellent location in the heart of the city. The second and more appealing reason is that the Joy Street House has the associations of thirty-five years of diocesan service. It is the one outward symbol of the short bishopric of Phillips Brooks. For his sake, if for no other, we should wish to keep it."

But keeping it and enlarging it meant adding to its height in the back. And adding to its height threatened, or appeared to threaten, the beautiful skyline of Beacon Hill. And whoever touched the skyline of Beacon Hill touched the apple of the eye of those who dwelt thereon, and caused them most vigorously to blink and to protest. For Boston is not a mushroom city as is Chicago or Detroit, nor can a stranger, even though he be its bishop, intermeddle with traditions that flourished when these other cities were mere congeries of shanties and corner saloons.

Construction being delayed for a year, by reason of the request of the wife of a neighbor who was ill, it was not until the summer of 1928 that the menace to the skyline was perceived. Then the storm broke, but unfortunately for the peace of the diocese it broke while the peace-loving bishop was in Europe for his summer vacation and unable to deal personally with the untoward situation. His representatives did not share the apprehensions of the protesters and anticipated no unsightliness from the increase in height of a few additional stories; they believed that they had the law on their side, and they stood firm.

Things became serious. Bills in equity were filed in the Suffolk Superior Court, asking the court for injunctions restraining the erection of the "huge" building as planned. From their description one would suppose that a skyscraper was contemplated, but the "huge" building was in reality only eighty feet high. Episcopalians wrote letters to the papers protesting against this "lack of Christian charity" on the part of the diocesan authorities. Others referred to Diocesan House as an "unneighborly intrusion." Cables were sent to Bishop Slattery, and the poor man, three thousand miles from the scene of action, paced the floor, spent sleepless nights, told his Council to do what was right from their closer viewpoint, and wrote no book that summer. In his absence Bishop Babcock manfully defended the plan of the Diocesan House and submitted a statement giving the "other side."

Early in October, Bishop Slattery returned, looking harassed and anxious; then there were meetings, explanations, concessions of some nine feet which involved the cutting down of the ceiling of the library, but no admission of error, for on reviewing the situation the Bishop became quite convinced that the protesters had been misinformed, and that the plans, even if carried out as first proposed, would not have done the damage that was feared. In fact, the new building, as he pointed out, would not be so high as its immediate neighbor to the south, nor as high on the skyline as the corner to the north—in short, it would maintain the distinctive character of Beacon Hill. After walking about the block to reassure himself upon these and other controverted points, Bishop Slattery wrote a long and reassuring letter to four hundred donors to the addition. The letter had a quieting effect, and conferences, explanations, together with the building concession referred to, accomplished what injunctions and lawsuits seldom if ever accomplish, the restoration of peace and good will. But there were ruffled feelings to be soothed, and the soothing of them all was a matter of long months and many a pastoral call.

This moot question settled, work upon the enlargement went on apace, and in due time the Bishop of Massachusetts was ensconced in his new diocesan headquarters. He delighted in them; especially in his study and in the library; it was like a return to the old days of Grace Church. It was too much like a return to the old days, for the busy Bishop unnecessarily increased the pressure upon his time by looking out for details in connection with the Diocesan House that might well have been delegated to some of his willing assistants. He felt like a rector again, and acted like one, in and out of every room, seeing that books were in their right place—attended to the regulation of the elevator, and selected the lessons and the prayers for use in the chapel every day himself. If the lights were burning after hours, he knew it by intuition and came and turned them out himself.

Though, as Bishop of the Diocese, he had definite office hours when he asked his people to come, Bishop Slattery spent every morning at the Diocesan House, except when duty called him out of town or to an otherwise imperative engagement. Here he saw vestries who brought to him their difficulties, ranging from the choice of a new rector or the building of a new church to the adjustment of some personal misunderstanding in the parish or the meeting of some financial engagement. Here he met regularly for conference the candidates and postulants for the ministry; here too he met his friends of the clergy whenever they wished to see him for counsel or simply for a friendly talk; besides these there were visitors from places far and near who came for personal reasons, or on behalf of good causes. He was the most accessible of bishops. The thought of deferring a personal interview with one of his clergy till he had time for it never occurred to him; he would have risen at six to meet him before breakfast if there had been no other time available.

The care of the diocese was with him whithersoever he might go. In what is called a summer holiday, letters followed him and problems must be met. In one summer he found that he had written with his own hand six hundred fifty-four letters, or more than twenty a day; and in one year he himself confirmed 2,149 persons; Bishop Babcock, 1,271; and other bishops only two. This, of course, was not necessary. He read personally the proof of every issue of the diocesan paper, the *Church Militant*; and even at the Wellesley Conference, which came in July when he should have been away resting, he remained to be Director in Residence, to scrutinize every appointment "to see that the thing did not get into the wrong hands." Probably because Wellesley was within the diocese he felt that he had the final responsibility for the kind of teacher and the type of teaching, but as the Wellesley Conferences were not diocesan, this was not the case.

It was an idiosyncrasy which he had brought with him from the parochial ministry into the episcopate, to do everything of a personal sort himself, but while it made for strength in parochial relationships, in a diocese it imposed a burden beyond the strength of any man. The thing was temperamental, as he himself recognized, but he could not break himself of these parochial habits. The artist in him demanded that everything be done perfectly, which meant doing it himself; and the pastor in him demanded that everything be done with the personal touch, which again meant self-giving; but the Bishop, whose administrative responsibilities are as numerous as they are varied, paid the price in undue strain and fatigue.

As early as 1928 his friends began to be anxious about him. "Uncle Harry" voiced the first warning. "Be careful of yourself! Your continued health and serviceableness is of so great value to so many, to so many of us." Frank Touret wrote to him from Nantucket, reproaching him for "laying corner-stones in mid-summer." And from San Diego came the most poignant of warnings from one of the closest of friends who knew whereof he spoke, Theodore Thurston, sometime Bishop of Oklahoma, whose resignation had been accepted at the very meeting at which Slattery became Bishop of Massachusetts: "For many moons I had intended to write you. Your picture on the *Church Militant* front page starts me off now! You look tired and worn—dear fellow, take the advice of a man who has suffered, and is suffering,—do take better care of yourself! You really can't afford to wear yourself out so soon."

At the Diocesan Convention in 1928, the first he had addressed as Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Slattery selected his favorite topic, Church Unity, as the keynote of what was perhaps the most important and influential of all his convention addresses. It was the speech of a man not only convinced of the truth of what he said, but determined that something should be done about it; there had been enough and more than enough theorizing and conferring and amiable speech-making, and the time had come to do something to make real beginnings, to prove faith by works.

Describing some of the issues discussed at the World Conference upon Faith and Order held in Lausanne the previous summer, he laid down two principles. The first principle was that while we must recognize the obvious desirability of attaining the unity of all the communions, we should not wait for that, but we should unite when and as we can in smaller groups, praying always that at length complete unity will come. As there was gradual disintegration, it seemed to him inevitable that the reintegration will also be gradual. "In any case if any communion should refuse to unite with its nearest neighbors, awaiting a general union, it might conceivably be found fighting against God. If it is His will that His church come only gradually to unity, it would be pitiful if a fragment of His church refused to gain the great end through His patient way, and pompously stood apart, deaf to His commands, awaiting a sudden and perfect accomplishment centuries hence, or never."

The Bishop then made the practical application. "Our own communion has a primary responsibility for certain groups which have become separated from us, by our fault more than theirs, in the last three hundred fifty years—the Methodists, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the

Presbyterians. Had the Church of England possessed the grace and wisdom, these devout groups of Christians had still stood side by side with the members of the Church of England and our church in America would have been vastly richer in the things of the mind and the spirit. I wish that we might in our next General Convention make a definite approach to one or other of these communions, making quite clear that we come in humility, with no least suspicion of arrogance, craving the blessing which God has given others and holding in trust, for all, whatever blessing God may have given us."

The second principle the Bishop saw was "the obligation we have to unite with any communion which will accept the Lambeth quadrilateral. There are many devout leaders who would be glad to be organized under a more centralized form of government than they now have. We ought to meet this desire at least half way."

No public address of Bishop Slattery ever aroused more general interest. He was deluged with messages of approval and sympathy from all parts of the country. The Right Reverend Boyd Vincent, veteran Bishop of Southern Ohio, wrote, "It was a statesmanlike deliverance, gathering up the spirit of the Lambeth Appeal of 1920 and the inspiration of the Lausanne Conference and proposing that we ourselves shall now *do* something real and definite, in consequence. I hope you will come prepared to the General Convention with some such proposal." Bishop William F. Anderson of the Methodist Episcopal Church found it "the most liberal, and therefore the most rational exposition of the Quadrilateral" that he had ever seen, and hoped that they would "join the chorus from the battlements of the higher world when the consummation is achieved." Doctor Nichols approved unreservedly. "Not only is it in your best literary and persuasive style, of the finest Christian spirit; it is also, and best of all, a compelling bit of reasoning. You state in all your 'principles' a position which I have long felt to be true and of great force, namely, that all our differences with other Communions are found within the inclusiveness of our various schools of thought. I think your line of thought unanswerable. I can hardly pick out sentences; yet 'uniting with them in the supreme essentials of life and belief, while we loyally preserve certain minor varieties of faith and practice for the benefit of their richness and fullness for the glory of the Universal Church'; and 'putting aside every token of superiority you will cease to speak of regularity and validity'; and 'in the end only character counts'; appeal to me immensely. Let us be bold and defend to the utmost our personally cherished positions; then willingly allow that we have no monopoly of truth." From England others wrote in like manner. The appeal to cease merely talking about Church unity and to do something about it struck a chord of which the vibrations were felt far; even as far away as China, where at Hankow Bishop Roots in his work for unity felt his hands upheld by his closest friend.

In the vexed question of changing the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishop Slattery had for years suspended judgment. He disliked the proposal to change it to "American Catholic" because he believed that the change would be an obstacle to Church unity, offensive to Protestants and interpreted by Roman Catholics as a declaration of war. He was minded to bide his time and wait until some great development, such as the actual union of his communion with another body of Christians, warranted the selection of a new name significant for them both. His own dream was that "the great Presbyterian Church, with its dignity and history, its scholarship, its wonderful record of personal piety, strong character, and distinguished achievement, sharing with us a reverence for order and history, should draw nearer to us and allow our Communion to draw nearer to it, until at length, with little to separate and much to unite us, with magnificent positive contributions to accept on either side and nothing to deny, we might come together, daring to call ourselves by a name too large for either of us alone, too large for both of us together. We should have done something to deserve a new name; and we should have the right to invite others to join with us, till we might hope that in some future, near or remote, the Christianity within our nation should be united, to build up the Kingdom of God among uttermost parts of the earth."

Bishop Slattery was eagerly interested in the proposed scheme for Church unity in South India, got hold of and studied the first copy of the report to reach this country, and corresponded with Anglican bishops who were furthering it.

XIX

THE LAST YEAR

1929-1930

In his addresses at the annual meetings of the Diocesan Convention, Bishop Slattery made it his practice to devote the latter part of each address to a single subject which appeared to him to be at the time of paramount importance. In 1929 the topic which seemed to him most significant was the lack of personal responsibility. He noted "an utter disregard for the law among both high and low." He did not refer here particularly to the attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment: it was general, and might almost be described as a national attitude. There was the divorce problem. "No man or woman in this generation suffers any loss of prestige by reason of the fact that he or she has taken advantage of easy laws for the severing of the marriage tie, even though it involves participation in nauseous scandal." Similarly, in the case of those who engage in sharp business practices, "the offender suffers no personal setback. Editors and publishers of the most disreputable newspapers, magazines, and books continue to be received socially as before." There was the same attitude towards public affairs. The Bishop pointed out the fact that comparatively few people in the United States were horrified by the oil scandals: and that there had been no convictions by the courts for "undoubtedly criminal acts" in connection with them. Even in the world of sport, "the old sporting spirit, under which the victorious contestant was satisfied with the laurel wreath of victory, has given way to a spirit of gross commercialism." "Surely it is serious when men feel no responsibility for keeping laws which they do not like; surely it is serious if the sacredness of the family is on the brink of destruction; surely it is serious if public opinion is callous to wrong."

Bishop Slattery's only remedy for these evils was "more ardent Christianity in Christians themselves," the "witness borne not by words but by life. The man is silent, but Christ speaks through his servant." "Men have died for love of men, in Christ, sternly refusing to employ force. They have taken up the cross indeed, and have followed the Saviour, not in their own way, but in His." Bishop Slattery believed that the same method lay open to the Church in our day. "If a group of Southern Christians believes that lynching is sin, all they need to do is to go out on the night of a lynching and throw themselves between the angry mob and their victim. They will perish with the negro, but the world will be so shocked that lynching will cease. When a man dies on a cross, all men are drawn to him, even as Christ, being lifted up, draws all men to Himself. Only supreme love, shown by willingness to die, can tell the depth of Christianity."

The Bishop paused for a moment, then made a moving reference to one with whom he had disagreed during the war, believing his idealism impracticable, but whom he had loved and revered in spite of disagreement—Bishop Greer. "This bishop was a great Christian, who met his own death with courage, his life shortened by sorrow for the war. He was willing to see his Nation die for the love it might show to a perishing world. He believed with all his heart that America might in its superb strength, the strength as of the Son of God, teach the world the sacrifice and the love of Christ. I confess that I have not such faith in humanity, and I have not such courage; but I bow my head in reverence before the man who was willing to put his country to the final test of the cross of the living Christ."

This was the note that William Austin Smith had missed in his friend's preaching; the note of uncompromising idealism that in preaching makes men prophets, and in action makes them apostles. He would have rejoiced to hear his candidate for the episcopate now speaking as a bishop indeed, waiting for "some great corporate surrender to the love of Christ" and urging his people in the meanwhile to try in their own lives the kind of Christianity he had depicted. It might have been Bishop Greer, or Austin Smith himself, who inspired the closing paragraphs of the address but it was Bishop Slattery who spoke them: "There is no other way to keep Christianity alive in our nation and in the world. Those who follow Christ must risk, and if need be, endure crucifixion. Whereupon Christ's religion will rise again. And, if love to the death becomes contagious, the whole world will rise to new life, and the Kingdom of God will come."

In a certain sense this seventh convention address was the farewell message of Bishop Slattery to his diocese. Months of work still lay before him, but with no other occasion so impressive and no later opportunity so far-reaching for self-disclosure such as this.

In the afternoon session of the convention, Judge Philip S. Parker called attention to the fact that Bishop Slattery's salary had not been increased since he had succeeded to the place of the Diocesan, and moved an increase of $2,000 in recognition of his devoted and untiring service. The Bishop protested against the passage of the resolution, but Judge Parker put the motion and it was carried unanimously. Bishop Slattery expressed his gratitude, and the incident was considered closed. The next day, however, the Reverend Francis E. Webster, secretary of the Diocesan Convention, received a letter from him declining the increase. "The present salary is generous," he wrote, "and is all that I want or need, and I should be most unhappy to feel that any extra burden were laid upon the diocese, especially when many of my dear friends of both the clergy and the laity are giving their lives and their substance with heroic sacrifice." Bishop Slattery was practicing his own precepts. "A man," he had said, "must find in the ministry such enticing compensation in its work that he is content to overlook its limited compensation in money, whatever hardship there is being transcended by the discovery and the winning of the best values in life."

The declination made a favorable impression. The *Boston Herald* commented upon it in an appreciative editorial. "When a man is elected to the episcopate he is harassed by administrative details, and the impression grows that he is unsympathetic, when he is merely busy. Bishop Slattery's action shows that he is not unsympathetic, and in spite of that which St. Paul wrote, 'which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches,' making it impossible for him to indulge in those intimacies which drew men to him in New York, he still deserves the title of Pastor Pastorum there bestowed." And the *Christian Leader* (Universalist) remarked upon the bearing of his action outside of his own communion. "It was not so intended, but it is a powerful stroke for a better paid ministry. It likewise is a noble recognition of a sacrifice that always must be present in clergy and laity if a Church is to be a vital force."

The care of all the churches did indeed come daily upon the Bishop of Massachusetts. One of the matters which perplexed him at this time was the increase in certain parishes of practices not authorized in the Protestant Episcopal Church nor consonant with its traditions. "Why do you allow Benediction,[1] and that publicly advertised?" Bishop Hall of Vermont inquired. "Of course I would be thankful to have the matter of Benediction and cognate uses of the Reserved Sacrament brought up at the special meeting of the House of Bishops on October 2, and to make my contribution to the discussion; but I think the subject should be introduced by some one else. The Bishops probably think it is a fad of mine. Won't you do it yourself? You would be in the position of one asking for counsel or support, rather than of finding fault with others. . . . I am afraid I have not much faith either as to gaining the assent of the body of Bishops or of the influence of a Declaration by them. Witness the Dallas Pastoral, attacked on all sides from different points of view. But it is worth trying and may hearten some Bishops who don't like to act alone."

In considerable perplexity Slattery wrote to Bishop Parsons. "I am a good deal worried by the growth of 'Benediction.' I think Bishop Hall has much on his side when he contends against it, and I sometimes wonder whether I am keeping my ordination vows when I keep silence. I wonder what you do in California." But in California the question was not acute, and he received no suggestion of a solution. He then tried moral suasion; invited one of the most prominent exponents of the unauthorized practice to confer with him in private, pled for obedience to the laws of the Church, was listened to with respect, but made no impression. He began to realize that those who are foremost in magnifying the office of a bishop and invoking it to curb Broad Church irregularities do not always couple with their doctrine of the apostolic succession any alacrity to obey where they are themselves concerned the Bishop's "godly admonitions." But Slattery felt that heresy trials were "worse than useless," so he let the matter drop, and put his trust once more in the slow but sure processes of religious education.

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[1] "Benediction is an extraliturgical service which in its adoration of the reserved Sacrament involves the doctrine of transubstantiation." (Author's note.)

In this he was following the example of both of his predecessors, Bishop Brooks and Bishop Lawrence. According to the latter, "unless it be for some very extreme and exceptional condition, the real ecclesiastical court and judge of doctrine and ritual is consecrated public opinion. In the creation and guiding of that opinion, the Bishop has influence in proportion to the confidence placed in him as an intelligent, fair-minded, and loyal man in a responsible and sacred office."[1]

In April, Bishop Slattery went to Ann Arbor, the seat of the University of Michigan, to preside as General Chairman at the meeting of the Church Congress and also to take the place of Bishop Reese who was unwell, in the closing address of the congress on the subject of Prayer, always a favorite theme. He noted with pleasure that some of the best speeches in this congress were made by men under thirty, and remarked that "there never was a time when youth, if honorable, had more respectful attention from their elders." Upon his return to Boston, he was called upon to preach at a memorial service for Bishop

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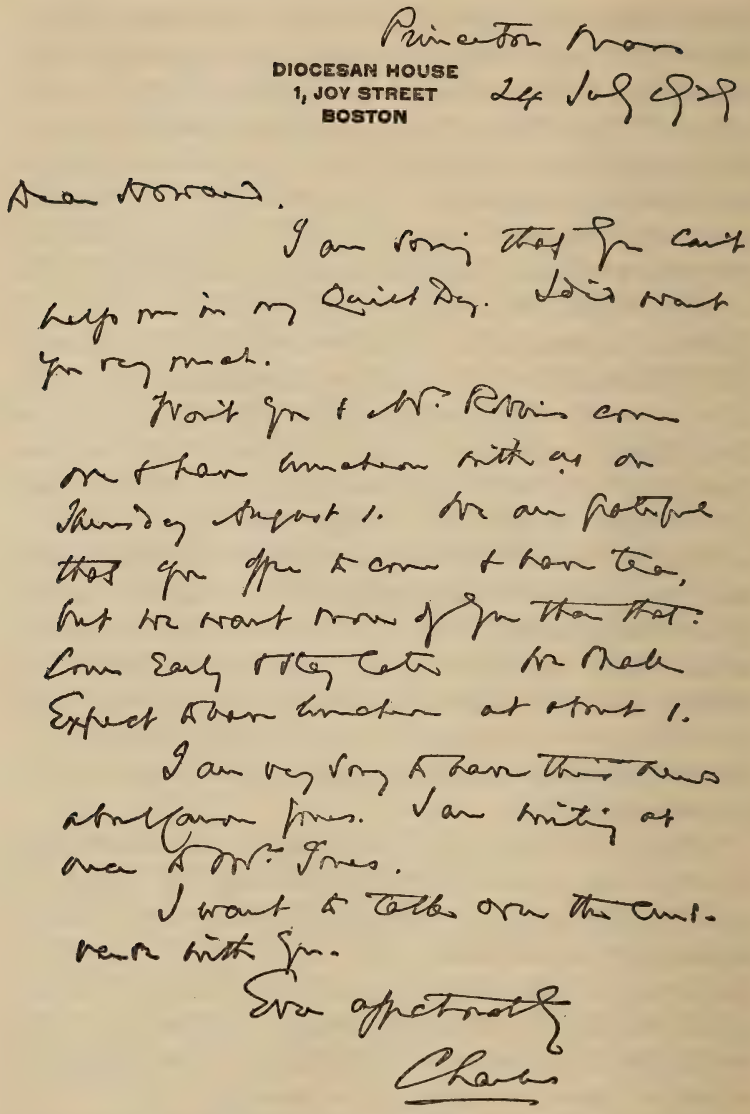
[1] *Memories of a Happy Life*, by William Lawrence, p. 103.

Brent, which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Bishop Brent's last public utterance in Boston was a sermon which he preached in the Cathedral on Christian Unity, in which he said: "When two or three different systems claim that they contain the revelation of the very core and center of truth and the acceptance of it is the exclusive pathway to heaven, conflicts are inevitable . . . To obliterate every other religion than one's own is a sort of Bolshevism in religion which we must try to prevent."

Strong language, but where arrogance and intolerance lift their heads, there is need from champions of Christian unity of words like swords, and Slattery no less than Brent knew how to use them. In this cause both had been crusaders, and the closing paragraphs of Bishop Slattery's tribute to his friend might with equal justice be applied to himself. "There are two types of successful men. One type undertakes only such tasks as can be completed triumphantly within a definite time. These men announce their reasonable goal, and then, in their own lifetime, attain it. Brent was of the higher type, which dared to gaze far beyond the limits of one man's life, or of the immediate century or age. An adventurer he was on uncharted seas.

"When men said that church unity and world unity were too chimerical to be worth striving for, he set out on the bold adventure to win them, building into his vision tentative accomplishment, quite aware that he could not live to see the end of his dream, convinced that the end might even be discouragingly remote: but sure that God would give at last the joyful victory. It was because he seemed to prosaic people neither practical nor safe, that the eyes of youth kindled with desire to follow his beckoning."



DIOCESAN HOUSE
1, JOY STREET
BOSTON

Princeton Mass
24 July 1929

Dear Howard.

I am sorry that you can't help me in my Quiet Day. I did want you very much.

Won't you & Mrs Robbins come on & have luncheon with us on Thursday August 1. We are grateful that you offer to come & have tea, but we want more of you than that: Come early & stay late. We shall expect to have luncheon at about 1.

I am very sorry to have this news about Canon Jones. I am writing at once to Mrs Jones.

I want to talk over the Conference with you.

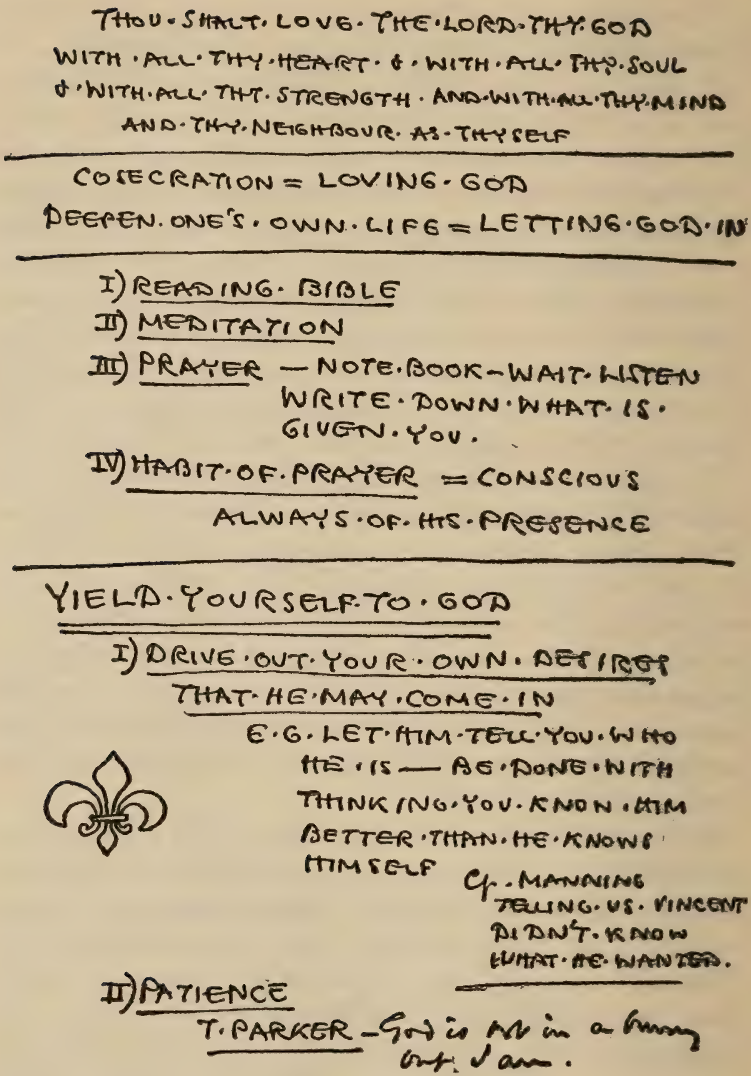
Ever affectionately
Charles

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF BISHOP SLATTERY TO THE AUTHOR REFERRING TO THE DEATH OF CANON JONES.

The summer of 1929 was spent quietly in Princeton, Massachusetts, in a house belonging to Dean Sturges and next door to Bishop Perry. In the course of it Slattery painted a portrait of Phillips Brooks. His reading during this summer was unusually eclectic as he read partly to keep up with important books and partly for relaxation. The page in the engagement calendar recording "books read" includes books by Agatha Christie, J. S. Fletcher, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Edgar Wallace, and to balance them Hart's *Book of Common Prayer*, Thornton's *The Incarnate Lord* (ponderous but important), Prescott's *The Conquest of Mexico*, Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*, and the Oxford *Book of the Regency.*

In the effort to deepen the spiritual life of his clergy Bishop Slattery's main reliance was upon the so-called Quiet Day or Retreat. He arranged for these retreats at regular intervals and conducted them himself, seldom if ever calling upon others for help; he felt that this was a bishop's business. Here, undistracted by conflicting engagements and with time to follow his carefully prepared plans through to the end, he shared with his friends his personal experience of religion and gave them help for coming months of work.

Where full time could not be secured, the Bishop often arranged for part of a day. In March, 1925, he had conducted a Quiet Evening for business men and women, meeting in St. Paul's Cathedral and taking as his subject "Three Sources of Power," with meditations on Faithfulness, Imagination, and The Mystic Sense. During the Bishop's Crusade he conducted a Quiet Morning for women of the diocese, meeting in Emmanuel Church, Boston, and taking as his themes "Deepening Our Own Lives; Bringing Others to Christ; and Overcoming the World."



THOU·SHALT·LOVE·THE·LORD·THY·GOD
WITH·ALL·THY·HEART·&·WITH·ALL·THY·SOUL
&·WITH·ALL·THY·STRENGTH·AND·WITH·ALL·THY·MIND
AND·THY·NEIGHBOUR·AS·THYSELF

COSECRATION = LOVING·GOD
DEEPEN. ONE'S·OWN·LIFE = LETTING·GOD·IN

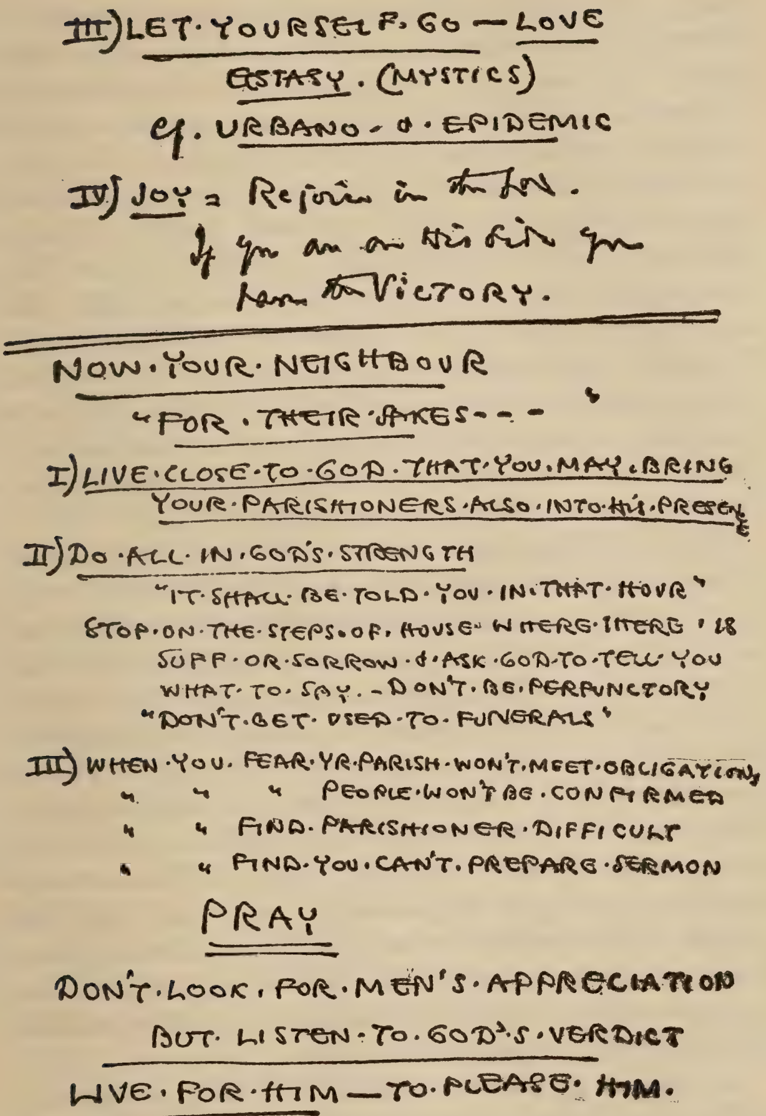
I) READING·BIBLE
II) MEDITATION
III) PRAYER — NOTE·BOOK — WAIT·LISTEN
WRITE·DOWN·WHAT·IS·
GIVEN·YOU.
IV) HABIT·OF·PRAYER = CONSCIOUS
ALWAYS·OF·HIS·PRESENCE

YIELD·YOURSELF·TO·GOD

I) DRIVE·OUT·YOUR·OWN·DESIRES
THAT·HE·MAY·COME·IN
E·G·LET·HIM·TELL·YOU·WHO
HE·IS — AS·DONE·WITH
THINKING·YOU·KNOW·HIM
BETTER·THAN·HE·KNOWS
HIMSELF
Cf.·MANNING
TELLING·US·VINCENT
DIDN'T·KNOW
WHAT·HE·WANTED.

II) PATIENCE
T·PARKER — God is not in a hurry
but I am.

BISHOP SLATTERY'S NOTES FOR



III) LET·YOURSELF·GO — LOVE
ECSTASY. (MYSTICS)
cf. URBANO – & · EPIDEMIC

IV) JOY = Rejoice in the Lord.
If you are on His side you
have the VICTORY.

NOW·YOUR·NEIGHBOUR
"FOR·THEIR·SAKES – – –"

I) LIVE·CLOSE·TO·GOD·THAT·YOU·MAY·BRING
YOUR·PARISHIONERS·ALSO·INTO·His·PRESENCE

II) DO·ALL·IN·GOD'S·STRENGTH
"IT·SHALL·BE·TOLD·YOU·IN·THAT·HOUR"
STOP·ON·THE·STEPS·OF·HOUSE WHERE·THERE·IS
SUFF·OR·SORROW·&·ASK·GOD·TO·TELL·YOU
WHAT·TO·SAY. – DON'T·BE·PERFUNCTORY
"DON'T·GET·USED·TO·FUNERALS"

III) WHEN·YOU·FEAR·YR·PARISH·WON'T·MEET·OBLIGATIONS
" " " PEOPLE·WON'T·BE·CONFIRMED
" " FIND·PARISHIONER·DIFFICULT
" " FIND·YOU·CAN'T·PREPARE·SERMON

PRAY

DON'T·LOOK·FOR·MEN'S·APPRECIATION
BUT·LISTEN·TO·GOD'S·VERDICT

LIVE·FOR·HIM — TO·PLEASE·HIM.

AN ADDRESS ON A QUIET DAY.

In a Quiet Day for the Massachusetts clergy held in Grace Church, Salem, his meditations were based upon the ordination vows, a customary topic for clerical retreats, but he struck a new note in the stress laid upon the value of poetry as an aid to the imagination. Distrustful of generalizations, the Conductor made his message specific by commending poems in which he himself had found help: Matthew Arnold's "Buried Life"; F. W. H. Myers' "St. Paul"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality"; Milton's "Ode on Christ's Nativity"; Vaughn's "My Soul, There is a Country." One wonders at the omission of reference to Browning's "Saul." It was one of his own favorite poems, but as the retreat was conducted within half an hour of Boston he may have taken familiarity with Browning for granted.

Bishop Slattery valued so much these opportunities for intimate conference with his clergy that he made ready for them weeks in advance, bestowing upon them the painstaking preparation and the care for detail which in freer times he had been able to give to his sermons. Every hymn, collect, and Scripture reading was selected with reference to the plan as a whole, so that when the Quiet Day came hour followed hour with a rhythm of worship, prayer, silence and meditation which was itself as restful as a flowing river. Many of the participants of these retreats took from them an impression of peace and spiritual serenity which lasted for weeks, and some at least of them realized that it was not the result of happy accident, but due to forethought which had made unity of effect possible by due regard to every separate part.

In conducting a retreat Bishop Slattery was always methodical. He kept before him upon a single sheet the plan for the entire day or two-day period, with hours and subjects plainly indicated in bold letters. This was for his own guidance, to ensure proper proportion for his subdivisions. Beside this he had a pile of separate sheets in orderly arrangement, which contained outlines so full that no point of importance would be omitted, but so condensed that he must use his own words in following them, thus securing freedom and informality. The first address was generally in the nature of a severely practical introduction, as he invited coöperation in making the Quiet Day as helpful as possible. There was to be a minimum of talk; what was important was "worship, and waiting for God to speak to us." During the silences the listeners were advised to take any attitude which seemed best to them, kneeling or sitting. At meals they were to try to keep the spirit of quiet, thinking of things which harmonized with the retreat; studiously refraining from criticism or from unfriendly remarks; regarding their neighbor's wish for silence, and realizing the presence of Christ. "Think of the supper at Emmaus," said the Conductor, "and feel that Christ is our companion at our friendly board." On the short walks between times, they were to keep up the spirit of the Quiet Day. "Let yourself be helped by a brother; if the brother has a hard problem, help him; find friends here through the friendship of the Master of us all."

Bishop Slattery was continually inviting suggestions as to how these retreats could be made more helpful. The subject selected for the last of the retreats which he was to conduct for his clergy came from an interested layman, to whom it occurred that it would be desirable to gather together the rectors of the diocese for the exposition of proper methods of conducting a parish. The members of other professions are expected to keep themselves up in their respective lines of endeavor by somewhat analogous methods, as in the case of teachers, engineers, surgeons, etc., why not the clergy? Some of them have faults of which they are not aware, yet which militate against their success and the welfare of their parishes. One clergyman "consumes a surprisingly long time at each service reading and discussing notices of all the things that are going to happen in his own parish, at the Cathedral and elsewhere"; another "never begins the service on time"; others have other faults, easily corrected if brought to their attention in an impersonal way.

This suggestion appealed so strongly to the Bishop that he adopted it for the Quiet Day in Winchester which began on the afternoon of October 8 and lasted until the afternoon of the following day. By general agreement the counsels and meditations of the retreat were found exceptionally helpful. The first hour of the afternoon was devoted to a consideration of the duties of a minister in connection with confirmation. He was to "keep a list of children coming to the right age, of older people in the parish, and of people known to him who do not go to any church," and he was to study this list all through the year and pray over it. In the case of boys and girls, they were not to be left to decide the matter alone; the Prayer Book injunction, "Bring this child," invokes the help of parents, teachers and rector. "Insufficient motives" must, however, be guarded against; these include "because others come," "intention to graduate from church school," and similar evidences of lack of consecration. The test of motive was "real conviction, readiness to study, determination to be at church, and a new start ethically." In the case of older people in the parish, "Never give them up" was the hopeful maxim; and for people outside of the

Church, "We can win them if we pray and work." Instruction was to be continued after confirmation, and careful thought given to the problem of the lapsed communicant.

The second hour of the retreat was given to the theme Spiritualizing the Apportionment. "Lift the apportionment above money," counseled the Conductor, with conviction born of his own experience in Grace Church and elsewhere. "Show your people that you believe in it; preach on the work; get missionaries to preach for you; keep regular Sundays for presenting the needs of the diocese, country, foreign missions. Report to the parish how the apportionment stands, pray about it. Make it as the alabaster box."

In the evening Bishop Slattery took as his theme Recruiting for the Ministry. "We must choose men," he said, "not wait to have them speak." In making the choice the things to be looked for were goodness, modesty and humility, interest in people, the ability to win affection, and "willingness to take thorough intellectual training." Bishop Slattery believed so strongly in the necessity of intellectual as well as moral preparation for the ministry that he was unwilling to accept as a candidate or to ordain for service in Massachusetts anyone who lacked it. "Some men succeed without it," he said, "but I cannot think of any man without it who would not have been more effective with it. There is a certain poise and humility which come with the intellectual contacts of a good college." The remark shows shrewdness of observation as well as independence of judgment. Because he was an experienced judge of men, Bishop Slattery realized that humility is more likely to be associated with thorough intellectual training than with the imperfect training of the self-made man who, conscious of inferiority, makes psychological compensation in self-assertiveness.

On the following morning the Bishop led a conference on Preaching, basing his own contribution upon points more fully elaborated in his book, *Present Day Preaching.* In his outline, which has been preserved, he stressed again the need of preparation. "Choose the text or subject Sunday night for the following Sunday; connect all the experience of the week with that sermon; read a stiff book, old or new; keep a note-book for experiences, quotations, illustrations," and—in emphatic conclusion—"Be sure to be interesting." In the attempt to keep the sermon on a high level, he warned against mispronunciations; *inquiries* and *vagaries* are accented upon the second syllable while *exquisite* is not; and he enjoined care in the use of words, *splendid* and *fascinating* having become shopworn. Coming to weightier matters: "Be cheerful—Don't scold" cautioned the Conductor, and then, "Don't allow any one to suspect you are trying to hit an individual," after which injunction follows the bracketed word "[Mean]." Then followed admonition, milder and perhaps more helpful although less incisive. "Be so filled with your message that men know your love for them and your longing to share with them what God has done for you." And finally and triumphantly, "expect results."

In an address on Preparation for the Service, the Bishop indicated the ideal as "a beautiful and orderly service," and the way to attain it as "planning every detail." "It makes to me little difference," he said, "whether a service is simple or elaborate. Either is beautiful if thoroughly prepared and everything is worship." The final meditation was on Consecration. "Live close to God," admonished the Conductor, "that you may bring your parishioners into His joyful presence. When you visit a sick or bereaved person, stop on the threshold and ask God to give you strength. When you fear that your parish won't meet its obligations, pray to God that it will. When you face confirmation time, pray to God that He will give you grace to win people to His service. When you find a parishioner difficult, pray to God for him—that you may love him and he love you. When you feel you can't preach, go out among your parishioners and find God speaking a message through them. When you read the Bible, read slowly and pray to God to speak to you through it."

From the Quiet Day at Winchester the Bishop returned to the episcopal routine of days which were anything but quiet. In his calendar of engagements the entry for the following day notes a meeting with the staff of the Diocesan House at 9:30; a meeting of the trustees of Boston University in the afternoon; and a meeting in the Parish House in Dedham in the evening, followed by the inevitable reception. Through the autumn and winter of 1929-30 day followed crowded day with breathless rapidity; there was no time now, apparently for the breathing spaces which he had taken as rector of Grace Church under the benevolent despotism of Doctor Partridge. Or perhaps he salved his conscience by counting as holidays a flying trip to New York to a dinner of the Council of Foreign Relations of which he was a member; and an evening with the Church Club of Pittsburgh followed by a morning drive over Greensburg revisiting the scenes of his boyhood; for of such gossamer threads of leisure a bishop's midwinter holidays are made.

One thing, however, was indeed a refreshment, fulfilling the hopes and aspirations of years. Bishop and Mrs.

Slattery purchased a delightful house at 175 Beacon Street, and moved into it in March, for the first time in his life he was in a home owned by neither landlord nor vestry, but only by himself and his wife. He reveled in it; went up and down stairs for the sheer satisfaction of climbing his own stairs; superintended the moving of the furniture; himself put in its proper place every one of his five thousand books. Among the pictures and treasures which he arranged in his new home he valued especially the "Charter Oak Bible," a watch-charm once the possession of Abraham Lincoln, given to him by Mrs. Charles Isham, granddaughter of his hero, together with two photographs of the great President, also her gift. "How would I know where to find a book if I didn't place it there myself?" he said in reply to the question whether he could afford the time. The books and pictures all in place, he sat down in his library and sighed with sheer content. "This is my home," he said to a friend from Cambridge. "I love it, and I do not intend ever to leave it until they carry me out."

Among the first guests in the new home were the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Woods, who were in Boston the middle of November for service at the Cathedral; by a happy chance they came in time to be present at the housewarming of the new Diocesan House and the inspection of its chapel, then completed.

A bishop's work is never done, and the more ungrudgingly he gives himself to the needs and demands of it, the more the pressure increases. In one place where Bishop Slattery might have saved himself, he was temperamentally unable to do so. This was in the matter of confirmations, which he loved to take himself, and was loth to delegate to others. He often quoted the injunction of one of his teachers, "Don't get used to funerals," and applied it to himself in this connection; he never got used to confirmations and his part in them was a perennial satisfaction. He delighted in the missives he received from youthful candidates, most of them obviously inspired by the teachers of the Sunday School classes of which they were members, but phrased in their own words. "Dear Bishop Slattery," wrote one from Lawrence, "I am expecting you to confirm me on February 9, 1930. I do not do much for the church except come every Sunday and bring my duplex. I have learned all the catechism, drawn a picture of the church and hope I get confirmed." How could such humility be disappointed by a failure of the Bishop to keep his tryst? Another member of the class exhibited greater confidence. "Dear Bishop Slattery, I am expecting to be confirmed the first Sunday in February. We are having an examination today. I hope I may be a Bishop some day. We had to draw a picture of the Church. Some of the boys do not know what to write. P.S. My aunt sends her love and the rest of the family." Was the boy's hope reprehensible? The Bishop of Massachusetts could not have thought so. An old friend recalls a day when Slattery himself had cherished the same innocent ambition, and cut out the head of a bishop photographed in vestments and pasted a snapshot photograph of his own head in its place "to see what it would be like." Confirming boys meant entering into a definite personal relationship with human beings confronting unknown futures in which all things were possible, even the episcopate.

Confirmations were his happiness, but other necessary parts of a bishop's work were not equally happy. There was the endless routine of committee meetings. His conscience was not satisfied with giving a committee his name and his blessing and then forgetting it; accepting membership meant active participation, and he scarcely ever missed a meeting of the trustees of Boston University, of Brooks School, or of Wellesley College, succeeding to the presidency of the latter board. Added to the physical demands of unceasing toil there were strains of a grimmer sort; difficult problems which minister, vestry or unofficial members of the congregation brought to him for final decision; misfits which he was expected to remedy, yet lacked canonical authority to deal with as they should be dealt with; on his return from the Bishops' Crusade in Buffalo and Rochester he discovered that during his absence one of his clergy had excommunicated the entire vestry! There were also drains of his quick and sensitive sympathy: appeals for worthy causes for which he could not take the time to raise money ("I hope that there will be no money raising in heaven," he remarked wearily); and constant pressure from clergymen out of work yet not suited to the particular work for which they were applying with pathetic eagerness. They were thinking of their bread and butter; he too was thinking of that, but also of the parishes; he hated to "turn them down" yet was too conscientious to jeopardize the welfare of parish or mission by recommending them. And to add to his distress, there was a succession of deaths in his old parish. "I have been thinking of you constantly," he wrote to Mr. Townsend, "during these days when Grace Church has been going through deep waters. To lose Mr. Kernochan, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Skiddy, and Adelaide Landon all within a few weeks is crushing. My heart goes out to you all, and I mourn the loss of friends whom we had in common."

Such things as these told upon his strength with cumulative weight. His reaction was characteristic; fatally characteristic, as the event was to show. Constitutionally restless and of a nervous temperament, Slattery lacked the capacity for repose, and could not be idle without twinges of his New England conscience. He sought relief from perplexity and anxious or sorrowful thought in increased activity, and as engagements multiplied he met them all and apparently went out of his way to make new ones. In Holy Week of the preceding Lent he had preached fourteen times and made seven confirmation addresses within a single week and was almost used up when Easter came; nothing daunted, he again filled his Lenten calendar with preaching engagements without number. He called twenty-one times in as many days upon a member of his staff who was sick in a hospital; when Bishop Babcock was ill, he tried to shoulder as many as possible of his engagements instead of calling in outside assistance. He was so "driven" that even when interviewing his candidates at the Diocesan House he would be signing letters, and his friends began to notice in him a loss of elasticity and a flagging of his buoyant spirits; he was now less the "happy parson" and more the care-worn, conscientious bishop. In response to their anxious representations he was finally induced to seek additional help for himself and Bishop Babcock in their heavy schedules of Lenten confirmations. But still Bishop Slattery was overworking. "Always restless and quick in all his thoughts and actions," said his secretary, Miss Kimball, "he had reached a point where he felt powerless to stop." Those who were closest to him watched him with anxious foreboding, remembering a remark he had made at a dinner of the Episcopalian Club, "In the nature of the case mine cannot be a long episcopate." "If he would only take care of himself," said one of his former vestrymen, "in ten years, with this personal touch, he would have Massachusetts in the hollow of his hand just as he did Grace Church."

The story of the last week is an epitome of the whole ministry in its varied interests, its ceaseless activity, and its unsparing self-giving. On Sunday, March 4, Bishop Slattery confirmed classes at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Waban, and at the Church of the Messiah, Auburndale, and instituted the Reverend Mr. Preston as rector of Grace Church, Newton. On Monday he worked at the Diocesan House on his new book, a *History of the Prayer Book*, of which he had written only the opening chapters; two of these he read that evening at a meeting of the Clericus. On Tuesday he kept office hours through the morning; in the afternoon he attended a meeting in behalf of the Voorhees School, an industrial school in Denmark, South Carolina; and in the evening he confirmed a class at Grace Church, Norwood. On Ash Wednesday he preached in the Cathedral at noon. On the way home he told his wife of having felt severe pain while crossing the Common; he spent the afternoon quietly in reading and writing; but in the evening he went out again and preached and confirmed a class of thirty-nine colored people at St. Cyprian's Church.

On Thursday Bishop and Mrs. Slattery went to Providence and stayed with her brother, the Reverend Appleton Lawrence, and the Bishop preached in Grace Church that noon and the next. Returning to Boston, on Friday evening he preached at Christ Church, Somerville, on "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and confirmed his last class. On Saturday morning he felt so unwell that the family physician was summoned. It was evident that he was suffering from a heart attack serious enough to make necessary the cancellation of all appointments. During the next three days he spoke of feeling extremely tired, but he attended to his mail and some business, and on Wednesday morning, when told that a friend had sent in a check for the Voorhees School, he said to his wife in his clear, strong voice, "Good! That will make me well! Tell him the whole diocese is most grateful." That evening as Mrs. Slattery left him to go down to dinner, she was summoned back almost immediately by the nurse, who was on her way to telephone to the doctor of a change for the worse in the condition of his patient. She rushed upstairs and found him smiling. His eyes were still bright, and he spoke with a twinkle, "I think this must be nervous prostration." He probably did not know how ill he was, but gallantly tried to make light of the illness. Soon he was breathing heavily, and the end came quietly at 7:25. Charles Lewis Slattery had entered "life beyond life."

XX

LIFE BEYOND LIFE

The funeral of Bishop Slattery was held in Trinity Church after a private service in his home. In the church the burial office of the revised Prayer Book was used, with remembrance of Bishop Slattery's work in the revision, and the kneeling congregation joined with the choir in singing his favorite hymn, "O Master, let me walk with thee." The committal service was read at Mount Auburn Cemetery by Bishop Lawrence, who was assisted by his two sons, brothers-in-law of Slattery.

Trinity Church was filled to overflowing, but the congregation which filled it was only part of the great multitude to whom the news of Bishop Slattery's death brought sorrow and affectionate recollection. In Grace Church, New York, a memorial service was held at the same hour and Grace Church too was filled. Similar services were held in Christ Church, Springfield, and in the Cathedral in Faribault, although it was nearly a quarter of a century since their Dean had left his parishioners in Minnesota.

Farther even than Minnesota spread the waves of sympathy and affection. It was realized that the Bishop of Massachusetts through his work for Church Unity had transcended denominational limitations and belonged to the Universal Church, and testimonies of their regard for him came from federations and synagogues; messages of sympathy from all parts of the country and from across the sea. Loyal to what would have been his own practice, Mrs. Slattery answered fifteen hundred of these messages personally. At the end of a year they were still coming from people in every walk of life who had found comfort in the wide ministry of one who lived chiefly that he might serve.

One note predominated, that of thanksgiving for the service rendered and belief that it was being continued in a higher sphere: as one friend phrased it, "there was a vitality and a triumph in his living that death cannot stop." "How strange this double face of death is!" Professor Palmer said in a letter to Mrs. Slattery. "A catastrophe, a prodigious loss! Yet the very depth of that sense shows it a fiction. He can't be removed. He abides with us permanently, as does Phillips Brooks. You are rich and fortunate. I also. Let us mourn rejoicingly together."

This belief that human personality survives death, retains its individuality, and goes forward in what Bishop Slattery termed "life beyond life" was of the warp and woof of his own thinking. He never doubted it, not even momentarily. He was so sure that his faith fortified others: to many a mourner it brought consolation, giving light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. The certainty may have been the secret of his own lightheartedness; there was no sword of Damocles suspended above his head as he sat at the feast of life. As a youth he had "wondered" that Maurice was "afraid to die"; during the great war he took and gave comfort from his belief—"In the great range of eternal life," he wrote, "what does it matter if the period here is thirty years or so?"—and his last words and look of recognition were accompanied with a smile.

That he had given to his friends and to his work the last full message of devotion is as evident as stars on a cloudless night. "He was a life-giving friend," said one whom he had helped. Sometimes he was able; curiously enough, to impart the physical vitality which he himself somewhat sparingly possessed. There is more than one well-authenticated story of persons desperately ill who were brought back as from the gate of death by his pastoral ministrations; the strong, sympathetic voice, the earnest prayers of a man to whom prayer was real, above all, the faith that was forever reaching through things temporal to lay hold upon things eternal, reached them and brought physical renewal. Far more often, however, the help that was given by this man of God was of a different and more enduring order. In sermons, lectures and books there was the continual self-giving of a personality where complete intellectual honesty was fortified and made effective by moral vigor, making it easier by what he had said and written for men and women to believe and accept the love and grace of God.

And so it is as a pastor that he will chiefly be remembered. His successor, Doctor Walter Russell Bowie, dwelt upon this aspect of his character in a memorial sermon preached in Grace Church. "Of all the titles by which a clergyman can be called," he said, "there is no more beautiful one than that of pastor, and among pastors Doctor Slattery was supreme. It was as though to the ears of his spirit there had come that voice of Jesus which long ago sounded by the sea of Galilee, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? . . . Feed my sheep.' Like the Good Shepherd whose servant he was, Doctor Slattery knew those sheep of his Master who were committed to his care. He knew them with a kind of intimacy of affection and a constancy of remembrance which has set a standard for all men everywhere who would be pastors in the Church of Jesus Christ."

So we remember him. So he lives on in a thousand enduring relationships, and in them, being dead, yet speaketh.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1867. Charles Lewis Slattery born at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
1872. His father died at Greensburg, Pennsylvania.
1881. Confirmed by Bishop Neely in St. Paul's Church, Brunswick, Maine.
1883. On his brother's ranch at Kit Carson, Colorado.
1884-1887. Student at Denver High School.
1887-1891. Student at Harvard University.
1891-1894. Student at Episcopal Theological School.
1894. Ordered Deacon by Bishop Lawrence.
1895. Ordained Priest by Bishop Lawrence.
1894-1896. Master at Groton School and Minister at St. Andrew's Church, Ayer, Massachusetts.
1896-1907. Dean of the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, Faribault, Minnesota.
1901. *Felix Reville Brunot.*
1904. *Edward Lincoln Atkinson.*
1905-1907. Lecturer in Seabury Divinity School.
1906. *The Master of the World.*
1907. *Life Beyond Life.*
1907. D.D., Episcopal Theological School.
1907-1910. Rector of Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts.
1908. *The Historic Ministry and the Present Christ.*
1909. *Present Day Preaching.*
1909-1910. Lecturer in Berkeley Divinity School.
1910-1922. Rector of Grace Church, New York City.
1911. *Alexander Viets Griswold Allen.*
1911-1912. Paddock Lecturer, General Theological Seminary.
1912. *The Authority of Religious Experience.*
1915. West Lectures, Stanford University.
1915. *The Light Within.*
1916. *Why Men Pray.*
1916. *The Gift of Immortality.*
1917. D.D., University of the South.
1917. *A Churchman's Reading.*
1918. *The Holy Communion.*
1918. *With God in the War.*

1918. *Certain American Faces.*
1920. *The Lord's Prayer.*
1921. *David Hummell Greer.*
1921. *The Ministry.*
1922. D.D., Trinity College, Hartford.
1922-1927. Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts.
1923. D.D., Harvard University.
1923. Married Sarah Lawrence.
1923. *The Spirit of France as Told in Forty-two Sonnets.*
1924. *William Austin Smith.*
1925. *Bible Lessons.*
1927. *The Words from His Throne.*
1927. *In Time of Sorrow.*
1927-1930. Bishop of Massachusetts.
1928. *Following Christ.*

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1912—*The Authority of Religious Experience,* Longmans, Green and Co.
1915—*The Light Within,* Longmans, Green and Co.
1916—*Why Men Pray,* The Macmillan Company.
1916—*The Gift of Immortality,* Houghton Mifflin Company.
1917—*A Churchman's Reading,* Longmans, Green and Co.
1918—*Certain American Faces,* E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc.
1918—*With God in the War,* The Macmillan Company.
(Published with approval of War Commission of the Episcopal Church)
1920—*How to Pray,* The Macmillan Company.
1921—*David Hummell Greer,* Longmans, Green and Co.
1921—*The Ministry,* Charles Scribner's Sons.
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1914—*The Church Congress: Record of Proceedings,* Edwin S. Gorham, Inc.
1915—*Cornelia Stewart Butler,* Privately Printed.
(A few words by C. L. S. said at a memorial service)
1916—*The Thirty-third Church Congress in the United States,* Edwin S. Gorham, Inc.
1916—*The New Hymnal,* H. W. Gray Company.
(Introduction)
1917—*The Church Congress: Record of Proceedings,* Edwin S. Gorham, Inc.
1917—*Letters and Writings of James Greenleaf Croswell,* Houghton Mifflin Company.
1920—*Three Essays in Re-Statement,* North Westchester Publishing Company.
(Introduction)
1922—*Julien T. Davies,* Harper and Brothers.
(C. L. S. wrote one of the Letters)
1922—*The Influence of the Church on Modern Problems,* The Macmillan Company.
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1924—*Honest Liberty in the Church,* The Macmillan Company.
1924—*The Magic Carpet,* Houghton Mifflin Company.
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1925—*Proceedings of the Electoral College of Massachusetts,*
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1926—*The Church and Truth,* The Macmillan Company.
1927—*Best Sermons. Book Four,* Harcourt, Brace and Co.
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